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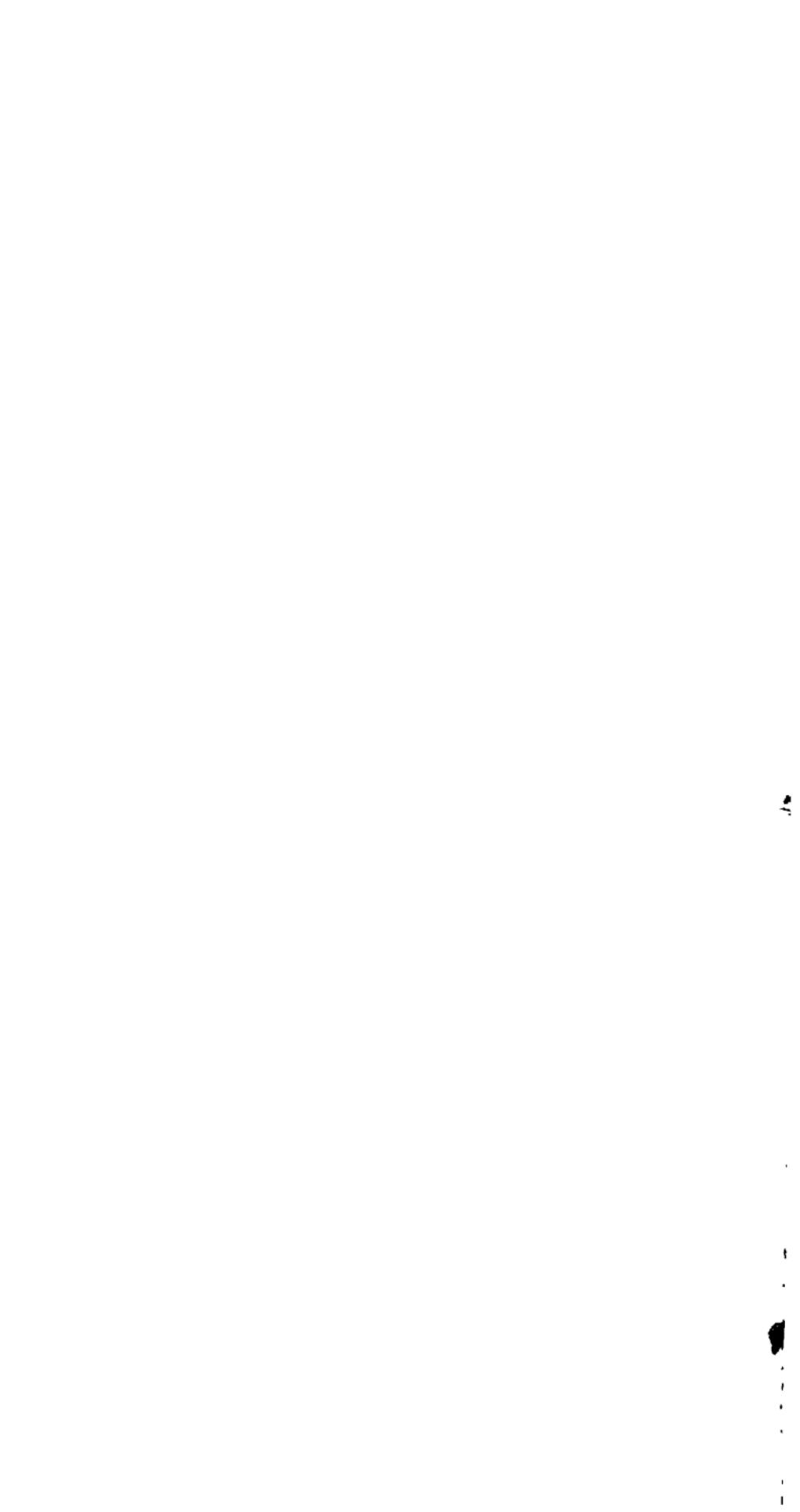
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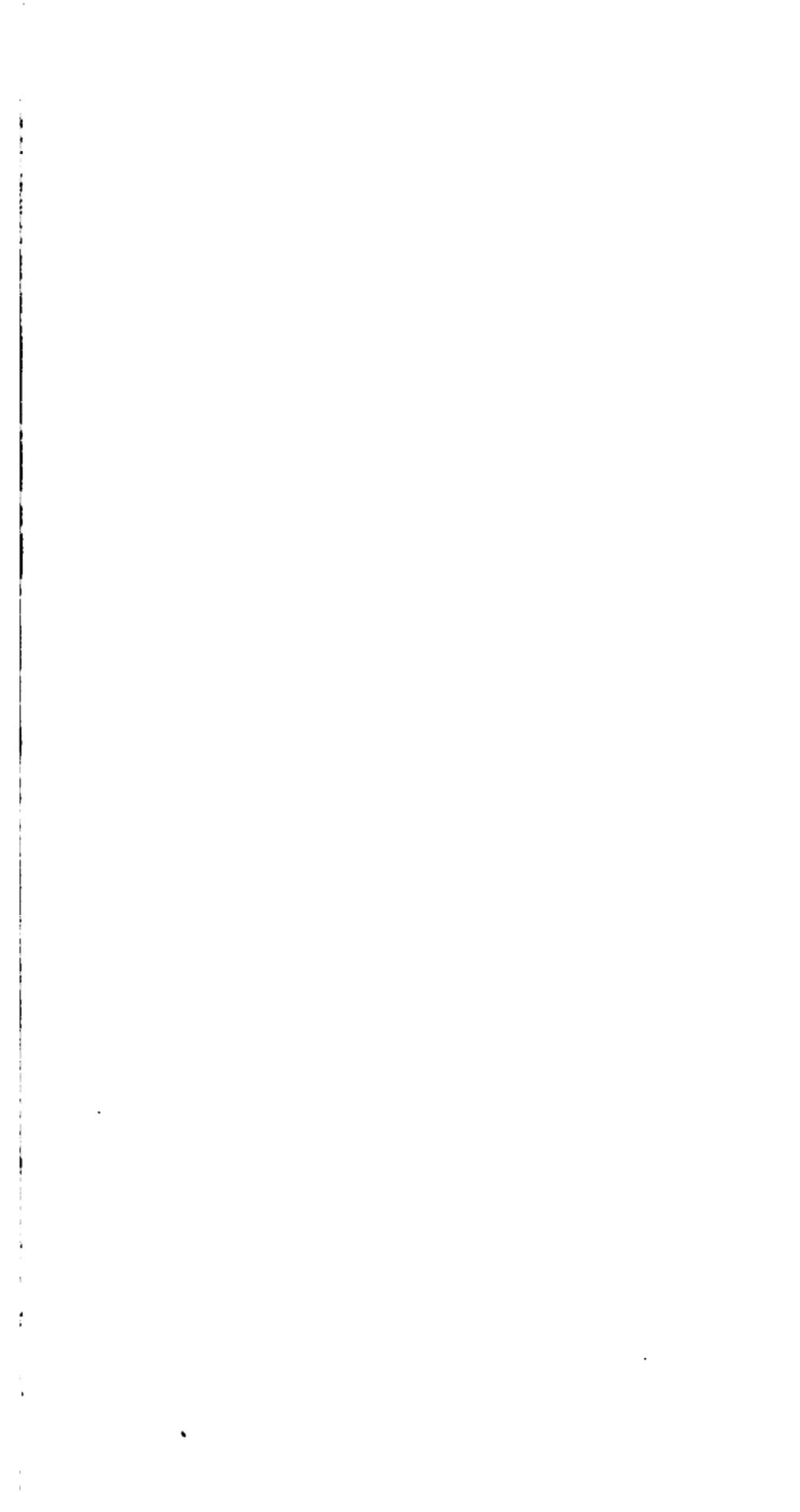
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A

# PHYSICIAN'S VACATION;

OR,

## A SUMMER IN EUROPE.

BY WALTER CHANNING.

"For so to interpose a little ease." — *Milton*.

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# A PHYSICIAN'S VACATION;

OR,

## A SUMMER IN EUROPE.

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### ROUTE.

I LEFT Boston for Liverpool, you remember, early in May, 1852, and after rest from a weary, sick voyage, I started from London for the Continent,—crossing the Channel at Dover for Calais, and passing through France, Belgium, Prussia, Mecklenburg, Hanover, Hamburg, to Stettin on the Oder, and thence by the Baltic to Cronstadt, and by the Neva to St. Petersburg. Moscow terminated my progress in Russia. My return was through Denmark, the Duchies, Prussia, Saxony, Austria, Bavaria, Baden, entering France at Strasburg, and by way of Nancy, Epernay, the land of Champagne,—Chalons, Vitry, &c., reached Paris. You will see, by following me on the map, that I passed up on one side of the Continent, returning along the other, completing the triangle by the almost straight line from Vienna to Paris. My wanderings were not yet over. I left Paris for the South of France, and having passed through this exquisite portion of that noble state, I reached Behobie, “the last crumb of France,” and was at once on the bridge which crosses the Bidasoa, which unites, or separates, as you please, France and Spain. Here on the banks of the Bidasoa, and on the first plank of the bridge

stands the French sentinel in the national uniform, and there on the last plank of the same bridge stands the Spanish Sentinel in the military dress of his nation. The middle plank of the bridge is the dividing line here of two great nations. As I walked across it, with one foot in France and one in Spain, the thought came with an intensity of interest rarely felt before, that this almost imaginary dividing line, and which the rapid river changed every moment, gave geographical and political birth to two great nations as opposite to each other in language, thought, habit, everything, as if mighty oceans rushed between, or the everlasting mountains separated them. After six weary days and nights of almost uninterrupted travel, crossing the Pyrenees, I reached Madrid ; then visited the Escorial, and soon after began my return journey to France, to England, to Scotland, to America. In how few words have I sketched a voyage through many distant empires, of various language, different governments, and customs, which embraced many thousand miles of surface, and took some months for its completion !

### LIFE AT SEA.

Life at sea is a perpetual novelty. Let the landsman go to sea when he may, it will always be new to him. It is a fragment of life broken off at both ends. The sea is never in one stay. It is motion, of sea, and ship ; in the last, of all kinds, and in all directions. Now it is sideways. Anon it is plunging, first bow, and then stern ; and in the height of the madness, the ship is, as it were, taken bodily out of its place, as if about to change sea for air, and then with half fall, and half suction, she is drawn down into the depths again. I shall never forget an Atlantic night-storm many, many years ago. The ship had been for hours describing all sorts of antics. Not one had been missed, and nothing remained for her to do, but to sink ; when

suddenly she became perfectly still,—as still as death. But there was on deck infinite confusion,—rigging falling, ropes pulling, officers swearing, speaking trumpet in full blast, wind roaring. What had happened I knew not. Rejoiced was I to be at rest. I had been sea-sick for more than twenty days, without let or hindrance, and during this present storm, worse than ever. At last the ship stood still,—motionless,—in the midst and presence of a terrible gale. The felicity was short, very short. She soon began to bang away again. The bulkheads were at their old work,—creaking, straining, groaning, and I at once fell into full harmony with all about me, and was the sicker for the little rest. An officer came into the cabin. “What *has* happened?” said I. “Why *did* you not keep her still a little longer? I was having a beautiful time, and then the old story came back again, motion, motion, motion,—sick, sick, sick!” “We have been in the trough of the sea,” said the mate, “and if we had not got headway upon her at once, we should have been off to Davy’s.” I emphatically suggested to him that, as to that, I should quite as lief have been “off to Davy’s,” as where I was then providentially sojourning. Sea life in a sailing ship is the true sea life. There can be no mistake about this to him who has been made captive by its terrible power. To my experience it is the most horrible of all lives. “The mercy of the waves!” A wave never had any mercy; and as to “bowels of compassion,” this phrase means little more than a settled purpose to swallow everything in their way,—a ship, a man, or a whole crew, making to these “bowels” not the smallest difference in the world. To know what a “sailing ship” really is, just look at one from the deck of a steamer. Observe her movements. Up she goes, and down again. Then amuses herself and her company, passengers especially, with a roll; now tacks, now keeps on,—all sorts of directions; now sailing *west* to make *easting*,—now *north* for *southing*, as seems to her the most

diverting, — and now resting, by getting into the *trough of the sea*, as if weary of her ridiculous antics, — and out of the *trough* determined to behave worse than ever. You cannot divest yourself of the idea that all this is the result of a demoniacal will; and with the Bramin's faith that there is a spirit in everything, you feel sure she is possessed by the very devil himself. How, when in a steamer, have I pitied both crew and passengers of such a craft, when at such a frolic. There are then lamentations there, and harder things, — expressions, I fear, savouring more of strength than of righteousness. Milton's notions of the infernal regions seem realized aboard a sailing vessel, with a long, tough head-storm. The whole detail of such a life is essential confusion, perpetual disorder. Bracing yards, furling, and unfurling, springing this, breaking that, tearing into ribbons every sail. I have been in it all. Never, never will I try the experiment again.

For forty-seven days together have I seen and felt the unmitigated and unmitigable horrors of a sailing ship life. It makes me tremble, even at this safe distance, to think of it. That first voyage, to Europe, was made in the good ship *Nancy*, of at least two hundred tons burden, towards half a century ago. What changes have been made in ships, and their management, I know not. I speak only of the old time, and of navigation as it then was.

But a steamer of two thousand tons, more or less, burden, with her invisible crew of one hundred or more men, all told; and only heard when pulling at the ropes, in the chorus:

Cheerly, men, — cheerly, men!

And what a pleasant sound was it to hear in my waking hours at night, for it told us that the wind was fair, and the steam was to be helped by the sails! I shall never forget that low, deep, almost sad melody, coming in the night-watches, on the fair, leading gale, telling of progress and of safety. Then the boatswain's pipe with its clear whistle, giving the word of command with the distinctness

of the voice, with none of its often useless noise. Then the assurance of daily progress. To be sure of this, only look at the compass,—but speak not to the man at the wheel,—and, if going to England, see its great capital E, looking directly, and without wavering, to the short bowsprit. I never saw them out of line, though we had after a few days' sail passed from 42° to 54° N. There was no talk of easing her, no luffing, no wearing, no vulgar screaming to the steersman, with a d—— to help it, to keep his nose out of the binnacle, and see that he kept the leach of *that* sail taught.

On, on, goes the steamer. She never goes out of her way. She shows not the least ceremony to the waves. She cuts through them as with a knife, and away flies the salt sea all over her, to the top of the chimney, making the red one white. I have seen one of these sea-frolics, this revenge of the waves on the merciless cut-water of the boat, when the water washed in torrents over the bows, and set the members of the forward cabin, who were at play in their apportionment of the deck, full knee deep in the brine, to the no small amusement of those who escaped the ducking. I was in the habit, when able to keep the deck, of going forward to a seat just in front of the wheel-house, and near enough the bow, to see how the splendid steamer made her smooth passage through the mighty waters, throwing them wide round her, now in the whitest livery of foam, and now in every colour of the rainbow; and few visions do I remember more sublime, or more beautiful. It had been rough and drizzly for a day or two, and the wind ahead, and I sat in my favorite seat, and looked without satiety for a long, long time upon the broken, sparkling, solemn sea. Sir — — —, a fellow passenger, came and sat down by me. We were for a time silent. He at length spoke, and asked me if I remembered certain lines in Homer which describe the sea in a storm. I said no; when he poured forth in Greek, sounds, which were the echo of the very scene before

us. I cannot let this opportunity pass without a word of grateful memory of this scholar and gentleman. His uniform courtesy, his simple, but highly gentleman-like manners, his kindness when the weakness of sea-sickness made it not easy for me to stand, his varied learning, his knowledge and love of art, his recollections of Spain (which it was my purpose to visit), his richness of memory, and the facility and cheerfulness with which he brought out his treasures, all that I saw, heard, and learned of and from this gentleman, was cause to me to rejoice to have his company, as it now is of the pleasant memories which the recollection of his society always bring with it. It was my privilege and pleasure to make the acquaintance of Lady — in the same voyage. How often and well do I remember the long walks; yes, the long walks up and down the hurricane deck of the good steamer with that lady, and with what pleasure do the conversations recur to me. Is it not worth while to break away from the old and the worn,— to leave one's home, and by voyage, and by travel to find a new heaven and a new earth; and if it should want righteousness, has it not the great compensation of human development and action under novel influences, placing us in new social positions in the society of distinguished persons, unfolding to us new institutions and monuments which have become reverend by time, and which, standing side by side with the living present, are the great argument of human growth; and promise, and prophecy of uninterrupted progression?

One of the attractions of steamboat life, is its perfect *order*. This order refers especially to masses, leaving the individual as much freedom as the circumstances in which he is placed allow. Thus one of the great facts in this life is eating and drinking, they making one, and its rules in regard to number, time, or hours, are most accurately observed. One is surprised at the number and quantity, and great attraction of these meals. The *cuisine* is perfect, going into the minutest details, the choicest and the best, as if a great

and richly furnished market were just round the corner, and *your* host had paid it the first visit. We had every day fresh vegetables, fruit, &c., in the finest order; the whole ration for the whole table every day being packed in ice, and ready to be brought to light with every succeeding sun. He or she must have fared miserably at home who complains here. Nothing is truer than the common remark, that the worse a man or woman has lived at home, so much greater is the dissatisfaction with what is found abroad. One looks for a different inference. The complainer surely suffers by his ill-placed comparisons. Our meals were daily, five. Breakfast at eight; lunch at one; dinner at four; tea at seven; and at ten a nondescript affair, but always welcome, of poached eggs, welsh rabbit, sardines, &c., with a night-cap, which literally capped the climax. It was a great matter these eatings and drinkings; and the passive but abundant exercise of the steamer, with the bracing air, insured appetite, and a good digestion to wait upon it. Then other exercises, walking, running, hopping, shuffleboard, &c. &c., aided the stomach labour. These were active amusements. We had beside, passive occupations, as reading, writing, backgammon, drafts, chess, cards, and much of day and evening were devoted to these. Walking was named among the business of the day. Of this the amount was prodigious. Parties, a lady and gentleman, the younger especially, walked up and down the long deck, passing and repassing, with as glowing, living complexions, as if sentiment and the strong sea-breeze had conspired in their manufacture. It was whispered that impressions were sometimes made more than skin deep during these walks. With what truth I cannot say. This rapid foot exercise aided the steamer in the great work of quieting, and disposing of the luxurious meals so rapidly succeeding each other. There was one *meal*, if the word be not a misnomer, which was quite by itself, which seemed to me a supererogation. Whenever I was well enough to be out of my bed, I was on deck, and being an

early riser, I was among the earliest astir. Often I found Sir \_\_\_\_\_ on deck before me. The meal which was new to me, was a preparation for breakfast. Let me premise that as I have made many voyages, it may be supposed that the following experience was general. It was not at all so. Between seven and eight, some six or more persons of quite mature age were to be seen on deck, and they, the stoutest and most healthful looking of the whole company. After the morning salutation, it was always proposed to take *something* for an appetite, and *odd and even*, settled whose lot it was of the party to pay for the general meal or drink. When this was over, the party disappeared by stairs which led to saloon and office.

In pleasant evenings, the ladies and gentlemen assembled under an awning, and there, with singing and talking, the stupid shore etiquette and its miserable conventions being quite dispensed with, they entertained each other with story, song, anecdote, personal experience, and what not, without "galling the kibe," or doing other than giving each other pleasure. I shall long remember these experiences of steamboat life, and not willingly forget those who contributed to them. We took in at Halifax a number of young gentlemen, of the army and navy, going home on a visit, and, among other pleasures, to enjoy the Derby. They were the pleasantest men in the world. Full of life and fun, ready for the latest novelty, and daily and hourly tasking their wits for something better than the last. I shall remember these *shipmates*, their perpetual good humour, and their ever ready good sense. Being a medical man, one matter among my sea life experiences has especially interested me. It is the benefit so frequently (not universally) observed to result from sea voyages to invalids. They have been long ill, shut up within doors, it may be, confined to bed, and doctored and nursed to very little salutary purpose. Such persons hardly touch the steamer before they begin to feel better. I have known one who had been in

bed all winter, with rheumatism, making daily or hourly migrations from one joint to another, and giving him terrible twinges at every stopping-place. I have known such an one to have been most faithfully watched night and day, with muffled bell, and light step; in short the whole house has been a hospital, and he the only patient in it. Spring comes! it grows into warmth,—the grass, the bud, the flower. A voyage is recommended. It is agreed upon. The long, and sorely tried, and sorely left invalid, is taken on a bed to the boat, is kindly received, and stowed away in his room. Rare luxuries for sickness here,—to such a patient, hardly a comfort; noise, rushing confusion, the whole mystery of preparations for all sorts of things by all sorts of means. “Is this No. 3?” cries one, plunging into our friend’s narrow quarters. “No,” comes faintly forth in answer, and the involuntary intruder rushes out as if from the cholera. The bell! The sharp brass cannon ring. Away drives the steamer. My friend begins to feel as he has not felt for months. He stretches forth his hands on each side of him, and fixes them; and raises himself a little. What a weight for so much weakness! What a lever! What an uncertain, slippery fulcrum! But he does rise somewhat. Food is next demanded, and he eats. Night comes, and he sleeps. Such a night! The whole winter, how little did Dover’s, how little did morphine, how little did anything! He wakes in the morning, a new man. In two or three days he is on deck, walking with the rest, happy with all, a new man, strong as Lucifer,—a son of the morning. Now this is no dreaming. It is true; all true. Thousands upon thousands are they who might go and do likewise. So much does this interest me, that sometimes I think we might have hospital steamers. Truly hospitable are they already. But upon further thought, I would advise no such thing. A part of the cures now effected by the sea, is by the entire revolution which it brings in regard to every relation of sickness. And a most important fact is this in the business.

But the philosophy of the treatment, the sea-shop? This is in a nutshell. *Unused power is used.* The power may be at home, at hand; but is *unused*, and a sick chamber presents to it no motive. At sea, pillows and plasters, fomentations, and physic, quiet, noiseless rooms, maternal, sororal, conjugal kindness, have no place there. They have all gone by the board, or better said, are thrown overboard. The man has been suddenly put to his trumps, or his *stumps*, and go it he must, and go it he does. *Unused power is used.* The will is at hand, and puts the machinery in play again. The hinges may be stiff, and creak too, but they make their own oil; and to the utter wonderment of the invalid, and all concerned, they soon work as well, and as easily, as ever they did.

The *order* of the steamer was referred to. It was called perfect,—the perfection of discipline. A hundred and odd officers and crew, one hundred and fifty passengers,—a small village. No confusion. A sailor is rarely seen except on duty. The boatswain's pipe,—its word,—the harmonious action. The engine-room was a never failing scene of pleasure to me. The vast apparatus for motion, itself stationary; the variety of its parts, a complication without confusion; the beauty of finish, and the noiselessness of its activity,—its energy,—made me a frequent visitor to this room. My occasional companion was the surgeon, who to courtesy added the interest of professional and general scientific knowledge, and explained to me much of which otherwise I should have been ignorant. There was one department of the arrangement which especially interested me. I mean the *Stokers*,—the men who tend at the furnaces. They were many, and I never saw them idle. They partook, in this at least, of the character of every other moveable part of the mechanism. There were sixteen furnaces in a row, and they were all of them to be kept at the same temperature, so that the motion should be as equable as possible. About fifty tons of coal are used a day. It is brought to the room, put into

the furnaces, and the ashes cleared out, and thrown over-board, each furnace consuming between three and four tons a day. The stokers pass along the line of furnaces of intense fires, constantly clearing out ashes, and throwing in coal. The temperature in which these men work and live, when on duty, is 120° of Fahrenheit. To me it was a hot air bath. Its effect, along with the toil, was striking. When his short watch of two or four hours is out, the stoker comes upon deck, reeking with sweat, not common sweat, but this mixed with a large infusion of the oily secretion of the glands of the skin. The skin absolutely shines, while the complexion has that soft brown, or Asiatic colour, which the admixture of sweat, oil, smoke, soot, and light ashes would give it. The dress is a woollen shirt and pantaloons ; the shirt bosom wide open, and sleeves strongly turned up. Each has under the shirt a quantity of refuse cotton from the mill, and with a handful of this he wipes face, arms, and breast, as a lady might her forehead with her fine cambric handkerchief. They now seek the very coolest part of the steamer, between the lower edge of a sail, if one is set, and the deck, where would be the strongest draft, and there lying, they drink in the cool breeze. Iced water is a favourite beverage ; and I was told that if ice grew scarce, the passengers would give up their use of it for the poor stoker. I asked about their pay. It is high ; and so is the pay of the general crew. I asked how long the stoker could hold out, and learned it was for a few years only. It was said their principal disease is rheumatism ; but more probably it is some other, and more morbid and permanent condition, which has for its symptoms lameness, pain, and suffering.

Along with order, *vigilance* enters as a most important element of steamer life. The most casual observation sees with what watchfulness every moment of the vessel's progress is marked. The steamer left Boston in May, in a severe northeast storm of wind and rain. The *Mayflower*,

which took us to the roads where she lay, was crowded with people, and luggage, the last being thrown in so much together, as to make it an almost inextricable mass of confusion. We came along side of the steamer, and then was the tug of war, for Greek indeed met Greek. It rained hard, and blew hard. We, men and women, and children, and luggage, bird cages, and babies, baskets, bandboxes, and ladies,—all sorts of antagonisms, somehow got upon the slippery deck, and then beneath impracticable umbrellas zealous search was made to learn who was who, and where was any, and everything. The Mayflower and her consort did not keep equal step up and down; and it had been ludicrous, if not really so distressing, to see some of the results to the passengers of this want of *time*. At length, persons and things were jammed on board. The portion of the high bulwark which had been removed for the admission of passengers and their traps, was put back into its place, the Mayflower was detached, the steam let on, crack went the sharp brass guns, and away we went. I went below, my luggage was bestowed, and after a short rest, I went on deck, and how changed. Nothing remained to trouble one, but wind and rain. On the bridge stood the pilot, trumpet in hand, the helmsman was at the wheel, the watch was set, everything for comfort and safety had been arranged, and the good steamer took to her work with a will.

Sick, sick, sick. I had left home and country, for a time, to escape from the power of conventions, to drop the old, and the deep worn, and to put on the new; and this terrible enemy of the landsman, sea-sickness, seemed to be making pretty clean work of some of the conventions, and putting a full stop to the power of any which might remain. I had hoped that I had outgrown this strange disease, for towards half a century had passed since my earlier experiences of that kind. But no, I was as young as ever in my capacity for the disagreeable, and "give up," was the word. In some sense, I certainly obeyed the commands of the sea.

If Othello could say, with the smallest propriety, just after his marriage —

If it were now to die,  
'Twere now to be most happy ;

with how much more truth might not I have said the same in that terrible passage to Halifax. At last, after a voyage of almost unequalled length, we reached that very slightly beautiful city. But the steamer came to a rest. The sickest was well almost at the same moment. We jumped ashore, and felt we were something again. I thought of him of old, who in a fight lost all his strength when lifted by his antagonist from the earth, but regained it all as soon as he touched land again.

After a short delay to discharge way-passengers, and to take in permanent ones, and coal for the voyage, we put to sea again. There had been a lull of the wind in the shut-in harbor. The rain had ceased, and we almost looked for the sun. The day closed in with heavy fog, head wind, and heavy sea. On deck was a man of years, but stout and hearty, and well wrapped in shawl, comforter, thick sea-cap, &c., with a don't care look at the weather, which pleased me. We had some talk. He said he had nothing particular to keep him at home, and so had come to Halifax, where a daughter was living, and she wished him to make her house his home. But he had passed one winter there, and he was so well satisfied, or acquainted with it, that he did not mean to try another. He was going home again, and there he would stay. He looked as if he was the very man for Halifax. If I had named him, I should have called him Halifax. He had its hard, tough look, and spoke as if a winter northwester was feeding his stout lungs. I liked the old gentleman very much, but he retired to the forward cabin, and I did not see him again.

We made fair progress, taking the northern course. Since leaving Halifax, the thick fog and rain had made it impossi-

ble to get an observation. We were at dinner when a cry came from deck, **LAND AHEAD!** So distinct was the cry, and the noise, the roar of the outpouring steam, at the same instant, that everybody rose from table, not with a rush, but in earnest, and made for the deck to learn what the watch's announcement meant. I was near the door of the saloon, and stepping from the room, directly upon the main deck, was at the bow at once. Before me rose an object not at once made out. It was a dark, black, rounded bluff, covered thick with fog, which gave it its colour. It was fearfully high. The surf and the broken waves were dashing high against the near rocks which rose like a perpendicular wall just before us, and with all the force of swell, and of wind. It was said the watch had supposed, when at a distance, that it was the spouting of a whale which he saw. I looked down over the bow upon and into the sea, and so clear was the water, that I saw as distinctly as above water, the natural markings or joints of the rocks spread out beneath. But what most impressed me was the perfect, the motionless rest of our huge steamer. Her short bowsprit pointed directly at, and almost touched the mountain bluff before her. She seemed to me to tremble in her great rest, so suddenly had she been stopped in the midst and pressure of an eleven knot speed. She seemed to me as if looking at the peril before her, and from which but an instant before she had escaped, with a calm defiance, the assurance of her own entire safety. Why is it that a moral character, an intellectual nature, is sometimes seen by us to attach to purely material things? Is it not the natural transfer of the power and will of man to that which he so wisely, so nobly controls, which divests outward circumstance of all its power, yes, makes it tributary to the highest good? Is it not man speaking in *his* works? It was but a momentary rest. The engines were again in action, the steamer quietly receded, turned, and joyfully did we say farewell to Cape Race! A long time after, I accidentally

fell in with one whose acquaintance I had made in that voyage, and asked him about the scene just described. He said the distance of the boat from the rocks when stopped, was estimated at about eighteen feet, that a bowsprit of the length of one of a sailing ship of the steamer's tonnage would have touched the rocks; and that the engineer, at the moment of the cry of land, had his fingers on the valve of the engine, which would give free course to the steam. Hence the tremendous noise of its escape, so contemporaneous with the cry of land.

The thought came after this escape, how it might have been with us if it had been in the night, when in such fearful proximity to this stormy cape, or if it had been a sailing instead of a steaming vessel. Is it probable that any would have escaped? Here would have been between two and three hundred to be provided for. The cape at this place was an abutment of perpendicular rock to the sea. The water was quite deep up to the rock, so that it was said that the steamer could have floated when against it. But how in the deep darkness of night, the time supposed, in the confusion, the rolling of the sea, could land have been reached, or who at that spot could have climbed to it? On each side were rocks and shoals against which the sea was beating, and the heavy surf dashing. To the landsman there was seen to be no escape for us, or for any other vessel which might strike against such a sea wall as that. The feeling at escape got its character from the sure destruction which, under other circumstances, might have been our lot.

In the midst of this scene of present danger, the most perfect order was everywhere. The captain was at his post on the bridge, and saw from it the all and the whole which was before him. His orders were given and obeyed with an intelligence and readiness which got their characters from the power whence they came. The commander of such a vessel is a monarch, and must be obeyed. He is the spring of that vast machinery of human mind and muscle out of

the use of which is to come safety. The dress, the manner, the whole position of such an officer give to his word true authority. I have sometimes thought it was an advantage that, in the English steamers, the officers have the dress of naval officers, and have been in the service of the sovereign. Such men are obeyed at once. They are used to command, and the men feel their power. The history of the British navy abounds in instances of the results of this power under most threatening circumstances at sea ; and which, in contrast with French vessels in like perils, show to the greatest advantage. I never was so moved by the manner in which danger was averted as at Cape Race, never felt such consciousness of safety in the use of human power as at that moment. It was the work of a moment, when that noble vessel was again under weigh. We returned quietly to the saloon. The power which had ruled the crew, was felt by us all. Not a word of fear was uttered ; not a question was asked. A nervous lady, and a nervous gentleman, might have showed his or her infirmity. But there was not one such aboard.

I have often been impressed and oppressed, with the feeling that this sea life is an *imprisonment*, and the most absolute of its kind. This at times has had associated with it, the thought that escape was impossible, not only from the imprisonment as a fact, but from every, and all things which might occur to add to the embarrassments of such a position. But I do not remember ever being annoyed by fear even where the risk of life has seemed, and has been regarded, as imminent. The thought and talk has been of preparing the boats, getting out provisions, &c., but not of despair. I do not believe that the history of adventure can furnish cases of cooler thought and nobler daring, and success too, than have been displayed in shipwreck. Where discipline really is, it is so habitual, so perfect, — order so emphatically perfect, in every day, hour, and moment of sea life, that a commander always feels that his men may be relied upon, and his word strictly obeyed. The “aye, aye, Sir,” of a real sailor, is a whole

volume of cheerful, questionless obedience. In the steamers in which I have made voyages, this has everywhere been displayed. The captain, the men, and the vessel, have made one, and the harmony of relation has been perfect.

The prison feeling declared itself most when looking from bow, or deck, over the wide, wide sea. You felt assured that you could not leave them for a moment to trust yourself to the outspread waters. You are weary, tired out, with the long confinement, and long to be again at large — “to take a walk.” This was the thing longed for by me, and the demand came with a tone you must hear and understand. I shall not forget the strong feeling which filled me when nearing land,— the end of the voyage. I was to leave the steamer, or ship, and be again free. Sometimes this was said in the hearing of the captain, and he would express his regret that we were so anxious to leave him. It was not to leave *him*. But his ship and he were one, and to be glad to leave her, had naturally associated with it, a desire to leave him. In my homeward passage down the Baltic in the good steamer Victoria, Captain Kreuger, of Hull, England, I had felt and expressed much interest for the land. At the close of my voyage at Copenhagen, I made it a point to offer to that excellent officer my thanks for his constant courtesy and kindness, — to express my regret to leave him, and to offer him such return as I could make, should he ever come to America, and where I might again meet him.

Steamers, though so admirably arranged for speed and safety, have, with all other contributions to the general and to the individual comfort, certain incommodesities which it is not always easy to reconcile with their otherwise perfect adaptations to their objects. To allude to one or two of these. At the head stand the state-rooms for the private, personal accommodation of passengers. There is a fatal mistake in the construction of these. They are designed for *two*. In the family relation this may be tolerated perhaps. But for single men, — single men to be made double, — Siamese for

the voyage, — is utterly abominable. In the first place, the state-room is almost too small for the healthy respiration — breathing — of one full grown person. In it are two berths or sleeping shelves, with a narrow board in front to keep the sleeper, or the sick, from rolling out. The mattress of course harmonizes in width with the shelf. He who has neither lung fever, nor pleurisy, may sleep “this side up,” — and get along pretty well ; but he who is reduced to the back, must look out for his hips and his ribs. I have known one or two men who could only get along by genuflexion, which answers well on Sundays ashore, but for every night in the week, might possibly be troublesome. Dressing is a mystery, when two men, strangers, are up in such quarters, and try to dress at the same time. It is embarrassing, even after a treaty that only one should get up at a time. Some could only get along in putting on a coat, by opening a door, and so thrusting an arm into the corridor ; and by a jump from the bed shelf get into their pantaloons. As to undressing, the least done the soonest mended. For myself I make a short toilet, for I have little to replace, for as to the night detail, I never practised it. My custom was when I was sure of being a few minutes alone in the day, to use them for the elegances, as far as such things are practised at sea. I certainly was of the slightest sect of disrobers. The favours of sea-sickness were so liberally bestowed upon me that the military word, “as you were,” or rather, “as you are,” was conformed to by me with a respect for discipline which deserved to be accounted admirable, and which in common shore life I very rarely display.

Then again the sleeping shelves are one above another, book-case like. A choice occurs which of the two shall inhabit which. Many prefer the lowest shelf, for it is easier under some circumstances, sea-sickness being one, to fall *into*, than to climb *up to*, a bed ! There are reasons, however, for choosing the upper berth. For instance, the partner of your joys and sorrows is of great weight and size. The fear will

come that he may break through the thin sacking and webbing, which separate him from you, and so become a partner of your bed hardly to be desired. I knew a case in which the slight man below effected a change with the stout man above, and got great comfort by the bargain. There is another reason for choosing the upper berth. Your chum devoutly undresses when he goes above; when he descends, he who is below may be seriously disturbed by what may happen; the descender's feet or their extremities are quite likely in the restlessness of the boat, to come in fearful proximity with you, your face for instance, and after a manner in no important sense agreeable.

Non ignara mali . . . .

Let me then advise all who are in their novitiates in sea-life to be *booked up*, — to be stowed away upon the upper shelf of a steamer's state-room whenever he has a choice, provided he is not to be *sea-sick*. He may need a ladder for his first essay at *ascension*, and one may always be had for the asking; above all things, let him have his *robes* on, and solemnly pledge himself never to get *down*, till his inferior has got *up*.

The true, the only decent method of arranging all this to meet all personal emergencies, is to *take a whole state-room to one's self*. No matter what the cost. Sacrifice a month or more of foreign travel, wear old clothes, eat but one meal a day, rather than have a fellow-citizen so near you as to breathe half your air, and make you breathe all his; in short, respire at second hand, for a fortnight or more. Said a friend once when asked to admit a man into his bed for a single night only, in a crowded hotel, "What! a man in my bed! I would sooner have a cow!" And who looking into the gentle, innocent face of the steamer's cow, as she puts it out between the bars of her solitary cabin for the kind pattings of the passer by, would not be more than half inclined to the doctrine of my bachelor friend? No; I go

for the "room to myself," and if it is to be paid for, I will cheerfully pay for it, or stay at home forever. As to dividing such a *seven-by-nine* with another, I will never again do it.

Another matter, — meals, — the table. It is the custom to make a mess of one's friends, countrymen, &c., and for freedom, familiarity, sympathy, and what not. Now the theory, the philosophy is good, but the practice is not always felicitous. When you have chosen your seat, put your card into a plate, the first day out of course, you must keep it to the last, you have got your place, and you belong to it. But you are disagreeable to the party, or they to you. No matter. You may be disagreeable to another one; change is not in the order of the day. You made a mistake in your selection at first, and you must abide by it. When one goes abroad, he does not care to stay at home at the same time. He goes in quest of the new, — new men, and new women, new manners, new life. Should I ever go again, I mean to plunge head first into the whole novelty of the thing, — of travel, — and on the very first day, "bid my native land good night." The Hibernianism is pardonable.

Never select your company, then, from among your own countrymen, if you can avoid it. You want to learn just what they cannot teach you. I once entered a national mess. It was large, and had in it three French people beside, — a lady and two gentlemen. The lady sat at my left hand, a countryman at my right. This lady was a whole volume of manners. Whether of France or not, she certainly spoke French. The sea, which Salinagundy says is a marvellous sharpener of the wits, certainly performed the *vice cotis* for her stomach, for a most excellent appetite had she. She was very large, and though I never saw her eat as freely as Garagantua was said to have done, yet the amount was in every way worthy of note. What might have happened had the voyage been a long one, it is not for me, a fellow passenger, to say. You fare sumptuously every day in the

steamer. Experimentally, I can only speak for the Cunard line. Than these, better boats, or more gentlemanly officers, I never wish to meet, to sail in, or with. Everything, yes, everything was there, and everything done which heart could wish. But to my lady in French. She had a fine eye for colour as her dresses witnessed, and so had she for dishes. These, our lady accumulated around her, and sometimes devoted to them a self-appropriation which was noticeable. Madame was especially fond of an article which was served with a sauce,— pickled beets. One day a climax was reached in eating. The lady not only eat from the dish its whole solid contents, holding it in her hand, but with the spoon regaled herself with the whole of the sauce, the blood-red vinegar.

“The force of *eating* could no further go.” One day, however, a sort of retributive justice occurred in the advent of which some silently rejoiced. Some very fine, large, yellow apples were served. In their exodus down the table they gave out before the whole of the company was served, the supplies stopping just as the lady in French was reached. This was not to be borne. It seemed to her to be utterly impossible that she should have been so deserted in her utmost need. But so it was. Some ladies had been quiet in such a catastrophe. But not so my fair neighbour. Looking round, so that what the look meant could not be misinterpreted, she exclaimed with a concurrent emphasis, “*politesse ! politesse !*” The servant soon returned with a fresh supply of the golden fruit, and it reached the lady without the loss of a specimen. It went no farther.

Now here was a whole chapter of outspoken sea life, under peculiar circumstances. To be sure there is a general respect for No. 1, which may not show itself so plainly in shore life. The general at home, becomes individual or special at sea. If it show itself in the mess, woe to the neighbours. But for this foreign lady-interpolation, at our mess, what a humdrum affair the five daily meals would

have been. There was little or no talk. We had all of us read Boswell just before leaving the Mayflower, and had not forgotten the great lexicographer's abjuration of talking while eating. Not that he thought anything about the chances of choking. No. His remarks of the incivility of talking while at table till eating was done, applied wholly to the necessary diminution of pleasure by allowing anything to come out of the mouth while the means of such exquisite pleasure were going in. Let me say a word or two of the occasional selfishness of No. 1, which declares itself in sea life. I have crossed the Atlantic four times. I have been upon the Oder, the Baltic, the Neva, the Rhine, the Danube, the Elbe, across the Channel, and over the roughest of seas, the German Ocean. I have thus seen and felt something of sea life. It has its character in circumstances, as position, character, culture, sex, age, &c. &c. Those all influence it, or determine the phase under which it declares itself. A lady and gentleman with six petted children, from three to twelve, will make the five meals anything but pleasing. I speak from knowledge. At sea there is a temporary escape from ordinary shore rules, and in various degrees of it, which makes sea life a thing *per se*, and which to the novitiate, unless he is very sea-sick and keeps below (which is generally the case with such, and what may interfere with researches into conduct and character), is both strange and disagreeable. On shore, social sympathy, a convention again, which, however, nothing but fashion has power to tread clean out from among men and women,—pardon, *ladies and gentlemen*; this social sympathy on shore, has for the most part a healthful, active life and power, which show themselves in a truth, beauty, and delicacy, which at sea are not always met with. Now, a true philosophy demands reasons, and explanation may be found in a foregone conclusion with every passenger, that there are ten chances to one that at any moment he may sink, be cast away, or somehow find bottom, and that so, the best pos-

sible business or occupation on ship board is eating and drinking as much of good things provided five times a day as is possible, to please one's self, the price being a matter of no sort of consequence. The condemned, we are told, sleep soundly and eat heartily the day and night before execution. The prisoner of hope in the steamer, with Cape Race before, and icebergs all around, and an impenetrable fog everywhere, a prisoner indeed, and to feel condemned to sleep soundly every night, and eat to the full five times a day, may have reasons for taking care of himself, which the love of the neighbour may not surmount. Who can complain of what a generous philosophy so perfectly explains? And say you:

“ Why not eat, pray, and all you can? What appetites are got up in a ship! Why not gratify and satisfy them? Besides, what a lack of all occupation aboard? But for the fine meals the saloonites would all die of sheer ennui. This eating, like sleeping, is a grand institution, and who at sea has not felt the equal value of both? If eating could be patented! What a fortune would be made! I defend No. 1, then, at sea. Not by philosophy, but by plain common sense; and I believe the man or woman who argues against me in this, does so merely to get a chance to eat and drink the more.” I put down this argumentation just as it was given, and confess there is something in it. Let me give an example or two. In one of my sailing-ship voyages, No. 1 declared itself in many ways, and in a specimen in both sexes. We were all fellow-citizens of the Great Republic, — not of her of the four masts exactly, — and felt perfectly at home, and that every body had a perfect right to do just what he pleased. The second mate, — the hardest worked man of the whole crew, — responsible for everything, and deputed to the captain's watch to boot, — the second mate loved onions. As he had the captain's watch, he claimed now and then, especially at night, to have his privileges. So he solaced these night-watches with cabin

bread, cold junk, and uncooked onions. His [I were discovered, but not until he had eaten the [I and the poor mate had to suffer, not the pleasure pains of memory ever after.

At another, this form of self-pleasure, eating or declared itself in a female passenger. She dined plate with everything, approaching to a deli-table. Her seat was just below my berth, which upper shelf of the sleeping and eating cabin I was very sick, and had not been below all. The lady, one stormy day, had filled her plate with the choicest contents of a chicken pie. There was breast, liver, upper and under crusts to match. It was ready, when the good ship, in her infirmity or heedlessness, fetched a lurch of such degree as to tip the lady's chair completely up, and down, in the smallest possible space; over the pie, and various other moveables which the lady could not keep in place, or on its surface. How to move or what to do in such a peculiar plight, and the more disastrous, that she could not be settled. There lay the lady in her chair, peg to help herself. She called for help, She declared that her arms and legs were all broken — she should die. Nobody stirred. At last to move. I was sicker than ten deaths. I was from my eyrie, not as an eagle for its prey, but to take an observation, and to help if I could. I could not see the sight below! I was three tier up, and looked to be thrown by the labouring ship into the water. I reached bottom safely, — helped the helpless bones broken, unless the chicken bones had been stowed the wounded in her state-room hard back to bed, and to a nameless stomach which certainly had not become less by my latest visit. He was afflicted. I was, of course, dressed, a certainly felicitous custom to be.

But steamboat life is a splendid thing. I have known nothing in life to be compared with it. A steamer is a thing by itself, — so large, so grand, so fearless. One day we took soundings. It was a sight to see, that enormous mass stopped in mid-ocean as by her own will, and as if resting from fatigue to leap away again with renewed power. It was a splendid thing, that sounding at sea. How I should rejoice to be off again in a steamer, sickness and all. But I would have a state-room by myself. I would select no mess of countrymen, or others. I would go far from the saloon door, and put my name on the farthest off plate, and run for luck for the human surroundings. I am not a merry man, and disposed sometimes, morbidly if you please, to keep by, and to myself. If this be indulged, when the fit is off, I can be as cheerful, as social, not of course to say as agreeable, as any body else. If such a man begins his day right — if he gets out of bed with his right foot first, it is odds but he will behave well all day ; and if he do no such thing, he will, I know, always be the chiefest sufferer. Let me in kindness, dear friend, add, — at sea always go at least half dressed to bed.

I have spoken of sickness as an element of sea life, as a part of its very nature. Said one who had sounded all the depths of this terrible evil, “ I cannot define it. It is indefinable. We know nothing of its cause. I can only say it is *sea, sea, sea.*” For the most part my experience of it was of the common order. But once the mind became turned over as well as the stomach. The brain became disordered. I can best state what was my condition, by relating my experience. I was lying in my berth one evening, — the light burning brightly, — too weak to feed myself or even to think, when I saw sitting opposite to me a man with his hat on, dressed in a drab suit, his legs crossed, and either reading or lost in deep thought. I did not see any book. I was not at all disturbed or surprised at seeing him. He seemed as naturally there in his place as I was in mine.

He attracted my attention as would any other person who had in the usual way come in and had taken his seat in my parlour. While he was there I took a tumbler of water from the near table, and carried it very slowly to my lips. But upon attempting to drink, the ends of my fingers and thumb touched my mouth, while I, in the slowest possible manner, opened my hand as if to assure myself that I had not held in it the glass. Again. I took up an orange, and slowly carried it to my mouth. But again was I disappointed, but the disappointment, as in the case of the tumbler of water, did not trouble me. I was exceedingly thirsty, but still the disappearance of orange and glass gave me no annoyance. Now there was no table in the state-room ; there was no orange, and no tumbler of water. There was no man, and yet the consciousness of the presence of these, and of my having handled some of them, was as complete as any fact of experience during my whole life. As if however some mistake might exist with regard to the man in drab, with his hat on and his crossed legs, I should have risen from my bed and have gone and spoken to him, but that my utter exhaustion made this impossible. But why not speak ? Because it was my purpose to take hold of, or pass my hand through him. I was not asleep ; I was not dreaming. The whole character of the phenomena contradict entirely the notion of sleep. And as to its being a dream, I know too much of the stuff that dreams are made of to admit this idea for a moment. Dreaming has relation to nothing. It has no permanent memory. It is thinking with imperfect consciousness of the process, and hence imperfectly remembered, and for the most part made up of all sorts of incongruities. Its parts have no relations to other things, and are lost, dropped out of, or through the mind as having no place in it, or in any of its operations. Now the state I was in, in that state-room of the steamer — was one of perfect, entire, and consistent consciousness. It is present to me to-day ; an act of memory as perfect as that

mental action ever produces. There was the man, the glass of water, the table, the orange, facts of sense, which produced corresponding related action. The harmony was complete. And yet there was no man, glass, orange, or table, and I know of no former experience which could by the memory of them have presented such a picture to my eye, and what I so deliberately and carefully examined. I have written my case out at some length, because I think it is not without interest, and it may be pleasant for you to read, and to think of.

Sir Walter Scott, Sir David Brewster and others, have published books about illusions which contain remarkable instances. That of Nicholai, the celebrated Berlin bookseller, and author of books, is a remarkable one. I met with it many years ago in books on legal medicine, in which it is regarded as a mental disease, in which the question of responsibility may come to be involved. Quite as remarkable a case as that occurred in Boston some years ago. The late Judge D——— was its subject. He described to me the apparitions by which he was visited. They were of the dead — his friends. They were moving about, talking to each other, and were as happy as people could be. Some were of a very early period of his life, and he described their dresses and manners. "They are always pleasant," said he. "I have no disagreeable apparitions." They continued to visit him to his death. He knew they were *appearances* only. They did not occupy space, for real persons and things were among them, but without disturbing the apparitions at all. His mind was as clear, as vigorous as ever it was. I have given to you an account of my own case because of its connection with a sickness which prostrated me almost fatally. I have not met with it as a result of that disease in any history of it. In its sudden termination it is unlike other instances. These last have depended on some more permanent condition of the brain, and have in some continued to recur a long time.

## HOTEL LIFE, ABROAD.

This is almost as distinctive as is life at sea. Its characteristics are perfect calmness, coolness, knowledge of surfaces, and happy guessings of the deeper, together with interest enough in what is in hand to make sure that it will be well, and acceptably done. The two things, or words, are not the same. Things are constantly, artistically, well done, which are not acceptable, or entirely so. We had as lief they had been a little less well done. Attentiveness, without excess, will express the interest referred to, provided it embrace everything, neglect nothing. The perfect London Hotel is entirely by itself. It has its own life. It cannot be imitated. It has been of slow growth, coming up out of the old, baronial period, it has brought along with it the cheerful readiness to do what properly can be demanded of it. The service is natural, easy,—more than enough, it may be, to the foreigner at first, but just what it should be when understood. The servant is perhaps the most important part of the concern. He is the first for welcome, and the last for farewell. You never lose sight of him, and he never of you. He is a piece of the furniture in your room when in it, differing from all the rest in being alive, conscious of duty, and happy to do it. His dress is excellent in its kind, and his toilet is unexceptionable. And why should it be otherwise? You are in your best to be waited upon, why not he in his best to wait upon you? The harmony is complete, superficial indeed in itself, but in its workings, it may be, deep enough to meet every demand,—entire willingness to serve, and satisfaction with the service.

Different notions exist in regard to the nature of a Hotel, and as to what is true life in it. It is not a caravansary, as is that in Trafalgar Square, and that other parallel one in the Rue Rivoli. I arrived at the last at the close of a

hot day, after a most tedious ride by Rail and by Diligence. I drove into the quadrangle, which seemed more like an exchange than anything else, in the restless crowd of servants and travellers who filled it. To my joy the house was as full as the square, and at a moment's drive down the street, I found accommodation at a genuine hotel.

My hotel in London was in Jermyn Street, St. James', and a perfect specimen in its kind. Not too large, it had capacity for its objects,—to accommodate such a number as could not possibly interfere with each other, and whose return for their accommodation would amply compensate him who furnished it. It met in all its appointments the following definition of such a house. A somewhat rhetorical classmate of mine in college had been to the opening of a new hotel. I asked him how he liked it. "Very much," said he. "It has all the privileges of a private house, and all the immunities of an inn." Could Johnson himself have said better?

From the long practice of doing for myself much of what is often devolved upon others, a habit of self-dependence had been formed, which made some of the detail of hotel life embarrassing. The arrangements of the London hotel left me literally nothing to do. The service was all that the most fastidious could require. About the steps, and in the hall, were always to be seen servants in their black suits, their white neckcloths and gloves, always ready to meet the wants of the guest. The door was opened for you by one, you were accompanied to your room by another, your wants and wishes inquired for. These attentions were never oppressive. They were just what a stranger, a guest—a *hospes*—wants. The old hospital was a hotel, a place of guests, of hospitality. The Mahometan when he was founding a settlement, village, city, began by building a mosque, a college, and a hospital. The Samaritan carried the wounded man to an inn, a hotel, or hospital, the guest's place.

But the London hotel service is to be paid for. Certainly. But sometimes, and in some countries, to be paid for where not rendered. But that you might have as little knowledge as possible of the demand, the "service" was charged in the bill, and as I scarcely ever saw a bill (my courier managing this whole matter of payment), and as in the exceptions to the rule, I only looked for the "footings up," it almost seemed to me that I had been gratuitously served all the time. In the London hotel I never saw the servants sitting closely packed into a settee in the hall, and apparently incapable of moving, or of being moved. I have elsewhere met with such establishments. The servants of such do little more, except on "compulsion." A gentleman calls. "Is Mr. — in?" "Waal, don't know, they'll tell at the bar." The dialogue is short, and the information harmonious. Now as soon as you know, or learn, that this is the national custom in such relations, and more or less runs through the whole of society,—if you know it as the native knows it, it does not trouble you at all; you are in fact as well served in not being served, as if you were to receive the daily and hourly, and cheerful courtesy of a truly managed foreign hotel.

At table are new developments of the foreign system. You may find no table, *table d'hôte*, a mile long, two or three in parallel rows, vying with each other in length and load. You take rooms, your parlour, chamber, &c., and live in them, and when you go out of them, never meet the crowds which you must encounter in the streets. You are entirely at home in such an establishment, and as far as home can be without a family, there is no better under the sun than is found in such an hotel. I was once stopping at one of these with some friends. My experience of hotels was then nothing. I had passed much of life in a hermit-like way, and this was a new experiment in living. It was a great hotel. Not great because large, for it was no such thing. It could accommodate just so many as would by paying the largest prices secure all that such an

institution could do for both comfort and luxury. You felt you were not in a caravansary, a *feeding* house only, but in a place to live in, and where living was as pleasant as it well could be. I remember my first dinner. At breakfast a card is brought in (a bill of fare), and a selection is made for dinner. We are not required to eat everything which is set down. A guest at one of our largest hotels had taken his place at table before his companion. When he came, he asked his friend how he was getting on. "O, very well," cried he. "I have eaten all through from soup to dessert, and shall soon finish the fifty cent job." We of the \_\_\_\_\_ selected what we wished. The selected is to be paid for, not the whole card. So that if you mark down one, two, three, or twelve articles, that is your dinner. If you dine out, you pay nothing. You are not living per day, or per week; but in regard to eating. Your lodgings are a permanent concern, and for these the price is not small.

But my first dinner. A waiter entered in black, &c., with a napkin across his arm. He was chief. Another attended him with soup. The table else, except the common dinner furniture, was entirely clear. The tureen took its place as if it knew it. We took ours with a like prescience. The waiter removed the cover, and the napkined arm dispensed the *Julien*. The soup removed in various ways, the second course appeared also with two waiters. This was served to each by the servant, nobody at table by him or herself aiding. I was getting tired of the ceremony, and of the extreme repose of its enacting, and ventured to help myself to salt, when alone for a moment or two. I was kindly told this was entirely against law, or custom, the sternest law, and that I must always wait to be served. I transgressed again, and most naturally, for in these matters I had always been a law to myself, and was again admonished. In utter despair, I at length exclaimed, "Well, I mean hereafter to have a servant to feed me, I will while abroad never feed myself again." This was my first ac-

quaintance with despotism. It was the despotism of the table only, you may say, but to me it was about as troublesome, if not as dangerous, as any other form of the same thing could well be. It struck at living, if not life. I fell, however, into the traces, and soon got on very comfortably.

On the continent, hotel life is perfect in its way. The whole table (where there is a table d'hôte), parlour, and chamber arrangements, are excellent. There is system running through everything, and this system is more or less despotic. There are servants in abundance, but always in their places. Every article of food requiring to be carved is in small division, and with a fork with which to help yourself, makes the circuit of the table in constant rounds, and yes, or no, settles the relation between guest and food. You cannot but feel how useful, as well as how perfect, is this order. The courses are numerous, and a very small portion of so many is quite enough. When you have done with anything you may have been eating, all you have to do is quietly to stop, and at once, as by magic, the old disappears, and the new succeeds. There is no interregnum here. The king never dies. For the most part my own rooms in the hotel served for every purpose. Sometimes the suit was of three, always of two, connected rooms, with every possible outside or contiguous accommodation. Where there was no table d'hôte, there was a coffee-room, with papers, &c. For instance, in the Hotel Brighton, Rue Rivoli, I had three rooms, — a parlour, chamber, and dressing-room. The Tuilleries Garden was directly opposite, making to me the very pleasantest place in Paris. In my two visits to Paris, this was my resting place. The walls of my rooms were covered with paper hangings, and each had many closets, but as there were no doors visible, these being covered with the same hangings as the walls, you would not have supposed there was a closet in the whole suit. This was especially the case with the front rooms which I selected at my second visit. Having one day accidentally discovered

a very small key handle projecting very slightly from the wall, I turned it, and opened into quite a respectably sized closet. "Upon this hint" I pursued my search, and found as many as six or seven in one room. What could they be for, and all of them so closely shut when the apartments were surrendered to me. My bed in the front room was in a recess, with a curtain before it. It seemed to belong to nothing else; but at the footboard I discovered a narrow door opening directly into a passage to the stairway. Now, the bedstead filled the recess by its length, so that the door opened only outwards, and if circumstances should ever make escape, or a sudden retreat, necessary, it could be made in the easiest manner possible, by merely stepping over the footboard, and passing at once down stairs. The curtain being closed, no one entering the parlour could know what had happened behind it. The arrangements of closets and concealed doors bordered enough upon the mysterious to set my republican imagination at work, and its labours amused me not a little. How easy it were to have drugged me for instance, and locked me up in one of these commodious closets, or done worse by me. And how much might be made of that door at the foot of the bed! That these closets were examined after I left I learned at my second visit, for having left some trifles in one of them, I did not find them on my return, and asking why, learned that it was the custom to clear them all out when the rooms were left.

The merest accident brought me to the Brighton. I was one most pleasant day on the Danube, in a steamer, and got acquainted with an English lady and gentleman, who were on the way with me to Salzburg. They added much to the agreeable of that voyage. He had lived long in India, and from appearances had made a fortune. He was perfectly courteous, with a slight infusion of the bluntness of his race, and nation, which produced variety without the disagreeable which not unfrequently goes to make it up as well

at home as abroad. The lady was altogether pleasing. She had a handsome face, which, to me, is often more agreeable than mere beauty, as handsomeness has more to do with expression than with features. The expression in this example made the attraction. She was often busy with Murray, and was an excellent guide, and prompter to her companions. She did not look into Murray to learn what she was to see, but what she saw, and if there was occasion, consulted. I abhor guide books. They give you somebody's impressions, but disburden your own. The farther north I went, — the further from the common tramp, — the less I consulted these works, for when I did, the more frequently was I annoyed by what seemed to me mere impertinences. The lady sketched, and with much skill, and I have no doubt was guilty of journalizing. At least she made "notes by the way." Something was said about Paris, and I made a question about hotels, and lodgings. Mr. —— named the Brighton, and described and recommended exactly the rooms which I afterwards occupied. "But," said he, "you will be charged a round sum for them, and you must not be in a hurry to engage them. But the advice is useless. Men cannot make a bargain, and always pay the asking price. The only way to travel is with a lady. She understands the whole matter. She, of course, knows languages. Well, we stop at a hotel. Madam says, 'Sit still.' I obey. She lights; goes in; asks for rooms; goes up stairs; is showed rooms; the price? So many francs a day. 'No, that will never do. Did not Mrs. —— stop here a short time ago?' 'Yes.' 'A very pleasant lady. By the way, how is the little boy of yours who was so ill, and so much interested my friend?' 'Quite well; many thanks.' 'You said so many francs, I think.' Reduction begins, and by the time my lady has asked all sorts of questions, the terms have come within such convenient limits that the rooms are engaged. Now, you will go to the ——, or the ——; see the rooms, or send

your courier to see them, and they will be engaged at an enormous price,—a price never expected,—and so will as many more who will come after you. I say always travel with a lady."

Once, at least, in Germany, it happened to me to be supposed to be accompanied by a lady. At least the house-keeper, with her bunch of keys at her girdle, and clean sheets across her arm, asked me if she should arrange the beds for *two*,—two beds being in every room, not for single parties, mark you. As I had no fancy to make a chamber fellow of my courier as such, I could not but suppose that my sturdy son of Denmark, for my courier was a Dane, had been taken for a lady. What of joke or of truth there was in the advice of my English companion, he gave it in much spirit, and it made a pleasant passage in my way through the Danube. The anecdote is given as received. I certainly went to the Hotel Brighton, and certainly made no bargain as to price, and probably paid no more than if I had attempted to alter it. There is skill in such business transactions, of which endowment I plead to as small an amount as the dullest traveller of them all. I trusted my courier with all such diplomacies, and had faith enough in the order to suppose I was treated as are others who trust themselves and their affairs to such an agent. He was of mature age, was well recommended, and was paid what he demanded for his services. As to the Brighton, I received every attention that I could desire, and shall certainly drive directly to it again the very next time I visit Paris. With regard to the suggestion of my Danube companion, as to the expediency of taking a female bargain maker with us, I would only say that her expenses might very possibly over balance the saving.

I have one complaint to make of hotel life in some examples. Service is charged in the bill,—so much a day for servants. I have no objection to this. But as I have been stepping into my carriage to leave for the railway, or

other conveyance, all the servants of the establishment have gathered round me for remembrance. Now I know they had all of them been paid. But there was just time to reach the train with hard driving, and I knew well that railways, like time and tide, wait for no man. So it only remained to pay again. Some travellers would perhaps have answered in word and tone which would have scattered the pleaders; but I have not yet learned the lesson. I meant, when leaving Paris for Madrid, to come back to the Brighton on my return, for it was perfect in its accommodations, and it was as well to leave just such a farewell as would secure a welcome.

### THE RAILWAY.

This is a great invention. I remember the first which was built in America. Somewhere about 1826, Col. T. H. Perkins of Boston, built one about two miles long to carry granite from a quarry, in which he had interest, to the water. These roads, and modes of their use are national. In America, the carriages are called *Cars*. They are long boxes with windows on the sides, doors at the ends, with seats for two, each ranged on the sides, an alley-way between. These cars, or vans, will carry from twenty to fifty passengers, more or less, each. The seats have low backs, and for night travel are most unfit. For a stiff necked, and stiff backed people, they may answer well enough. The language of railroad travel is national. "How did you come to town?" "In the cars." "In how many?" asked one. The lady only answered, "In the cars." This word means train, convoy, or what not, the whole, whatever may be their individual use. The cars are not locked. Passengers pass at will from one to the other, whether the train be at rest or in motion; and terrible at times, is the attempted passage, the person falling between the cars, or across the

rail. I was not long ago returning from a professional engagement between one and two hundred miles from Boston, and had half way reached home. The train stopped at a station, commonly called a depot in America, when a passenger rose to stop at the place. He handed to the conductor his ticket, and walked towards the door. He was a tall, large man, between sixty and seventy, and of excellent appearance. Just as he had put his foot on the platform of the carriage, the train was set in motion,— this started the old man forward. I saw by his movements in the carriage that he was infirm. Instead of turning towards the step, he stepped directly forward. The conductor, a strong man, seized him round the waist, and endeavoured to draw him back, but this he found he could not do, and the weight of the old man was dragging him directly between the cars. He must inevitably have fallen there had he retained his hold. He withdrew his arms, and the man fell forward, and then laterally so as to lie directly across the rail. The conductor sprung to the brake; did all he could to prevent the farther movement of the train. But he failed. For a time, say for twenty feet the motion being slow, the old man was pushed forward, and before the wheel nearest him. But at length something stopped his farther progress, and the train passed over his body, just across the hips. By this time the train was stopped, and the old man was taken into the station. He was alive when I reached him, but in the agonies of death, and soon ceased to breathe. I cannot tell you how deep was the effect of this scene upon the travellers in the train; how cautious were they in leaving it, as they reached their homes. But with caution, accidents under the present mode of entering and leaving a train will continue to occur. Before it stops, especially at a terminus of the railway, everybody is in motion towards the doors at the end of the carriage. As many as can reach it are upon the platform, and are jumping off before the train stops. Twice have I followed others in this perilous hurry.

Both times I supposed the train had stopped, so noiseless and unfelt is its movement when in the station. The first time I was thrown with almost stunning violence upon the platform, or landing place, and far aside from the rail. The second time was evening. The colour of the steps and platform was the same, and my sight being poor, I did not, and could not see whether the train was still or not. I stepped down and was thrown lengthwise between the rail and wheels. I lost my consciousness at once, and knew nothing till I felt myself dragged out of my fearful position upon the platform, and was stood upon my feet. I still was unconscious. Gradually I saw where I was. Three men were supporting me, and asked me if I was hurt. I soon was able to answer that I was not, and asked what had happened to me, and learned of my fall, and of having been dragged from death by the three men who supported me. Yes, I had been seized and pulled up as a dead animal might have been; it being supposed I was dead. I could not at first understand them. A strange confusion held me in doubt of everything. It seemed to me that I had been dead, and suddenly had been brought to life, but was incapable of using the restored life. I believe if I had fallen across the rail as did that old man, a short time before, and had been killed as was he, I should have been as unconscious of the change as he was. Said one who had saved me, "Sir, it is not safe to get out of a car while the train is in motion." It was said gently, and from kindness too, and I have not forgotten it. Few things have more frequently occurred to me when this railway experience has come to my mind than the precise parallelism which must have existed between my body and the rail. If an arm, a leg, any portion of me had been, so to speak, out of line, it must have been at once ground off. If my clothes or any part of them had been caught by a wheel the, whole of my body must have followed it. I have now told my story, almost for the first time, and I have done so that others may escape the

terrible peril in which a too rapid movement to leave a railroad train placed me. On the continent, in Europe, they lock the carriages.

Something was said about the discomfort of the American car system. One does not care when he has left home for something which for the time may be pleasanter, or, what is the same thing, is thought to be so, to find his thought at fault in every mile he may travel. The American system of cars, brings half a hundred of one's fellow citizens into his company without introduction, or any farther ceremony than the buying of a ticket. It is convenient to crowd and cram certain vans, but why the human ones should be so close an imitation, and in more respects than one, of the others alluded to, it is not easy to say. Next to the crowd is its accommodation. Just step with me into a railroad car. You need only look at the backs of the seats to learn what your experience shall be. These backs reach some way up your own, cutting the spine midway, or higher up, as may be the man's or the woman's length. Now, the spine is a touchy member, and you learn what its experience has been on the rail by an indescribable feeling of shoulder-ache, back-ache, fatigue, &c., which no change of place will cure or make less. The day is hot; dusty; you started early; you are tired; you are sleepy; your neighbour on the seat is a very fat lady; has an infant six months old in arms; and infants must be looked to, and come what may, you must look to them too.

If, however, you want to learn the whole luxury of our railway travel, just take a seat,— for comfort, I should say two,— in the afternoon Worcester express train, and come back in the New York night train. The latter is a caution, I assure you. The car is full. Every window is down; time, twelve midnight, every passenger sound asleep. Sleep knows no law. There is a tall thin man, he has slipped forward in falling asleep, and is caught by the neck, the occiput, as the anatomists call it, fixing him tight. You

see his throat,—*Adam's apple*,—making the apex of a broad pyramid. His arms and legs are any, and everywhere. His face is dark, livid, and covered thick with heavy sweat. Every breath is a snore, with certain intercallary respiratory outbreaks, followed by rests, or arrests of sound, which seem to be death.

Through the thick, dense atmosphere, and by the partial light of the yellow burning lamps, you look round for a seat. At length you find one with only one man upon it. But he has done his best to make it comfortable to him, and with this view he has stretched himself diagonally along its narrow surface, leaving a doubtful triangle back and front, for you to choose which will minister best to your own repose. Of course you take that, the base of which is in front, and gently do you take possession of it, well knowing if you break its long possessor's sleep, he will be very likely to break your bones for your pains. For two long hours or more you industriously exert yourself to maintain a doubtful position on the edge of a cushion, worn hard by use, well knowing into what perils a cat-nap would surely plunge you. There is not the least exaggeration in all this; this account of our car luxury,—

— *Quæque ipse miserrima vidi.*

Let us now see how it is with travel in England, which boasts itself of those two high sounding and lofty meaning words, *comfort* and *home*. It was said that rail travel is national, and so is all that pertains to it, and we have seen how nationality in this matter declares itself in America. There everybody travels, it having been proved that it is cheaper to do so than to stay at home, and that the profit of the enterprise is found in the crowding of so many together, even though the squeezing be almost unto death. Let us next see how it is with the country of comforts and homes. The car, or van system is unknown there. A carriage or coach-body is placed upon a platform, which last rests upon

wheels. There are two classes of carriages, and you are at liberty to take your place in either. In the first class is the extreme of luxury, and the price is harmonious. In the second, not the smallest arrangement for comfort exists. You find in them neither cushions nor stuffings, nor carpets. Boards, boards, boards, are everywhere. The floors are worn through in places, and the unwashed windows are for anything but for admitting light. Ventilation is abundantly secured. They say in England, that none but fools and noblemen take the first class.

The Marquis of Waterford is one of these, but not the other. He took the seat to which his ticket condemned him, in a carriage totally wanting in all comforts. There was neither stuffing, cushion, nor carpet. Boards, boards, boards, as was just said, were everywhere. With this, however, he experienced no dissatisfaction. But annoyances unlooked for, soon came. Crowds of ill-dressed, dirty persons, flocked in, with dogs, and loads of luggage, which threatened to drive the Marquis out, or to squeeze him flat. He saw through the whole of it. It was a wilful purpose so to annoy him as to drive him into a *first class*. This he resolved to do battle about. And how? At the first stopping place he saw two colliers, or chimney sweeps, of a most foul bearing, and from whom he learned that they were about to take passage in a third class, for a long *through* journey somewhere. He at once got two first class tickets, gave them to his sooty brethren, and put them into one of the most exquisitely appointed carriages of the train. The conductor came up and ordered them out, and with an authority which had its manner in its believed legitimacy. The Marquis bade him to clear out, to *shut up*, and ordered the strange passengers to keep in, adding for the comfort of the conductor that he was a member of Parliament, and that he would prosecute him and his whole road, with all the force of law, and to the extent of his whole fortune and privilege, if he in the least possible way or degree disturbed those first

class passengers, who had tickets which secured them the places they occupied. "Nuff sed," as the phrase is. The conductor "shut up," and the Marquis's protégés were shut in, and doubtless had a splendid drive in a *first class*, all by themselves, and as doubtless left "their mark" upon the exquisite drapery by which they had been all day surrounded. Such is the story.

You know that I am neither a nobleman, nor a member of Parliament. So I never took a first class ticket. I began not to do so in Liverpool, and when with some friends I went up to London, and they, being wretchedly ailing, and wanting the comfort, took first class, I took the second, and sat in the same carriage with their coloured servant. It was a most uncomfortable place, having nothing in it to minister for a moment to one's comfort. But the voyage was made in the day, and being rather a "slow coach" for a steam outfit, it gave me a very good chance to see a portion of England which I had indeed seen before, when travelling post some years ago, but of which no one can tire. My next experience on the English rail was in this wise. I drove between seven and eight, P. M. to Euston Square, London, for the train for Edinburgh, between three and four hundred miles from London. My very heart sunk within me when I had got into the second class. I could see its poor promise by the surrounding lights. It was all of wood, the floor of old wood, cracked, and abounding in holes. It was inconceivably wretched in all which belonged to it. There was a gentleman with whom I fell into talk. I found him well informed, especially about railways and carriages. Accidents he said, and fatal ones among the rest, occurred daily, and stock quotations were low enough. Said he, "How can we avoid collisions? We must employ the poorest engineers, and our watchmen are so stupid that they do not know a red signal from a white one, and as to the switches, they are a mystery far beyond their comprehensions. The roads are so unproductive that we cannot pay for good men.

There is a branch for which so many pounds a week are borrowed to keep it in operation." Not long after this I met with a director at a very pleasant dinner party, and he represented the condition of the roads, of their management, and of their want of money for their support to be quite as bad as did my second class companion just quoted. He told us that he also knew all about one railway in which expense was so much beyond income, that weekly loans or advances were necessary for its support.

In due time I began to learn what second class in England meant. The carriage began to fill, and with such materials! Dogs, shovels, pickaxes, all sorts of packages, bundles, as soiled as such things ever are, with men attached. We were literally stuffed full. I appealed to the conductor. He had no remedy, or would not use one for me. There were half empty, and all empty carriages in the train, but they were not for me. I had taken a ticket through in Euston Square, and had taken my seat, and that seat I must keep with all its surroundings. How heartily did I wish that I had been half a marquis, or a whole member of Parliament. The member from Waterford was in my mind every moment of this wretched experience of mine. I loved rank. I adored privilege, and occupied the disgusting hours with humbling conductors, and scaring railway directors who owed office to my vote, and who could be made to feel power. Despotisms, forsooth! Here was a despotism which made your bones ache, and every moment an hour of misery. Oh, Waterford, how did I envy you! At last the conductor offered me something else, but nothing better. It was a sort of private express affair, stuffed with packages of all sorts and sizes; in one, with ominous thick, and solid paper, was contained iron ware; in another, books with like envelope, and lighter affairs of all sorts. Room was made for me by displacing a portion of the loading, conferring on me the pleasant office of keeping the dislocated in place. The compensation was that I was alone with none to annoy

me,— with all sorts of ill smells,— nor drive me from my propriety. There is nothing beneath the skies which can be made so disagreeable to a man, or make himself so, as one of his own species. He is a living, self-willed, nuisance. Talk about charitable constructions ! There is no construction in it at all ; it is all offensive, all odious, and you can make nothing else of it. It is pleasant to reach the Edinburgh station, and after a short drive, find yourself at rest and comfort, in Gibbes's, Prince Street.

I left Scotland in the second class. The gentleman by whom I had been most hospitably entertained in Edinburgh, went with me to the station. In my carriage was a lady to whom my friend introduced me as he said farewell. The lady spoke first, which to a gentlemen is an assurance that his society is not disagreeable ; that the acquaintance has been made under pleasant circumstances. She said my name was known to her, that she had met my brother at Miss Joanna Baillie's, and that she was acquainted also with Hon. — — — — —, of Boston. In short I found myself at once at home with this lady, for she knew those of my own house, and friends who had my respect and regard. She was an author, for her name was associated with literary pursuits. How pleasant was the second class in this experience of it. It was in itself the best I had seen in the United Kingdoms, and if it got its character from my distinguished companion, I was perfectly willing to enjoy it without questioning whence the pleasure came. A Roman Emperor, who got the surname of Pius, said that place signifies nothing, in his own tongue — *locus nihil significat* ; and to my thought the most pious of the succeeding times have rarely uttered a truer saying. Mrs. — — — made the plain, unfinished second class, beautiful ; and how pleasant to me is the memory of that morning's drive. You may find that I have spoken of English railway travel in another place.

I landed at Newhaven, after a rough voyage from Dieppe,

late one night, or early one damp, cloudy morning. There was a small but comfortable public, not far from the shore, and with two or three others, I concluded to stop there the remainder of the night. We got tea, &c., and had a nice time. The chamber was as perfectly clean and comfortable as in any first class hotel. An English house of this kind, if a true specimen, smells sweet, as well as looks so. Early in the morning I was up, and as is my wont, wandered about, and soon found myself upon a pebbly beach. After an early breakfast we took the train for London. It was the Parliament train. Though not for members of Parliament, exactly. It has a history, as well as a name. In granting a charter to build a railway, provision is inserted that a train night and morning shall be sent over it, at one penny a mile charge. This is the Parliament train. It is of course made as comfortless as possible. At times it is not covered, let the weather be what it may. But the carriages are all of the first class, unless there can be a distinction without a difference. They are all exactly alike. We had a covered train, and for a penny a mile we travelled much more agreeably than for the two or three penny charge of the second class in more pretentious conveyances. I said the carriage may be uncovered. Now, in England, this is matter of little consequence. Rain is so common, an every-day occurrence, that the people are as little troubled about water as a Hollander, or a duck. They are dressed for it, and the rare sun is hardly ever so hot as to do more than dry up the heavy fog, or the heavier rain.

I had the pleasure to pass an evening with an intelligent man, and a director of one of the principal railroads. The conversation fell on the condition of these roads,— of the expenses of construction, and the amount of dividends. The expense has been enormous. He mentioned £130,000 a mile as the cost on one road. (?) These high prices were the necessary results of the price of land, and he gave instances of this which were very striking. A man bought a bit of

land for £1000. It was really of no great value. He sold it to a railroad for £4000 a short time after. Another sold land, and upon it was stone of some value. He not only was paid for the land, but for every ton of stone removed for the passage, or for the construction of the road. Then lawyers' fees, and parliamentary expenses, were enormous. Competition came in for a large share of the loss on the outlay, and it was showed how great had been the expenses of all parties in fruitless attempts to prevent the construction of opposition roads. The dividends were very small. Shares bought for £20 or £25, which cost from £30 to £50, or that being par, were dividing two per cent. in some instances, while in others that amount on £100 par, was all which could be paid; in some not only was nothing paid, but a great loss was thereby incurred, which must ruin the concern. Something must be done. The latest plan was an *amalgamation* of the larger roads in one, and the amalgamation of smaller ones in the same way; and then to increase the price of fares everywhere, and upon all kinds of travel. This, it was thought, would lead to the purchase of all the roads by government, and to the running of them at prices which might be even less than at present. There was one cause of the great expense of making the roads which deserves notice. This was settling what should be the rise of the road a mile, where extensive cuttings and tunnelling were thought necessary. These processes were thought by the engineers of the day to demand great sacrifices of money in order to secure speed. Thus, on one road, there would be one foot rise in one hundred and forty-five, and more. It was now proved that one in forty-five rise would quite answer all demands for good speed. I saw a *grade* of this kind, one foot in forty-five. (?) Then again, committees of construction had been chosen from men who had been long engaged in the direction of county and other roads, as if this experience would be of any value in building a road which had not any such resemblance to the

other as would make it at all probable that previous knowledge could be brought into play. It reminded me of an anecdote of a friend who was desirous to obtain a captaincy in the war of 1812. It was not easy to get volunteer gentlemen for the service. My friend was asked which service he would prefer. He said the artillery; and for the reason, as he told me, that having been in early life an officer of a merchant ship, *he knew how to manage ropes*. He got his commission, and I did not hear that he disgraced it. I speak above of English railways as memory and notes serve.

As soon as you leave England travel gets a new face. On the continent, as well as on the island, you travel by rail in coaches set upon platforms. On the continent they are perfect in all their appointments. The second class has less refinement of finish than has the first, but for comfort by night and by day there is nothing to distinguish them. The seats are numbered and so are your tickets, and confusion about places is prevented. I always took a seat by a door, and as the windows are always perfectly clean, and the carriage is high, there is an excellent chance for seeing the country. My courier, who knew every step of the way, kept me informed in all matters of interest to the traveller. You are safely locked up whenever the train is in motion, so that you can neither jump out, nor anybody else jump in. This prevents the death and the injury which occur so often in America, by leaving the carriage before the train is completely at rest. As soon as it is stopped the conductors pass rapidly along the line unlocking each door, and saying the number of minutes the train will stop. I remember but one accident which this locking up system most fatally complicated; this happened in a train which caught fire while in motion. A number were burned to death. This is the only grave occurrence on the continental roads, except a very recent one in France, and for which the train officers implicated were severely punished, both by fine and imprisonment. We should have heard of other instances had they

occurred. The English and American journals are, I may say, daily, more or less occupied by reports of fatal or other railroad occurrences, which, it is as often asserted, were wholly "accidental," or "without fault," or any species of neglect on the part of anybody connected with the road.

The arrangements for safety of passengers on railways on the continent of Europe are admirable. In the first place *speed* is not an essential element in these arrangements. You go quietly and pleasantly along with the enjoyment which the whole leisure and independence of travel can afford. You are in no hurry. You are not racing to get somewhere to pay a note before "grace" expires. The telegraph will do all this for you "without your stir." You can see everything "by the way," without producing a creak in your neck, and if you wish you may make a note of what you see. In other words, travel is wholly agreeable,—not merely the stopping places, the cities to which you are bound,—but the getting there has in every inch and moment of it something for sight and for thought. One thing only can mar the pleasure of the road. It is eating full meals by the way. This is fatal to pleasure travel. The work of digestion is as much as a man can do under the circumstances, and to add to it motion of any kind makes both the function and yourself as uncomfortable as they well can be. And then the time allowed to dine is so wholly disproportionate to the time necessary for eating, that your food goes bolted, and bolt-like into your stomach, to stop there, and weigh there, much longer than is consistent either with physical or moral comfort,—the intellectual is wholly out of the question. Wherever you stop in the season for travel, the railway platform is covered with neatly dressed girls, with sparkling cold water, lemonade, ice cream, strawberries, cherries, or later fruits and flowers,—everything, in short, for refreshment, even luxury, and the *sous*, the *grochen*, or the *kreitzer*, cannot be better paid, or give more pleasure to buyer or seller. Is it not a beautiful "refreshment house," this fine

open air, this light, this beautiful sky? And then how welcome the smiles and the offerings of these happy children! For ninety successive days of travel and stops, such scenes were mine, for there was not a rainy or stormy day in them all. I met at Leipsic some friends whom I had left in London, and who had been to Holland in preference to Russia, and who told me that for about thirty days they had been blessed with rain every day.

Then the arrangements for safety. These are as perfect as are the carriages, first and second class, for comfort. Sentinels are near to each other; so near that with the extra English speed, you would hardly be out of sight of them. These persons are stationed with short batons, or flag-staffs, which rest against the shoulder as are muskets at drill, until the train has gone clear by. In the portion of France which lies between Calais and Belgium, women are the *watchmen*. Their military bearing, and unbloomer costume, made them objects of remark. Everywhere else were men in a uniform, always at their post in front of the sentry-box, ready to give notice to stop or to go.

Wherever a common road opens upon a railway, is a gate, and near by a lodge, and a watchman. At a certain hour, corresponding to the known time of the starting of a train, and its approach, the gate is closed. There is no waiting till a train be in sight or at hand, as in America. A certain time is fixed for shutting it, and the law is obeyed. How did I learn this? Thus: As you approach a gate, you see by the array of carriages of all kinds drawn up on the common road, that the gate for stopping their crossing has been closed for some time, and in this way are accidents effectually prevented. How simple the means. How important the results. I had not been home long before a very destructive and fatal accident occurred on a road in which I had some interest. It occurred to me if some special notice were taken of this destruction of life and property, by the stockholders, and more effectual means were adopted for

preventing a recurrence of the like, the public confidence would be increased, and a deeper sense of the responsibility of railway directors produced. With this feeling I addressed a note, stating some of the facts which had come to my knowledge of railway management abroad, and asking if a meeting of the stockholders might not be called. I must have violated some law of railroad courtesy, for no notice was taken of my communication,—not even an acknowledgment was made of its receipt. I had presumed on the “Reserved Rights” of the Republic to petition, and in this found an apology for my note. *Mais n’importe*, as the phrase is; though I did regret that the President did not return my note; for it probably contained some facts which might have served me since. My regret, however, was probably misplaced.

Let me say a word here about railway travel in Russia. I began with the American system, in the far off western world. It is in place to speak of the Russian, or of that which terminated my wanderings in the eastern world. You may be surprised to learn how exactly the two systems resemble each other. But your surprise will cease when you learn that, in Russia as well as in America, the railways are built and managed by Americans. The cars on the St. Petersburg and Moscow road are made on the same principle as are those on the American roads. There are some differences between them, as there are in those of different States here. As this long Russian road is alone,—as there are no rival ones,—as they are under the control of a government which always acts to make life secure, by reaching to the minutiae of living in the widest acceptation of the word, personal safety, as far as human means may be employed in its service, is wholly provided for. There are no collisions. There are none of the other accidents, which place life and limb in such terrible peril elsewhere. The time in which a passage is to be made, or the speed, is settled by law, and the penalties for its violation, prevent

its occurrence. The time is about twenty-four hours, and the shortest possible stops are allowed. The travelling habits of the Russians, which make good arrangements for comfortable sleep at night, compensate for the American style of seats in the cars. I was told, that by Express, the time is shortened to thirteen hours or ten,— that the Archduchess had recently passed over the road in that time. The Emperor built the road. When one enters the station he takes off his hat, and remains uncovered, as he would in any other house of his Majesty, or of any other gentleman. It is not a forced courtesy in Russia; this is part of a system, and the hardship, if any, is only to the uninformed, the stranger. You are not admitted into the Hermitage in a frock, or undress coat. It is a slight evil, a very small price, to get ready admittance into one of the finest palaces in the world, and to collections in Art unsurpassed anywhere. It is,— a small tax for all this,— to put on a dress coat; and he who will not pay it, had better stay at home.

Being a traveller, a stranger, and having some eccentric tendencies, and which time has not entirely worn away, I followed my bent fearlessly abroad. At home, you know, especially in \_\_\_\_\_, some attention to appearances,— rather vague things,— is demanded of the citizen. Being out of school, I did as do other truants. I had reached Kiel in my way to Hamburg, and took a *third* class ticket. I looked for no luxuries, and found none. My courier endeavoured to persuade me not to do so strange a thing,— that there were only *paysants*, as he called them, in the third class,— that dirt, and harmonious smells abounded, &c., &c. I thought he was speaking one word for me, and two for himself, and suggested silence. My English experiences had case-hardened me. So in we got. But what a place. No seats, or only fragments of such. A crowd of Danes, in all sorts of costumes, and all smoking for dear life, as if to keep off contagion. The floor was perilous,

and ominous holes were in roof and sides. You never saw such accommodations for "man or beast." But who could complain? I had been forewarned, and had to take it. To Hamburg was a few hours only by rail, and the new phases of humanity by the way paid well for short inconveniences.

Ruskin, in the third volume of his admirable "Modern Painters," has the following on Railways:

"No changing of place at a hundred miles an hour, nor making of stuffs a thousand yards in a minute, will make us one whit stronger, happier, or wiser. There was always more in the world than men could see, walked they ever so slowly; they will see it no better for going fast. And they will at last, and soon too, find out that their grand inventions for conquering (as they think) space and time, do, in reality, conquer nothing; for space and time are, in their essence, unconquerable, and besides did not want any sort of conquering; they wanted *using*. A fool always wants to shorten space and time; a wise man wants to lengthen both. A fool wants to kill space and time; a wise man, first to gain them, and then animate them. Your railroad, when you come to understand it, is only a device for making the world smaller; and as to be able to talk from place to place, that is, indeed, well and convenient; but suppose you have, originally, nothing to say. We shall be obliged at last to confess, what we should long ago have known, that the really precious things are thought and sight, not pace. It does a bullet no good to go fast; and a man, if he be truly a man, no harm to go slow; for his glory is not at all in going, but in being."

Amer. Edit. pp. 908, 909.

You enter Russia with a promise of good behaviour, specifying exactly the days, weeks, or months, you mean to stay. But suppose you wish to leave St. Petersburg, which is a department, or government, in order to go to another. You cannot leave without special permission, having with no small trouble got your passports, and paid full price for them. Thus, when I went to Moscow I was obliged to go through this wearisome, and somewhat expensive ceremony, and when I was to return to St. Petersburg, I was obliged to do the same. I was told by a public functionary, whose office frequently, I may say daily, called him from one department to another, that he was required always to get

passports before he could change or go from one place to another. The most powerful noble cannot go on foreign travel without first getting a license, which costs \$500 or more, and without licenses for each member of his family, servants and all, at somewhat less price. When I left St. Petersburg for Denmark, on my way to Paris, I was a bearer of despatches to Mr. Rives, with a *courier's pass*. This office enabled me to leave without the smallest police delay, and without paying any fees. I underscore *courier's pass*, for without this, though you have despatches, you get not the smallest accommodation from your public office.

My impression is, that the railways of the continent are in some way under the control of government, and that it was to this fact their safety and appointments are to be ascribed. I know that when in Austria I got into some trouble with a conductor, that my appeal for redress was made to the Bureau of the great northern road in Vienna. The line of steamers between Prussia and Russia, from the Oder to St. Petersburg, is owned by the Czar, and the King of Prussia, his brother-in-law. The name of the boat in which I took passage was the Prussian Princess. The two royal proprietors divide the profits, and I was told that the lion's share fell to the Prussian King. I came down the Baltic in a British steamer, named the Victoria, which is owned by a company in Hull. The Great Britain railways are private property, owned by companies, by whom dividends are thought to be useful accidents. So are they private property in America, in which country dividends are eminently accidents. And without departing from the gravity of the subject, are not other accidents, as collisions, &c., &c., to be ascribed to the same causes, the lesser responsibility of private corporate property, and the greater importance of dividends to their owners, than attaches to national investments? If there be not government ownership of foreign railways, is not government control among the causes of the safety alluded to? We

are told that corporations have no souls. Very well. Why then trust to them the lives and bodies of men? Give to money corporations all sorts of banking and insurance powers and trusts. The money may be stolen or wasted. But it is never lost. It will come up again in new, and it may be better forms, or uses. But it is not so with men killed upon the railway. In this world is there no resurrection of the dead!

### EXPENSES OF TRAVEL.

Something was said of the expenses of hotel life, and it was stated that these correspond with the character of the house, its situation, means, its whole general arrangements, and daily preparation for the accommodation of its guests. You may ask of the general cost of travel. Of this personally I can say little, I am almost wholly ignorant of the matter. I am not in any sense an economist, that is, one who pries into his condition before a settled plan of action. What is wanted, or desired, comes first, and then a small, thin blue covered volume is consulted, which has the fable of the means, and off I start. It was precisely in this way I tore myself from what you know, I always call my den, and left country and home. I was gone about five months, and spent ~~one~~ dollars; viz., what was demanded, and without a question. I can give you no account of cost, for I never counted it. There are the bills nicely arranged, and a book all about them, in a drawer somewhere, which you may examine at any time. They are in all sorts of languages, Russian, Danish, Prussian, German, French, Spanish, with all the &c., &c., which may be necessary for dialects, and you will really please me a little to put them together, add them up, and tell me the result. I have, however, such perfect confidence in the Messrs. Baring, Brothers & Co., that not for a moment would I disturb the dust on their accounts; and a like sentiment has kept me

from troubling the records of my business friends at home. I take it for granted they are all right, and if they are not, I am positively sure that I could not be made to understand their errors. *Requiescant in pace!*

I am probably quite alone in this ignorance of expenses. The *probably*, is expletive. It was not used to take room, and the error in its use deserves correction. I never loved arithmetic, and am very happy to make the admission, and at the same time to pay those with whom I have business transactions the highest compliment which their unquestionable knowledge of the science of numbers can lay claim to. Others, however, who have the knowledge which I want, have given us the results of foreign travel in its connection with its expenses, and I hope they will pardon me for the use I make of their reports. The author of "Eleven Weeks in Europe," in the preface to his excellent volume, says:

"I spent eleven weeks in Europe as follows: —

"Four weeks in England.

"Two weeks in France.

"Three weeks in Switzerland.

"One week on the Rhine.

"One week in Belgium.

"The places and objects in them seen, amount to nearly one hundred and twenty. Not only were they visited, being in several different kingdoms, and often widely separated, but what they presented was carefully examined, and is described, and criticized.

"The expenses of this trip (including state-rooms in packet to Europe, and in steamship to America) were six hundred dollars only. This includes everything for four months, from the day I left Boston till I landed there again.

"There is nothing to excite the imagination in this statement, but it may be useful, and lead others to have the great improvement and enjoyment of a European tour, who perhaps, now think it demands more of time or of means than they can spare."

This statement is of great interest. The author speaks of state-rooms in packet and steamer. Now taking this literally as it stands, one cannot but be surprised at the results. A *state-room* in a steamer costs \$180; in a sailing ship, about \$100, which exhausts nearly half the sum spent. But supposing a *berth* to be meant, then \$120 for steamer, and \$75 for packet, together with steward's fees, make \$200, leaving \$400 for Europe. How was it that so much was done with so small means? Economy does not explain it, especially in the narrow and for the most part false use of that excellent word, for the author saw everything worth seeing, and I will venture to add, he saw more of them, and more thoroughly too, than nine-tenths of travellers do who spend thousands on the grand tour, and who visit the Tower too. But how did he see and do all his book records? By skill, knowledge, fore-knowledge, true science. *He knew what he wanted to see, and saw it.* Now I honor this knowledge, while I declare myself wholly ignorant of the whole mystery. Nearly half a century ago, I went to Europe, to Great Britain, and never left that small island. I was gone more than a year indeed, and one of my voyages cost me nothing, and I spent in that territorial speck of Europe more than \$2000, and when that sum would buy of everything almost double what it will now. I went abroad again the other day, and was absent about five months. I took money with me, and paid the outward passage before leaving home, and had a letter of credit from the Messrs. Baring, for £1000. I confess to have spent some of it; but how much I did not know at the time, and have not learned since; all I do know is, that I paid my debts. To be sure I went further than the author of the Eleven Weeks. I went from Boston to Moscow, from Moscow to Madrid, and from Madrid came back to Boston, and I had a courier for three months, who cost me about the whole sum, and it may be more, than my friend paid for his whole trip. But for the courier, I have no doubt it would

have cost me more than did his services. He saved me money, and time, and care. But for him I know not what would have become of me. Twice I was lost, for Charles made a mistake of the trains, and I found myself alone, once in Belgium, and once in the Grand Duchy of Wurtemburg. If he had not come up in a succeeding train, it is odds but I would have been to this day watching my luggage in the station in Brussels, or in the way-station near Stutgard.

Travelling is a science. It is full of interest, but often the hardest work a man can do. It demands consummate skill to save money, time, strength. He that has it, can, with my excellent friend so often alluded to, see everything, and at a cost which his imagination may busy itself with, but will hardly or never understand, exclaiming, "It is too wonderful for me."

Another friend who was absent longer than was Mr. C—, by nearly two months, told me that his expenses were less than Mr. C.'s. I was told of another who added economy to skill in a novel way. When he reached a place, by water, for instance, he lived in the ship until he had cleared his luggage, and until he had so arranged matters that he could pass directly to his next conveyance for continued travel. The force of system could hardly farther go. I should think such a traveller might almost go for nothing. It were to be most useful if our friends who have so much skill in travel, would give us their methods, state that, and those things, by which such skill so declares itself. Whether, for instance, they ride, drive, or walk. Change of place demanding motion, the traveller can hardly stand, or sit still. Then as to diet. Travellers always eat more than is useful, or needed. The "money's worth" strongly pertains to the calling, and it may be, this is the explanation of the appetite here "growing by what it feeds on." Where there is smaller expenditure, eating may be conformable. Then as to the physical system. How is the strength? Does that too, like appetite, increase by use?

There is something to the popular mind so mysterious in these results from the small means employed; so much distance accomplished in so short a time, and almost without any money at all, that no one who drives in an omnibus to Roxbury, need to give a second thought about the practicableness of foreign travel under any circumstances, and enjoy the pleasure and profit which is so kindly held out in the last paragraphs above quoted.

## LUGGAGE.

Something was said above about luggage. This is as serious an *impediment* to travellers as to armies. This to me was a frequent annoyance, especially in parts where the Zolvverein has not been entered into, and where independent empires are as thick as blackberries, every one of which depends for revenue much upon the duties paid by travellers, or rather the tricks practised on them on account of luggage. Who can forget the annoyance of the German principalities, practised through their customs' agents upon travellers, to say nothing of the expense. Why these functionaries plunge their rude fingers and hands into the mysteries of trunk, valise, carpet-bag, &c., and bring forth "things, new and old," clean or otherwise, with as much complacency as did Noah open his ark door to let its various people and things come, or be brought out. The bribe of the courier will do something to mitigate the sufficiency of such a search, but it is bad enough where only the least is done. It was a *caution* to see the enormous trunks, or chests, of ladies of rank and fashion, on their way to watering places, or what not,—to see them opened, and their beautiful, almost sublime, contents brought to light, as varied in colour as were Sir Charles Grandison's chambers, and of material as gorgeous as useful. How often have I seen all these on the ample counters, tray after tray taken out, and put down, as if the health of the mighty state depended on

the character of their contents. Who can exaggerate the value and the trouble of such possessions. The ladies themselves were patterns of their order. They were perfectly quiet, and looked gently on as the masculine handling proceeded. You instinctively honoured the German internal force in this becoming and beautiful outward expression.

He is the wisest traveller who is the least burdened. A carpet-bag and an umbrella is luggage enough for any body. And how happiest is he, who to this adds or enjoys that facility of appetite which is abundantly satisfied with the hips and haws of the wayside, gathered without stopping; and his thirst from the "running brooks," — finding good and truth "in everything." Talk of the post-chaise of the olden time, and of the *first class* of the latter. Why, to our friend, legs are of almost exhaustless power, and when wearied, find means of repaired strength in the first field, and rest for the night under any tree.

Dr. Paris in his admirable life of Mr., afterwards Sir Humphrey Davy, among other habits of Mr. D., describes one which had saving of time and convenience, and comfort for its object. Mr. Davy was often invited abroad, to dine for instance. He kept in his private room in the Royal Institution (at which it was my privilege often to hear him lecture in my first residence in London) a small wardrobe which might serve him when the time for going to an engagement, found him with his toilet unmade. His course now was to take off coat and vest, and put on an unused shirt over the one in wear. This would he do until at length he sometimes had on six shirts at once. Something of the same kind extended to Mr. Davy's personal hosiery. Now suppose the traveller to put on six shirts at starting, and to take one off every other day; six would last him the steamer's voyage. If he were very sea-sick, he would not probably change as often, and so would be in *full* dress upon reaching Liverpool, and London too, if he went on next day. Let him take then a valise long enough

to take a dress-coat doubled once, and nothing else, literally nothing else. In some visits the dress-coat is indispensable. If you mean to visit the Hermitage, you must have one. Mine cost me five or six guineas in London. Watson made it; and I have literally not worn it a dozen times. I will sell it to you for less than half-price. It is throughout lined with the best silk, with the richest velvet where this should be. No carpet-bag, umbrella, cane, &c. With the coat, take a dress vest and under-clothes. A healthy man never need wear flannel next the skin, or next but one. It is a superfluity, and tends by its relaxing, enervating agency, to produce the maladies sought to be avoided by it. Take no *dickies*, the unshaven chin and neck both naturally, and admirably, supply their place. Very distinguished men never wear the dicky. A good stout stock may be tolerated, if the beard be too high an auburn, for individual taste. The room for shaving tools is thus saved. Other articles of costume take too little room for special provision. You now have full half your valise for accidents,—for instance, the laundry demands. I made a great mistake in all these matters. I took valise, carpet-bag, umbrella, and added, abroad, a hat case and a bundle. The trouble is great, and quite as great is the consequent expense. Your courier, if you have one, must carry his own traps. A porter must carry yours, and he must be paid, and for everything separately. The credit must be short. The bell, or whistle of the train, warns you to run, and you must either "run the toll," a difficult thing, or pay on demand. Now to avoid infinite trouble, the following rule may suffice: —

Get a nice, thoroughly made travelling suit of grey; coat, vest and pants, of the same cloth; a fair dress suit, and six specimens of each of other articles, shirts, &c. A moderate sized valise will hold the whole. A good hat and a cap. The cap to be light and compressible, so as to be easily accommodated in the hat, when that is in wearing. A light, but well made silk umbrella. In the train hang

up the hat, and wear the cap. In your travelling coat,—a shooting jacket is its best form,—have as many pockets as possible; in mine were seven, and all were in use. A good over-coat, or shawl, or both. At sea wear a worn suit. At Liverpool go to the Waterloo, an excellent hotel, and leave your clothes in a bag with your name, in care of the old porter, who of course never dies, and you will get it safe and sound when you come there again. I certainly did. If you have a courier, be sure to stipulate as to the amount of his luggage. They are a wandering race, and, like the snail, carry all their clothing or covering with them. As this pays by the pound, weight is an important matter to be attended to at starting, or rather before finally engaging a courier. To show you with how little luggage one may get along, I will add that I knew a man, a man of substance, who prefers to board and lodge, than to keep house, who literally has no other luggage or furniture than what he can carry in a carpet-bag. That, and his umbrella, make his whole stock in trade. Diogenes beat him, for he lived in a tub, and so took his house as well as furniture about with him.

## PASSPORT SYSTEM.

This frets some American travellers dreadfully. They do not choose to be called on half a dozen times a day, as may chance in parts of Germany, for name, height, &c., set forth in the passport. Now this system never troubled me, and you see into how many empires, kingdoms, dukedoms, and what not, it was my choice to enter. It being my *choice* to do so, it never fretted me to comply with the conditions. There was some ceremony in Russia, which once required me to stop an hour or two in a public office, and once in Spain I was put to a little inconvenience. But except these instances there was no trouble whatever. You reach a

border town, or a new state. You deliver, or better, your courier hands your passport to an officer who comes to receive it. You either receive it again at once, or send for it in the morning. This is the whole story. In America there is no passport trouble. I have heard of annoyances which to some are quite as disagreeable to some native travellers as is the foreign passport system to the stranger. I speak not from experience, since my whole American travel was to Philadelphia, nearly half a century ago, and to Augusta in Maine, about a quarter century afterwards. I have never been a step farther, and I do not think I shall ever go so far again. The only annoyance of my travelled life was in London. I went with some friends to the Alien Office, I think then in Crown Court, Soho, and not far from the Parliament House. It was to get my passport which had been deposited there when I first reached London. I got a permit to remain upon the sole condition that I should get it renewed every three months, however inconvenient that might be. To depart, it was necessary to get back my deposited passport, and a permit to leave the kingdom. Well, I reached the office, and read a notice, that "*no fees are to be paid in this office.*" My friends went to the table, and having laid half a crown before the officer, were at once showed into the interior of the establishment, and got their "papers." I would not pay a fee. I asked to be showed in. "Wait," said the man with a very scarlet coloured, bristling head of hair. I applied again. "Wait," said he of the light auburn. At length I would wait no more, and with quick step opened a green baize door, and then two more of the same, and found myself in a room full of clerks at their desks. I hardly had time to demand my passport, when he of the ante-room entered, his face redder than his head, and in great heat, said that I had broken the rules of the office, and out of turn had forced myself in. A d---- lie, as —— —— would have ejaculated. I was forthwith driven out of the office. I was more especially anxious to get

away, as I had a ticket from a member of Parliament to the gallery of the House, and Henry Grattan was to speak that night on the Reform Bill. It was important to go early to get a good seat, and it was late in the afternoon. I heard the speech, one of the most eloquent I had ever heard, and which occupied the whole night's session.

As early next morning as ceremony allowed, I went to the minister's, Mr. Pinkney, to whom Mr. Gore, his predecessor, had given me a letter, and told my story. I got a letter to Mr. Reeves, the head of the Alien Bureau. A large letter was it, with the broad eagle on the envelope. I next went again to Crown Court. As soon as he of the burning head saw the address, he became an altered man. He was as gentle as two lambs, — begged me to sit down, — went into the office, — returned and said Mr. Reeves was in the country, and would return Monday morning (this was Saturday), — that everything would be ready, &c., &c. On Monday I went. Apologies were as thick as blackberries, and regrets to suit. My passport was ready. It was made out for Gravesend. Suppose, asked I, I sail from some other port. "All you need do," was the reply, "is to let us know by mail, and a new permit shall be sent to you." And amidst bows I left Crown Court, Soho, forever. I have been to London since, but did not make the Alien Office a visit. It now belongs only to history.

You ask, how long I was detained. More than half an hour. There was no chair in the room. It had lately rained, and the floor was soaking wet, with deep mud to boot. One after another came in, put down their money in the face of the government order against fees, and were at once showed in. I was provoked, I suppose, but I said not a word, except two or three times to learn if I might go in to the office. No. I behaved very well, and deserved better treatment.

Such has been my experience of the passport system in its vexatious phase. On the continent it gave me not the least

annoyance. I shall not forget Mr. Gore's letter, nor his continued courtesy, and kindness after my return from Europe. It is grateful to look back over so many years, and to recollect a gentleman whose character and manners were formed in a noble day of the republic, and who did not lose them in the succeeding years.

## ART.

You know I have always expressed an interest in Art, as declared in poetry, painting, sculpture, and architecture. Abundant opportunities have occurred abroad to gratify this interest. Art has a place in the following pages. It works from the moral, the intellectual, the religious, just as does literature. Art is literature teaching by example. Its works have the same sources as do books. They differ only in the material used, or mode of expression. Their language, in other words, differs, but they speak equally from and to the mind. Art is essentially representative. Look at architecture, and we have an illustration of our thought. A Gothic cathedral, what is it but an expression of trains of thought, — an epic, with its beginning, middle, and end? It existed in the artist's, — its author's mind as a whole, — a divine harmony fusing its parts or members into one. I have spoken of the works of art as intellectual creations, the outward expression of thought acting upon the beholder in their beauty, their truth, and authority, and meeting all intellectual demands — his thought — himself. The special culture which art demands for its best enjoyment and influences, can only come of the study of its works. No nation is complete, or a whole, which does not furnish to itself the best means of the highest culture. The gallery and literature must be close neighbours, or better, companions, and as free to the people, the whole people, as are the light and the air, for like these they can only do good. Yes, bless the whole state. There is some diversity of opinion on this subject; but this is true of every other matter of interest. I have offered my own views concerning it.

Just as this manuscript was going to the press, I met with the following views of Art in Lewes' admirable "Life

of Goethe," and if you have already read it, I am sure you will pardon me for bringing it before you again:—

" It is necessary for the development of science that science should cease to be the speculation of a few, and become the minister of the many ; from the constant pressure of unsatisfied *wants* science receives its energetic stimulus and its highest reward. In art the same law holds. In Athens the whole nation co-operated with the artists, and this is one cause why Athenian art rose into unsurpassed splendor. Art was not the occupation of a few, ministering to the luxury of a few. It was the luxury of all. Its triumphs were not hidden in galleries and museums ; they blazed in the noonday sun, they were admired and criticized by the whole people, and, as Aristotle expressly says, every free citizen was from youth upwards a critic of art. Sophocles wrote for all Athcns, and by all Athens was applauded. The theatre was open to all free citizens. Phidias and Praxiteles, Scopas and Myron, wrought their marvels in brass and marble as expressions of a national faith, and as delights of a national mind. Temples and market-places, public groves and public walks, were the galleries wherein these sculptors placed their works. The public treasury was liberal in its rewards, and the rivalry of private munificence was not displayed to secure works for private galleries, but to enrich the public possessions. The citizens of Gnidos chose to continue the payment of an onerous tribute rather than suffer their statue of Venus to quit their city. And when some murmurs rose against the expense which Pericles was incurring in the building of the Parthenon, he silenced those murmurs by the threat of furnishing the money from his private purse, and then placing his name on the majestic work." \*

We are told we have not time in the republic for excellence in art, if we possessed the means. Now it is not necessary that we should know the mysteries of art — the method of the painter in producing his effects, or communicating thought — to know how he used his colors, in order to feel the picture. It has that in it which meets the demand of the mind of the observer, so far as the mind can enjoy the sublime or the beautiful. The pleasure is ~~felt~~, and when this is the case, its sources need not be matters of a moment's thought. The truth of the work, the fidelity with which the story is told, is felt ; and more than this is

\* *Life and Works of Goethe.* By G. H. Lewes. Vol. I. pp. 387, 388.

not necessary to the fullest enjoyment. I recollect listening to a mathematician, while discussing the doctrine of chances in the productions of astronomical phenomena — the places of the heavenly bodies, &c. Now of mathematics I am wholly ignorant. Of its principles and reasoning, I know nothing; and yet I listened to the distinguished professor with intense interest. There was true eloquence in this cold, dead demonstration. The eloquence was in the questionless truths uttered. I believed in what I in no sense understood. The ungainly scratches on the black-board had their power, for in them was wrapt up, and out of them came the power of the speaker. Art has its power in its truth. In architecture it obeys its laws. Perspective has its authority and laws, in those of optics mathematically determined. So it is with nature — form, place, light, shade, are strictly arbitrary in all the dispositions made of them in art. Truth thus is the source of beauty — of its perception and enjoyment — or taste. This is the *fact*. The *philosophy* may never appear. To one near me at the mathematical discussion above alluded to, I spoke of the pleasure with which I had listened to a course of reasoning, of the processes, nay, the language of which I knew nothing. I cannot tell you how amused was he at my statement. He could not understand a word I said. Now, how little do we know of things which give us the truest pleasure. What do we know of the growth of that flower beneath our feet, — of the processes of development which have produced so much beauty? We know nothing about them.

*Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin. And yet I say unto you, that even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these.*

## THE AMERICAN IN EUROPE.

The American in Europe stands in the centre of the world's civilization. Everything is new. He is in the presence of much which remains of the remotest times. He is surrounded by ancient states—by states in themselves old, and the depositaries of the earliest art, science, literature :

Surviving legatees of nations dead.

He may learn something of the life of the earlier times. He sees in the exhumations of long buried and forgotten Pompeii and Herculaneum, and the Scandinavian tumuli, how often the latest contributions of modern art to every-day social, individual, and domestic comfort, use, luxury, have been anticipated centuries ago. He is in the presence of the gigantic works of ancient art, recently brought from Nineveh, and in them finds new arguments for, and illustration of, sacred history. He looks with surprise at the amount of labour, money, skill, which has been used to preserve in unbroken continuity the works of man in all ages, for the instruction and pleasure of the present and for the future. These works inhabit palaces, and in regal state receive the traveller. They have survived revolutions, civil, and foreign wars. They have sometimes been removed from their native home. But how surely have they, by reconquest or by treaty, found their way back again. Few things surprised me more than the care and labour bestowed upon the treasures of the mind in every part of Europe. In Paris an object of profound interest was to me the church of Notre Dame. How deep was its desecration by the Revolution. Its magnificent exterior, overloaded by the products of exquisite art, remains much as it was before that terrible passage in French history. But the interior presented to me the skeleton only of its former glory.

Naked pillars of immense size, supporting splendid arches, and the deep wrought ceiling, were there; but all that could be destroyed was gone.

I went to the Louvre, and here were the works of art of all times in perfect preservation. The Revolution did not touch them. There they are for the love and admiration of France, and of the world. The voice of both past and present appeals to the ever coming future, that these treasures may remain forever.

The intellectual and moral impressions produced by such fact and such history are to the American traveller new. He has never before been within their reach. He is conscious of wider thought, deeper pleasure, higher aspirations. He is glad to be where he is, because he has been made conscious of means of a higher growth than he may have dreamed of before. He learns, and it may be, for the first time, or after a manner never felt before, of moral and intellectual power by the sure evidences of his own senses, and by the new currents of thought which have been stirred within him. He learns more of his own intellectual endowment, and instinctively comes to regard his own nature by the sure revelations of the same power which exist around him, and in such profusion as to establish rules to which he meets no exceptions. This does a man good. The new here is a real good. Reverence comes of it. The apprehension of beauty and of true power has in it a love of them; and he who truly values moral or intellectual greatness, as displayed by another, may reverence himself.

The traveller feels that what is around him in art, is in some sense his own. The thought to which it gave birth is his own thought, making subjective, the external, the representative,—a part of his spiritual possession, and that forever. It comes to him by association wherever he may be,—a visiting angel, with a new message of the beautiful.

## RANK.

The American traveller abroad is brought within the influence of a power which he has never so felt before. This is *rank*. Rank there is not a convention — an accident — which may be, or may not be, any or everywhere. It reaches to every human being in the state. Said Frederick surnamed the Great, “A king is only the first subject.” Frederick was a tyrant of the first water — unmixed. He had no council, the only autocrat of the civilized world who has not in some measure relied upon one. He was a pedant, — a man of vast and various knowledge, and of much facility and felicity of speech and writing. What wiser or truer saying of his than the above quotation? Rank is an institution. It has its being in constitutions of government. From emperor or king, down to the humblest subject, political and social position is a settled thing in countries in which rank enters as an element. It is never impertinent, for it is always in place. It is not in itself tyrannical, for it simply determines beforehand what position or condition is; and comes to be accepted as an institution which has existed ages before him, who has most recently become its subject. Its elements are obedience, deference, or respect, and its natural growth is courtesy. Its institution supposes that its elements are essential to the highest national development, or civilization. It becomes habitual in its influences, and hence is not necessarily an incumbrance, — an institution which is offensive, or disagreeable in any of its legitimate uses. Rank determines place. It settles for each his position. Each knows the ground he stands on. It begins in the supreme, the king, the president, or what not, and reaches everywhere. What is a king? We have above a king’s definition of one. He is governed by the very law to which he puts his name. He is responsible, notwithstanding the current fiction that he can do no harm, —

he is responsible for every day, and for all he does in every day. He is the hardest worked man in the state. He owns nothing, but what he may, as do others, make by his own business and financial skill,— by agriculture, as did George III., or by the stocks, as did Louis Phillippe, and as do other men. Everything else belongs to the state, and so does he. Truly, "the king is only the first subject."

In its nature rank ever presents something for aspiration, hope, enterprise. History teaches how free it has been to all. Look into English history, and in what government beneath the skies has rank truer place? You see at once the argument and the proof of the wide entrance to rank, position, condition, in their highest development which exists there. The bench contributes to the peerage by additions from the courts, and how often have the most elevated of these accessions come up from the humblest classes of life. Art, science, literature, minister to the same political and social fact—rank; and so does industry in companionship with moral and intellectual growth, in finding its success in these, come to the possession, and often inheritance of the highest rank and the most honoured service. What is curious is this, that rank with all its promises, and enchantments, is not unfrequently declined, and by those, too, who best deserve its highest distinctions. Burke declined the peerage, and so did Pitt, and Peel, and so have others. Such men holding their patent of nobility from a higher than a regal hand, declined the earthly honor. Peel did more,— he left it in his will that no descendant of his, who was included in his last testament, should ever accept the peerage, making the observance of this the condition of inheritance. As a commoner of England, Mr. Peel became in time the leader of the House of Commons, and was the author of most important reforms. This he regarded as the highest position in the monarchy.\* The same feeling is widely felt. Men

\* See Appendix. No. I.

of the largest wealth and power are devoting both to public interests. Labour is becoming more and more emphatic in its demands, and its claims are more and more allowed. Emigration has diminished the amount of wasted or unused power in England, and given to those who keep at home wider and more remunerative occupation. What England has done, and is doing in these important regards, is known and felt everywhere abroad. England is too near the neighbouring and remoter despotisms not to be seen and heard. Its mighty lessons must reach and be read everywhere.

How different the estimate of rank in other minds, and master minds too, from that of the distinguished examples just enumerated. Walter Scott filled the world with his fame, making the human intellect and heart, now and forever his debtor. Walter Scott pined for rank. To found a family, to leave the sure evidence of his having made such a memorial of himself, was the object of his life. For this was Abbotsford re-created, and for the means of its completion, or perfection, did he devote much of his noble intellect. One anecdote illustrative of this passion for rank in Walter Scott may be given here. The eldest son of the Duke of Buccleuch, a Scott, had nearly reached his majority, and arrangements were made to celebrate this event in all the country side. Walter Scott was invited as a relative of the ducal family, — a member of the house. It was told to me that he had expressed a deeper satisfaction with this distinction than with all his fame. Some hold rank in contempt. They would sooner be rude than accord it respect. But the most violent of such, if they have any power, daily demand for it fealty; daily feel its influence in themselves. The modes of address abroad show the relation of the server to the served. This early attracted my attention. I travelled a few days on the continent with an English gentleman who was travelling with a person I took for his companion. I asked him one day where Mr. — was. Said he, "My master is out, sir, but he will soon return." I was

struck with this language, because as we do not admit the difference, we do not use the nomenclature. And yet where or when has it happened that he who serves was not a servant? He does what another bids him to do, and this exercise of power is everywhere. The President of the United States of America is servant in chief. The Congress man, and all state legislators are the *people's servants*. In some cases the relation between server and served may seem to be changed amongst us, — he who serves having the higher rate. But even here we see it is humour rather than fact. The anecdote of the Duke of Saxe Weimar comes to mind. He was travelling in America, you know, and had taken a place in a stage. When the time came to start, the driver came to him saying, "If you be the man who is going in the stage, I am the gentleman what's going to drive you." A later instance in my own experience. One wished to send a letter by an omnibus driver to a near village. He handed it to a man he supposed the driver. The man said, "That is the gentleman who drives the omnibus," crying out in the same breath, "I say, this man wants you to carry this letter." I said humour, above. But there is no denial of rank in these instances. The persons addressed were officials, and in no country are such distinctions more sincerely felt, — where a positive recognition of them more strongly exists, or where they are more tenaciously held to. "Once a governor always a governor." Society, with its conditions, is not a horizontal line, nor can you make it one, theorize or legislate as you may. It is an undulating circle, never for a moment stationary, and by all sorts of possible changes, as revolutions, involutions, fortune, and what not, presenting every possible phase in position and estimation. "We are never in the same stay." Death is a *fact* in the mighty history, — the frequent friend of those which compose it. Is it not the most common? and what a scoffer is it of rank, — of the whole social and personal? yet the circle is not broken even by death. The successor is ready for the inheritance;

and if there be none, the elective attractions of society at once fill the gap, the break being repaired before it is discovered or felt. The king here never dies.

The following is an extract from Lord Derby's speech lately made at a dinner given by the Lord Mayor of London. You may think, and I am inclined to agree with you, that it makes unnecessary much which immediately precedes it. But as that is a part of the journal, I have retained it. The use he has made of his position and powers, give to his remarks the highest authority. I cannot forget that many years ago, if my memory serve, I had the pleasure to meet more than once at a friend's house in Boston, Lord Derby, then Mr. Stanley. Mr. Stanley was then travelling in the United States with his friends Mr. Wortley, Mr. Labouchere, and Mr. Dennison, each of whom has since distinguished himself in the councils of his country :

" It is no duty of mine to stand up for every decision at which the House of Lords may have arrived, for frequently it has been my lot to be in a minority there; but I do believe that in the main that house, although not directly, yet as fully represents the matured public opinion of this country as does that other branch of the legislature which is immediately returned by the popular voice (cheers); and, although the second estate of the realm may be looked upon as a constitutional drag on too rapid progress in legislation, I believe that in the end it will identify itself with what it feels to be the well-established wishes of the country. And although it is true, as has been remarked by the Lord Mayor, that among the members of the upper house are many who have to sustain the honors and responsibility of ancient and historic names, it is not less true that, differing in this respect from the nobility of every other civilized country in the world, the peerage of England is refreshed and invigorated, and derives new blood, so to speak, from a constant infusion of members of the commonalty who have not inherited historic titles, but who have won renown for themselves and achieved names destined to live in the future history of their country. I doubt not that if an examination were made it would be found that not less than one-half of the existing House of Lords consists of men who, from various causes, whether on account of distinguished services or by reason of more or less merit on their own part, or on that of their immediate predecessors, have risen from the ranks

of commoners to the dignity of peers of the realm in the course of the present century. On the other hand, when we come to the second generation we find that there is no peer so high in rank, or so ancient in lineage, but that the younger branches of his family mingle again with the commons, and thus, rising from the people, and continually returning to them, a common interest is kept up between various branches of this great community, and together we work out this great problem, the maintenance of order and a distinction of ranks, accompanied by perfect equality of right, cordial sympathy, and complete harmony of action. This is the task which I believe the House of Lords is destined to perform in the constitutional history of this nation. I do not pretend to say that it is not subject to imperfections. I will not be guilty of the presumption of asserting that it does not, like all other human institutions, occasionally fall short of its duty ; but this I venture to affirm, that in the main it does honestly and usefully perform its allotted task in this country. I believe that the attainments of a peerage will long continue to be the prize and object of honest ambition, and the highest reward that can be conferred for the most brilliant services rendered to the commonwealth. Within the last few days the House of Lords has received an accession of which it may well be proud, in the person of a gallant and distinguished naval officer—and, indeed, it may safely be asserted that few years pass in which that house is not strengthened and made more illustrious by the admission of some person who, whether in the law, in the army, in the navy, or in political life, has done his country good service, and who reaps a recompense of which he and his successors may fairly boast, in associating with the peers of the realm, and in transmitting to his posterity a name rendered illustrious by the founder of the family, and one which carries with it the responsibility of not disgracing that name in time to come.

## NEWS.

In my wandering from Moscow to Madrid, I stopped in Paris. From leaving London to the time I reached Paris, I had hardly heard a word from home. But I now got news. By far the most important was a report in a paper that there was a good chance of a collision between England and America concerning certain uncaught codfish, the inhabitants of certain waters which seemed to belong as much to one

man, or one nation as to another, and no more to either, than does any one portion of the deep blue sky which covers said waters. But a war might come of the fish, and to make this more probable, a naval force had been sent to the fishing ground by England, and America would send one as soon as it could be got ready. What to make of all this I could not tell. At first it seemed to be only a "fish story," but it daily gained strength. When seriously looked at as a thing which might possibly happen, I cannot tell you the feelings which came from the imperfect revelation. Learning that at that moment the situation of England was supposed to be such in regard to a neighbour continental power as to demand the utmost vigilance — that under the Iron Duke it was strengthening its defences through the whole line of its coast — that it was adding daily to its navy and army. I cannot express the feelings which arose upon hearing that America should find occasion in any existing state of relations between itself and England for war, especially at a time when its sole colleague in constitutional liberty was preparing itself, it might be, for a continental war. I recollect the war of 1812, declared by America against England, when this last, at her utmost need, was preparing by one more effort to put a stop to the progress of a despotism which was mowing down nations; and with which America was said to be in close political sympathy. I remembered the administration which made that war, and the party which opposed it. The latter had always seen in England, and through its whole history, an infusion of the life, the heart, the spirit of freedom unknown to any other foreign power. In its long struggles with continental despotism it had always fought for freedom. Hence the sympathy of the party which opposed the war of 1812. It was even said that the same party had clogged that war in every day of its history. It had watched the progress of France, and of its Emperor, with the deepest anxiety. It had felt the power of the Berlin and Milan

Decrees, which had produced the Orders in Council, the upper and nether millstones, between which the commerce of America had been well nigh crushed. The party which, as it was alleged, had felt thus towards England in 1812, and which was denounced as a traitor party,—as feeling that such treason was infinitely better than the current—so called patriotism,—this party was now in power, and had made this demonstration concerning fish, and against England. How is it possible, I asked, for this party, the residuary legatee of the old Federalism, the steady friend of England, to think for a moment of making such a war? I learned that there was an American in Paris, who was the most likely to know all about the matter, and that he was at Meurice's, a few doors only from the Brighton, my hotel. This gentleman was the late Hon. David Henshaw, and upon him I at once called. I found Mr. Henshaw in most wretched health, incurably lame,—almost unable of himself to move. Though so crippled, Mr. Henshaw so successfully overcame pain and all, as to be one of the most zealous and practical sight-seers of Paris. His manner of getting about was characteristic. He got a wheeled chair, and taking this with him, he would have it carried into the Louvre, for instance, and in it be wheeled through the galleries, taking the deepest pleasure in their treasures. Here was the “Pursuit of *Pleasure* under Difficulties,” in a new and striking example, and you could not but respect an effort which had so much suffering in its accomplishment. Such was Mr. Henshaw’s bodily state. But his mind was as strong, as bright, as clear, as ever it was. He spoke of America with an energy and knowledge which amounted to the best eloquence. He seemed to have forgotten party, or had so far escaped its power, that he could talk of the men of his own,—of the earlier, and the present time, as of those with whom he had no other connection than true conditions, real facts established, and over which prejudice had no power. He spoke as a man, “without

his accidents," — as the historian of times in which had been his life. He spoke of Mr. Webster as of one with whom he had been long acquainted, — with whom he had talked often and deeply, and with whom he had freely corresponded. He spoke of his vast intellectual power, and of his official failures. He instanced the case of the Caroline, and the Ashburton treaty, and showed in what, as he thought, Mr. Webster had been mistaken in regard to both. He went into the earlier times of the country's politics — the long, long portion of its history in which his own party had rule — of what it had done — of the old opposition to it — and of the present approbation of the whole — of the Louisiana purchase — the Florida treaty — the war of 1812 — the annexation of Texas — the Mexican war — California, &c. &c. ; and finally, of the wisdom of his party friends, of their prophetic foresight, and the universal fulfilment of the prophecy. We talked of General Andrew Jackson, that distinguished President, who ruled America by an indomitable will, whose pathway to power was through a war in which he was the chiefest actor, and in which he achieved the most important and celebrated victory. I recollect a conversation between two political enemies of General Jackson, in which one questioned his intellectual power. "Very well, Sir," said the other, "you may say what you will of his power, but I cannot but think that he who having put down his foot, more than twenty million of people cannot lift it up, has something in him." I could not help thinking of the agency of Mr. Henshaw in the "Removal of the Deposites" by President Jackson, a measure which took the public treasure from the charge of a man in whom he had no confidence, and in the sequel of which his sagacity and practical wisdom was so signally displayed, but which measure was regarded by his enemies as an exercise of mere naked power ; an act wholly tyrannical. Washington ruled by moral power, strong common sense, and unsurpassed wisdom. Washington was the Father of

his country, and had a nation's reverence, and a nation's love. Washington and Jackson are the only rulers of America, since George III.

I listened with great pleasure and interest to Mr. Henshaw's living history, and stated to him the object of my call, — my wish to pay to him my respects, and to learn what was to be expected from the warlike demonstrations of America against England, or of the last against the first, in their far off borders. I said I had been long without news from America, that I knew nothing about the "fish story," that I was on my way from Moscow to Madrid, and wished to learn from him if there were any political obstacles in the way to my accomplishing my purpose, — any chances of war. His answer was prompt and decided. He said there was no reason in the world to look for war, that the whole matter would be peaceably adjusted, that I might go to Madrid and feel sure of getting back to America at the time I had arranged for the completion of my wanderings. It has turned out just as this old politician predicted. England and America sent their respective naval forces to the fishing grounds. But they had champaigne for powder, and feasting for fighting. Never did a naval service fare better, or hug closer. The only losses on the coast were by the poor fishermen, in whose cause the forces were sent. The navies held on. The fish fled. The result, a great scarcity of codfish.\*

\* Since writing the above, I have received a copy of a "Memoir of the Hon. Abbott Lawrence," prepared for the Massachusetts Historical Society by Hon. Nathan Appleton, from which I make the following extract, p. 16.

"In August, 1852, England was thrown into intense excitement, in consequence of a letter written by Mr. Webster on the subject of the new ground taken by Great Britain in reference to the Fisheries. This led to several interviews between Mr. Lawrence and Lord Malmesbury. The result was such a modification of the instructions to the vessels on the station, as prevented any collision."

## TALK IN PARIS.

I have just given an account of a very pleasant and useful conversation with a perfectly well informed man in Paris, and will next give you two other conversations with two ladies in the same great city. I was one morning sitting in the reception room of an artist, in Grammont street, out of the Boulevards, when a lady and gentleman came in. She was young, not too fat, very fair, and certainly not forty. Mr. —— was of maturer years, far from handsome, having that hard sort of face — those stiff muscles, which come of having been used in the service of one expression, which was not the most agreeable, and which could not be very readily laid aside by the wearer, and the impression of which would not be easily lost to the observer. The lady was in perfect contrast with all this, and became very agreeable to you, without exactly saying so. She was English. He was of the north; I guessed a Dane. Mr. —— was to have his likeness *sun*-taken, after a new process. I was there for the same object. It was obviously to him a discipline. He hated — he shrank from it. It was not the first time. He said brokenly, — “that it was too bad;” that he would not submit to it. After a time he came into the harness, gave his hat to Mrs. —— after a “my dear” or two, but would keep his cane, and slowly dragged into a next room for his sure martyrdom. More than once did Mrs. —— say, “Now do, do look pleasant. Sit at your ease, and have a good likeness taken.” She sat at the end of the sofa, upon which lay a fan. My chair was next the same end of the sofa at which the lady sat. The morning was warm. I took the fan. It seemed courteous to offer to fan the lady, or I did it from instinct, which ordinarily is in such cases the best casuist. Conversation followed, and at length Paris became the subject. I spoke of it just as it moved me. I spoke of its infinite interest in the external,

both of persons and things, of its amusements, the perfect contentment of its people, the sunny side of everything in life which the great city presented, how easy was labor, and how sufficient its recompense. Mrs. —— said, slowly, “Yes, why yes, Paris was pleasant, that she must say, but there were no homes in Paris. Such a word, which the English so love, and so well understood, was not in the French vocabulary. I could never live in Paris.”

I said in reply, that I could not agree with her. Her long speech had heated her. I fanned her again. Said I, to the French, Paris is home, life, everything. Go out there toward evening, on the Boulevards, and see the numberless groups, family parties, before the innumerable *cafés* on the sidewalks, in the open air, with the little table between them, covered with the evening meal in its most pleasant forms. Listen to these interlocutors as you pass, the children, parents, friends, and tell me if this is not home, pleasant home, as pleasant as are many; yes, as any, on the other side of the channel. I was getting warm with my subject, and the fan served both.

Mrs. —— rejoined in a general admission that the Boulevards were wholly by themselves, in every species of social attraction; that they presented society in a most agreeable way, and certainly did attract the stranger mightily. “But, but,” added Mrs. —— “the husbands! the husbands! Their conduct shows what I mean, when I say there are no homes in Paris. A husband is never at home. He knows none. There is the house, the furniture, the coach and horses, the servants, the money, the wife, the children. Here ends the catalogue; the husband is nowhere. But I have made a discovery,” continued the lady. “I used to think the French husbands were very bad; but the wives I have learned are quite as bad as are they.” A noise was heard in the next room. “Mr. ——’s penance is over,” said the lady. “I wonder how he looks. By the way, sir, you will make an excellent Daguerre. Mr. —— could hardly fail to suc-

ceed with you." The lady rose, and met her husband. I laid the fan on the sofa, and soon after the party left.

This was an odd adventure. Here was a lady obviously of excellent position, and of much attraction, with as sour a looking mate as a lady could well be matched with, and entering with much grace indeed, but earnestly too, with a perfect stranger, upon just such topics, as persons perfectly unacquainted with each other, and in a strange city, might have made it a question to discuss; and bandying compliments with as gracious expression in look, word, and manner as such conventions could well be clothed in. Whence this lady's knowledge of Paris? She had just come, and was soon going. Whence this knowledge of Paris life, — whence these revelations of the current domestic morality? I was infinitely amused with this summary judgment of a million or two of people, and at once made a note of it for your edification.

Soon after, I passed an evening with an American family in the Rue Rivoli. Paris, the universal topic came up. I had that day made an entry in my journal, entitled "Paris children." I spoke of the pleasure it gave me daily to see and hear the children, in the garden opposite, in hundreds, if not thousands, with their attendants, playing, laughing, sometimes, very rarely, crying, — in all sorts of ways telling what a grand life was theirs, and how happy were they to play in the shade of forest and orange trees, with which the grounds and walks about were filled, or bordered. I spoke too of the Sunday afternoon and evening, crowds of children, and of parents in the Champs Elysées, the happiest place for the time in the whole world, with its infinitely varied means of amusement for all ages, and all conditions, and producing universal cheerfulness and pleasure.

Mrs. —— said, "Yes, these are beautiful places, and no place in the world can surpass them. But do you know, Sir, that these happy children of the garden, pass the rest of their time for the most part with servants in the nur-

sery, or at school, or with governesses. They have the air, light, exercise, and all freedom of these. They are nicely clothed and fed. Health is well looked to, and music, dancing, grace, have their means in profusion everywhere. But these children see their mothers only occasionally, or periodically."

Said one, "Dear Madam, is it not pretty much the same thing everywhere, differing only in social forms? Is it not the same across the Channel, and across the Atlantic? Are there not boarding-schools in both, in which children pass much of their young life from home. And are not other children constantly in charge of maids, Hibernian or other, from whom they get lessons they never ~~forget~~? Do they not go to city schools, and learn sciences and languages, of which, it may be, the mother knows not a syllable, and the father not a word. And if they (the younger) come to the table, is not their advent with the dessert only, and their exodus with the wine? Is not the club the home of the husbands, and Almacks of the wives? When are the daughters the companions of the mothers, or the sons of the fathers? We abuse Paris; but doth not the sin lie also at our door?" You cannot tell how rich was this criticism of manners; and the "Glass House" proverb was clearly on many lips, and "casting the first stone," was as plainly in the lesson of the day.

#### ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

I said, you recollect, that I went abroad for observation, to see in foreign lands, religious and industrial, social and political institutions, in their actual workings, and especially in their results. There was England with its limited monarchy, and there was the continent with its more or less absolute despotism. Everything had interest to me; in such strong contrast was it with everything I had

left, that the interest in it all could hardly be other than strong, and I daily sought its gratification. My wanderings were to be limited by Moscow in the east, and Madrid in the west. My objects, so far at least as the limits of travel were concerned, were accomplished. I travelled under many advantages. From some connection with Harvard College, its then President, Mr. J. Sparks, gave me a general letter of recommendation, which under various contingencies of travel might have been very useful to me. This distinguished gentleman gave me a letter of introduction to Mr. Barnard, American Minister at the Court of Berlin, which procured for me courtesies and hospitalities from Mr. Barnard which are gratefully remembered. How pleasant is it to me to look back upon my acquaintance with Mr. Sparks, who for a long time was a dweller with me under the same roof, from whom I have always received most friendly attentions, and for which this acknowledgment is most gratefully made. To the late Hon. Abbott Lawrence, then Minister at the Court of St. James, I owe my thanks for his readiness to render me services which were highly useful to me. He added to President Sparks's letter, his own recommendation, and affixed to it the seal of his important office, the seal of the nation. I took despatches from the London Legation to that of St. Petersburg, and received from Hon. Mr. Brown, then Minister at that Court, every attention which could make my residence in that remote capital pleasant and useful. I cannot forget the many pleasant and highly useful offices accorded to me by the accomplished Secretary of the Legation, Mr. Wright, of New York. Gov. Brown gave me despatches to the Legation at Paris, with a courier pass, which relieved me from much of the otherwise necessary embarrassments which both the entering into, and the leaving of the Russian dominions involve. Mr. Rives was not in Paris, but Mr. Sandford laid me under special obligations by his constant disposition, and efforts, to favor my objects, and most heartily do I thank

him. Mr. Sandford gave me despatches to the Legation at Madrid, and from Mr. Perry, the Chargé, in the absence of the Minister, I received every civility and attention I could desire.

You must pardon me for dwelling so long on these grateful reminiscences. These official services are among the most pleasant recollections of my foreign travel. Living, as for years I had done, a professional life, with scarce any other intercourse with the world around me than that of my profession, I was more struck perhaps with my European social experiences, than I might otherwise have been. In themselves, too, they were most grateful to me. I remember an incident in Paris somewhat related to what was above said of my official relations, and which much pleased me. I was one evening at the National Circus, in the Champs Elysées, with an American acquaintance, who, when a very handsome young woman was riding magnificently, touched me and said, "The Minister is here, two or three boxes in the same row from us." I did not look away from the rider, but said, "He is not in Paris, I was told so this morning at the Legation. He is at Honfleur." "No such thing," said my neighbour, with a stronger elbow hint. "He has found you out, and is nodding this way." The handsome rider had left the course, and looking to my right, there sat Mr. Lawrence. I immediately rose, took off my hat and bowed. Mr. Lawrence did the same, and sat down. The band immediately played our national air. I said this incident pleased me. It was most unexpected, this vision of Mr. Lawrence, whom I had so recently left at the Legation in Lord Cardigan's house in Hyde Park, so courteously rendering all needed services to his countrymen. It was pleasant, after the performances of the circus were finished, to see and speak to Mr. Lawrence again; to see him in such perfect health and spirits. The old air, *Yankee Doodle*, — which Mr. Sales, the French teacher in Cambridge College, told me nearly half a century ago, while at a collation with

him, 4th July, in our *Doric Hall*, is a Spanish air, — the old air was pleasant in that distant land. I was a little exercised to learn how the band should know us to be Americans, but of course settled the question, as it has doubtless been settled already. I called on Mr. Lawrence immediately on his arrival in Boston from London. He was not at home, and I never saw him again. The old kindness will never be forgotten.

While in the circus, my attention was attracted by two well dressed men who sat immediately before me on the front seat. They sat close together, but said nothing during the exhibition. In speaking to my acquaintance, I said, in what connection I do not remember, it was probably the beginning of a sentence, “Louis Napoleon.” Those two silent, still men, at once turned on their seats and most intently eyed me. I quietly said to my companion, I shall call on the Minister of the Interior in the morning, as I was to leave in a day or two for Spain.

Other distinguished men from whom I received attentions, which I shall always bear in grateful memory, have recently died. Among these is Sir James Wiley, who in an important sense gave to me the *entrée* to Russia. This is particularly noticed hereafter.

Gotthelf Fischer de Waldheim, of Saxony, was born 1771. He was one of the most distinguished men in Europe, a fellow student of A. von Humboldt. I have spoken, as you will find in the journal, of my introduction to him in Moscow, and of the attentions I received from this venerable and world-wide distinguished man. He died about a year since.

A letter kindly given to me by Gen. Swift of the American army, introduced me to Major Brown, the successor to Major Whistler, in the construction and finishing of the Moscow and St. Petersburg Railway. From Major Brown, Mrs. Brown, and their accomplished son, I received almost daily just such attentions as are most welcome to a stranger

in a foreign land. They were the first to welcome me, and the last to say farewell. How grateful would it have been to me to greet them in our native land, and to repay them in some measure, what had been so generously bestowed on me abroad. I have recently heard of the death of Major Brown, and the pleasant anticipations in which I have so long indulged can never be realized. Cheerfully would I extend the record of the kindness, courtesy, genuine hospitality, so new to me, which I found everywhere abroad. I reserve them, that they may appear in future notices of the places in which I was honored by them.

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## WHY THE "VACATION."

THE following is a daily record of incident, and of thought, as they occurred during these wanderings. It was kept for you, which may serve to explain its freedom of thought, and minuteness of detail. I went abroad, you know, to escape for a time from the harass of social, political, and professional duties, and conventions,— to give up work, and seriously to play,— to breathe another air,— to see new forms in nature, in art, and in society,— to see what foreign institutions had done for man,— to see him under new aspects. I went to see new and diverse systems in every kind in their actual workings. For more than forty years I had lived in the same place, and at the same work. So literally true is this, that I cannot remember more than a fortnight (thirteen days) that I was,— for mere pleasure, relaxation,— from home. I was desirous to get out of the harness, with a whole ocean between me and work,— to feel as free as in my earliest days of conscious liberty,— to go when and where I pleased,— to be conscious of an entire new mode of life; of one especially which was

not to be daily determined by the variety of professional calls, — the different phases of disease, — to see life, health, and countries, in their beauty, power, truth, — and to find everywhere, and in everything, opportunities of varied observation, thought, and pleasure, and to enjoy them. And I did enjoy them all. Every day left its mark, and glad am I that its deep traces have not yet been quite ground out, — life on its old level spread out before me again.

A journalist, if he have any truth or heart in him, must be an egotist. For what has he got to write about but that which he has seen, heard, and felt, — his own moral, intellectual, and physical experiences, — himself? He cannot escape from himself if he would, when he tells another what, for the time, made him just what he was. He has left home, country, friends, and enemies, far behind, or beyond him; and all alone, without a single relation with what is about him, — in a new heaven, and a new earth, he has willingly and cheerfully yielded himself to the daily, and hourly, of his experiences, whatever they may be. One said to me, "I cannot read this 'Faggot of French Sticks.' This Sir Francis Head is the rankest egotist I have ever met with." "For that very reason," said I, "I delight in his book. I thank him for his simple, unadulterated egotism. I want to know what he thought, said, did, saw, heard, and felt. Yes, what troubles you is, to me, his chiefest charm. He is the most important personage in his book, so far as he himself is concerned, and he was honest and wise enough to say so." I remember hearing one day, at sea, a gentleman addressed by Sir Francis's name and title. As soon as opportunity served, and without any introduction, I begged leave to express to him my great pleasure to see him, and to thank him for his book of French travel. It turned out that this gentleman was a relative of, not Sir Francis. My "Faggot" follows.

If my book please you, be satisfied, and I shall feel that I have neither travelled, nor written, in vain; used neither

money nor legs for naught. I specify these, only adding French, as the sole and whole capital for him who travels. You know I have been in the way, through life, of thinking somewhat for myself.

Nullius addictus jurare in verba magistri.  
Quomodoque rapit tempestas deferor hospes.

In English :

I acknowledge no master in opinion.  
Wherever I stop, I pay my bill.

My thoughts have always found their expression,—their language, in themselves. I was once expressing my admiration of the language of Shakespeare to one who was dear to our heart, and near to our blood,—alas! alas! for us, now dead,—and my wonder, where he found words which were so expressive of his meaning. Said he, “W., a *thought will always clothe itself.*” How much was wrapt up in these six words. I have never forgotten them. When fortunate enough to have a thought, I have taken the clothing it has brought with it. A thinking man’s mind has its own livery; and its various styles, colours, shapes, always, always determine his manner, and distinguish him more or less strongly from all others.

I have spoken of America, and of Young America. They came into my mind when I was observing or thinking about what the foreign state was, and I have written as I was moved by my theme. I have spoken of our government, of the powers granted, and of those which I think it wants, in order to the more perfect development of itself and people. I have spoken of its partial constitutional provisions for freedom, and of its wide despotism of opinion. I have spoken of the national sensitiveness, as a want of national healthful manliness, and as having a necessary tendency to produce international trouble. Men speak of what most deeply interests them, earnestly. They should

be as faithful in such offices as in others; and never, never fear the judgments of those, who, for a moment, would question or diminish their right to discuss any topic which interests them.

### JOURNAL.

LEFT London for Calais, on my way to Russia, Thursday, June 3, at 8 P.M., with despatches for the American Minister at St. Petersburg. We reached Dover after midnight. The evening was fine. The moon at full, was never more bright. The country was in its richest verdure, and the long twilight and the succeeding moonlight made the drive as beautiful as any remembered.

At Calais I landed in good order. So smooth was the sea, and so kindly was chloroform, the use of which in sea sickness was suggested to me by Sir James Clarke, that I was not for a moment sick. One poor wight was bad enough, and another near me was but a little better; but they preferred the sea and its power, to the dangers of chloroform.

The Cliffs of Dover were seen by me for the first time, though I had passed them mid-channel forty years ago, of which passage my only memory was, of sickness. But now the Cliffs were objects of peculiar interest. They are of pure chalk, and as white as snow. The moon was just high enough to pour its ocean streams of horizontal light upon them in measureless power and beauty. No one who has not seen the Cliffs at such a time, can dream of the appearance, or the effect of light upon such a surface. It was not dead white; but the strength of the reflection gave them almost a moving, living brilliancy. It was like the clearest and brightest metallic lustre; but so soft, as well as strong, was the return, that it did not seem reflected, but original light. I looked at it for the whole time it lasted, and when it faded away, it was replaced, but in infinitely less power

and beauty, by the brilliant channel lights which suddenly came upon us by a change in the bearings of the Cliffs. I thought of Shakespeare, of Lear, and of old sightless Gloster, till the scene of the play seemed before me. On we went. In mid-channel the steamer's restiveness increased, and she tossed and rolled like a restrained but powerful animal. Still I was well. We passed the Calais pier and reached the wharf. We were soon landed and hurried, or were hurried, with our luggage, to the custom-house. Here we had fun. The object of each and all was to be put through first. There was a bar across an enclosure, and a passage-way made when the bar was removed, through which five or six might squeeze before the bar was replaced. In this way we proceeded for a time with tolerable quiet, but patience began to fail, and at length gave way. The whole body moved in a mass, and for a time I thought the people would have succeeded; but we had a man before us at the bar who would not be beaten. He fought bravely. Small, compact, fearless, the law on his side. He drove back the whole power which assailed him; shut his bar, and looked "try again." We all at length got in, ladies and all, for there were ladies in the battle. Our passports got certain red and black marks. *Dr. Shannon* was called, his courier appeared for him, and took the precious document, and our luggage passed inspection. You would have been amused, I certainly was, to see the searching officer dive his hand down into that ark of mine, and of everybody else, the carpet-bag, which you had packed with such matchless skill, that it held more than it could, and to see how he fished up all possible things, and then, how he squeezed all back again into impossible space. The trunk underwent the same severe discipline, but rather less in detail. This was my first experience in this way, and the last. Charles has managed that matter ever since, and if the whole customs police of Europe disturb him in the least possible degree, I will forever abandon the idea of human patience as a human virtue, possession, or what not.

You may bear in mind an innocent infirmity of mine, *losing things*. Just as I was leaving London for Dover, I discovered I had lost pounds sterling enough to make a round sum in dollars. As this want of supplies would have been a serious trouble "by the way," I proceeded to hunt. As I had just seven pockets in my shooting jacket, as they call it, and which had been with me, on my back of course, to at least one minister's splendid apartments, and in the presence there and observance of fine ladies, and is invaluable, — the saints save me from losing it, — seven pockets, I say, for two were added to the original five in Liverpool, these seven were, I should think, seventy times seven times examined, but the pounds sterling were not. I remembered offering to pay my bill just before dinner; and Stafford, the head waiter, remembered seeing me put the bills back into one of the seven pockets, and which he pointed out. Where were the bills? Charles had been with me to change some of my luggage to his trunk, and as I hung over it somewhat, it might have dropped out; but it was not. Things looked serious. My trip to Dover must be given up, for I must draw more money before I could go. That could only be done next day. I went to Mrs. — chamber — pockets again — character of house involved, of my immaculate courier! The maid took off of the bureau a roll of papers which she was just putting in the grate, in which was an excellent fire. "What is this?" said the maid. "Why!" screamed she gently, as became a maid, "it must be the Doctor's roll of bills." And so it was. I now remembered I went into the room, and in an absent fit, had taken the bills from a side, an upper inside pocket, and laid them on the bureau. Joy was all over the house. "You cannot go, you have no time," said one. "Time enough," said another. "Order a cab there!" screamed one. "Get luggage down," screamed another. The cab came. I, with my moveables, Charles and trunks among the rest, were stowed in and on it, and off we went

full blast, absolutely galloping over Waterloo Bridge to London Bridge, to the Dover Station. Reached the train just in time, and on we drove. You cannot tell how much everybody was pleased, what shaking of hands and kind words attended my departure! Sad am I to say, that I left spectacles, silver pen, two pairs of gloves, and a penknife behind, and something else forgotten now, but doubtless really useful to me. You know of this infirmity of mine. I seriously think of getting another courier, especially as yesterday I lost Charles. You shall hear of this, this minute, while upon the topic. We were at the station nearest to Brussels, in which splendid city I am, and next door to the Palace, and exactly before me a most magnificent mall, with a sun all brightness to show me all, in the early light of which I am writing at this present to you. I had not left the carriage, and I did not suppose the courier had, though I did not see him for a moment run away from it. I had some anticipation of trouble. But I got on pretty well. The train at length stopped. The courier was not to be found. He had sole care of my luggage, — my keys, my passport, my money, just advanced for expenses, and one month's wages, ten sovereigns. Where was he? He is too large to be lost, said I. Where! Where! "Gentle shepherd tell me where!" Here was I, a perfect child in resources, not accustomed to the management of luggage, porters, railroad agents. German and Germanico French the only tongue. You know how small is my French, and my German, naught. *Parlez vous* this, that, and the other, was asked while listeners remained, but one after another departed, and I was left in a monstrous station, with but one human being, where had been so many a moment before, with my disconsolate luggage. I could get no aid, and things grew bad. Not a porter, not a coach, nothing but universal Brussels, whether of lace or carpets, I cared not. But the man who stuck by me, made me understand that possibly the courier might take a train, which happened to be on the route, and

which would pass the station where Charles was missed. He took me to a beer house, which, for temperance, is rarely a place of high exaltation. There he ordered for me a large tumbler of sugar-water, and we talked all sorts of things, largely mixed up in French, German, and a kindred English. I was restless, and begged him to walk with me to a hotel, to the Bellevue, so called. "Wait," said he, "ten minutes more, do, sir. The train will surely arrive by that time." It did, and Charles came running as well as his Danish solemnity allowed, with all sorts of apologies, &c.

The luggage was arranged, and I told C. to pay the friend, who had been so kind to me, waiting so long, and whose sugar and water was borne in faithful memory. Said C. "a *franc* is enough, and he will be satisfied with that." I was not. A *franc*! The fifth part of a dollar. I said I would pay him myself, and so I did. I did it by a sort of stealth, for the courier has no love of paying the numberless demands of foreign waiters, porters, and others who serve one.

CALAIS. — We return upon Calais. I reached the town between two and three a. m. Got tea and coffee at three, and soon after went to bed. The house is perfect, at least such was it to me, — Dessein's, known to all the readers and lovers of Sterne. It is very old, and forms by its four equal sides a quadrangle in the centre, large, well paved, handsome, — house perfectly white. This white is the prevailing colour on the continent. Brussels is perfectly white, and looks as if it were daily white-washed. My room looked to a large shrubbery with trees flowering, shrubs, flowers, and all in abundance.

At my bed hour, the day had broken, and at once, as it seemed to me, thousands of birds began in all sorts of strains to sing. They began at once, as soon as day dawned, and all together. Perfect stillness at one minute, a whole choir in full harmony the next. I cannot tell you how

sweet, how charming all this was. What a welcome to the new-born day. What a promise that it was, and would be well with it all its hours long. I love to remember this, and to add that what was such a surprise at Calais has been met with everywhere, — the birds.

The opposite mall in Brussels, — I should call it *forest*, — is absolutely alive with birds, with birds which I never heard before, and of exquisite beauty of note. They are close by me, and the sound of each may be distinguished without its in the least diminishing the harmony. I had shrubberies close to my window, which brought me so near to the birds. You saw them everywhere.

In Liverpool was the same daily beautiful concert in a shrubbery close to the Waterloo, and which fronted my parlour windows. In this they had their nests, and their young, and never were they disturbed for a moment. A slight, low rail, an iron rail fence separated them, though hardly, from passers by, and people stopped to see and to hear them, but never to scare, or to hurt them. The yard of the hotel is this moment, seven A. M., (I have been writing from four,) full of birds in full song. But Calais it was which took the shine out of all the city out-door aviaries I have seen or heard. How rejoiced I should have been to have had you with me. So much for birds. They have been my daily friends. They never fatigue you. When men cease to hear them, and drown their melody in their grating, discordant, business noises, the birds withdraw, patiently waiting for the dawning of another day.

I rose early, at Calais, got up, dressed, and went forth to see the place. Calais is an old fellow. It looks like a weather-beaten soldier. Like him is it marked with many a "seamy scar." It is small. I went through Rue Royale as far as I could go. Calais is surrounded by fortifications, one beyond the other, with ditches for water between. In some is water now. You pass through very strong gate-ways, with gates which turning upon an axle

are easily moved, and remain suspended in mid air, or so as to divide the gate-way into two parts, one above and the other below. The upper one, I suppose for the birds, the lower for men and donkeys, for the latter abound. Some of the walls have been recently rebuilt. A garrison is here, and soldiers are protecting the city, against — nothing ! They did not molest me. I wandered carelessly anywhere, and was quite pleased with my walk. I saw only poor and labouring people around. Women, very homely, and clumsily dressed, were working in the streets, washing sidewalks, and gutters, doing what our scavengers do. I saw nothing more to record. But I repeat that with which I begun, that the Inn, Dessein's, — and a Dessein still keeps it, — is a most excellent one. I was served at table by a waiter of forty years' standing, at the same Inn. Can you believe this ? We change servants, which are none, every day, — and here was this old and real servant, as fresh, as cheerful, as desirous to please, as are half-accepted lovers, with none of their misgivings. I really liked the old gentleman, who did not at all seem old, and commend you to stop at Dessein's, Rue Royale, the very first opportunity that presents. A queer arrangement here. The servants' room is in the yard or quadrangle, and opposite to it and in easy sight are the bells of the hotel rooms, with numbers attached to the wall, corresponding to the rooms within, and are easily seen at any distance. The noise of ringing is thus loud and clear. I thought it quite a nice arrangement.

You told me, you recollect, to write, and I told you I would not. Now, like the woman who spoke in meeting, I have begun to write, and when I shall stop I know not. So courage ! and you shall have all my travels' history.

*June.* — The drive from Calais to Brussels has been very interesting. The portion belonging to France, had much less to attract me than has Belgium. It looked cold in France. The soil poor. It is everywhere excessively dry, and the season has been very cold. The land, though well

cultivated, is in some contrast with England. There everything was perfect in its kind. Everything in place, and every place beautifully and successfully tilled. I know nothing which strikes a traveller more than the culture of the regions he passes. It tells a story, is it not a true one? of the people, and of the soil. No matter how scantily the labourer is paid; no matter who enters upon his labours, and gathers all the harvest, except the poor pittance upon which he and his live. We do not look to the personal in such moments. The earth is before us, and the fulness thereof. And whatever we may think about it, the earth and its, is for thought, and, for the time, nothing more. We have to trust something to imagination as far as other things are concerned. But *present facts* fill the mind, and with or among them, there are we.

In England I saw few labourers in the field. In France, and especially in Belgium, work was everywhere. In the former, many cattle, sheep, &c. In this part of France, scarcely one. Said one, when the reason was asked, "They are away from the road, the land here is the best." In Prussia, which we entered later, cattle were frequent.

The work of the farm is carried on by everybody, men, women, children. Far more women and girls, than men. The flax fields are almost entirely cultivated by women. The flax is in long beds or strips, and you see the women on their knees weeding it with the greatest care. Not a weed is allowed to remain, and nothing is neater or more attractive than a well cultivated luxuriant flax field. Wheat is grown in great abundance, but I hardly think it looked as well as in England. Vegetables of all kinds, especially the large, so called, English or horse bean. This is very abundant. Apple orchards are frequent, and in Belgium more so than elsewhere. Much cider is made here, and a coarse sort of preserve, which, from description, appeared to me most to resemble our *apple sauce*, and which is much used. The greatest neatness prevails throughout the farm.

Everything seemed in perfect order. The thatched cottages, with a great lack of glass, were very neat, unless decayed by time. The practice of *repair* seems little attended to.

What is the effect of so much out-door toil, with, it may be, scanty food, at least of nutritious food, upon the appearance of the people? They seemed to me to be under size. The children, the younger especially, were thin of flesh and small. I did not see a really fat, English baby among all I saw. Recollect that very young children are out in the fields, while their mothers are at work. I do not recollect seeing a child, or even a cat or a dog, at any of the cottages in my way. They seemed, and they were entirely deserted, for the fields. The children who were too young to work were always seen sitting quietly among the grass, and perfectly at rest. I saw no playing children anywhere. Now upon women, the effect of such a life is the more striking. They live in the fields, they seem to have no domestic cares. They looked short, stout, *umpy*, very dark skinned, cheek bones high, features coarse. Their size did not seem to depend entirely on flesh, but on the abundance of heavy woollen clothing. I should think the main stock in trade or in use, was clothing, and that, as their cottages are very small, they kept their wardrobe not in bureaus, chests, &c., but on their backs. This sometimes has exceptions. I saw a girl of eighteen or more with her legs to her knees quite bare and exposed. She was working in wet mud-land, as much of Belgium is, and this doubtless was the best costume.

I asked how much a very industrious strong man could earn a day by agriculture. I was told he might earn 1 or 2 francs, or 20 or 40 cents. With every workable member of a family in the field, this very small sum for one family amounts to something. But as women and children are probably very slightly paid, the whole cannot be much. There is this compensation for so much industry, and so slight return to the labourer. He can buy a great deal for

a little money, — such small wages. The cheapness of food, of clothing, shelter, fuel, compared with what it is everywhere else, especially in Great Britain and America, renders industry more productive in the end, though less well paid for at first. There is another very important fact in this connection. This is the number of workers. Labour is less paid for just as the number of labourers is greatest. But the product of so much industry, though individual toil never seemed to me oppressive, — the product is very large. I was daily taught this. I have never seen larger products. I have never seen tillage more perfect, and its results more apparent. Hence small wages, and hence too the value of a little money in the purchase of the necessities, and some of the luxuries of life. Another fact. Labour, though universal, is not severe, exhausting. I never saw more leisurely, inexpressive toil. There was steady occupation, but nothing violent in it. The cheerfulness of the people was explained. Their home, their evening amusements. They had strength to play, for they came not exhausted from their work. Their amusements are not expensive, and thrift, such as it was, was not checked by their enjoyment.

I have now spoken of the most industrious nations ever offered to my observation. The American people, — country people, — know little of work compared to these. Here everything labours. I saw dogs constantly in harness in Brussels, and working well too. One man had the harness so arranged, that the dog was *under* the cart, to which he was attached, and thus did not increase the length of the establishment. The man pushed behind. The donkey is everywhere, and a most industrious fellow is he. He is the roughest coated creature I know of, with prodigious ears. On he trots with his velvet hoofs, making no noise, and bringing a good deal to pass. He works for the women, carrying them and their merchandise with the patience and zeal of a martyr. I honour the donkey.

I had some opportunity to observe men and women, as well as donkies and working dogs. I mean fellow-travellers. The priests, I think, attracted me the most. I had many priests in carriages with me, and most of them young men. You saw at once what rest, repose, quiet, produces upon people. They were handsome, tall, well made men. Their voices were gentle and musical. They were very courteous; passing much of their time in reading as we travelled on, but always ready to answer a question and to give information. Their costume was quite striking, graceful, becoming. Always black, sometimes fitting the person, and reaching from neck to feet. Sometimes full sacks, but always graceful in their large flowing. One had bands of black, with a very narrow white edge. Very becoming were they, and with the rest of the dress making a perfect whole. The hat was the most striking *garment*. For the most part, I do not remember an exception, — it was a three cornered cocked hat. The corners were very sharp. The whole was large, and sitting mostly on the top of the head, or only so much over it as its safety required. These cocked hats gave to the young men a most queer, knowing look, I assure you. There were old priests among them, but they looked as little interesting as old folk ordinarily do.

Not far from St. Omers, there entered the carriage two young women, whose appearance attracted me. They were both well looking, and one quite so. Their dress was of woollen, of a very dark gray mixed; I thought at first it was black. It was very full, and laid in very large plaits, especially behind. It was a thin fabric, and fitted the person as well as such generous dresses can well do. But their head gear was the more to be noticed. It was a bonnet, a cap, a what-not? the head part shaped somewhat as the old scuttle shaped cape bonnet was with us; but there proceeded in part from the main body of the bonnet, a portion which was turned sharply up, roundly turned, and coming out in a peak, and continuous with this, on each

side, a broad portion like the cape of the cape bonnet, as seen behind, which reached down almost to the shoulder, but flaring off in a beautifully fanciful manner. The whole thing was large, projecting far in front and laterally, but not at all ungracefully. No hair was visible. There went from the top of the forehead, shutting back and up the hair, and all round, a sort of cap, fitting close to the skin, as white as snow, and laid in beautifully small and symmetrical plaits. Recollect, very little of this was seen, the bonnet being set upon it. Now this strange head gear was snow white, and so deeply penetrated with starch as to keep its shape entirely. It more resembled a sort of canvas stuff, of which samples used to be made; a foundation material upon which bonnets were wont to be erected. That is, the article more resembled it in its *stiffness*, being exquisitely fine, and though moving with the wind, it did not lose its shape. There was no cape behind. This appendage being lateral only, left the back part of the head no more covered than would a common bonnet that came down well behind. No hair was visible there any more than it was in front. Now who were these very strangely garmented young ladies? They were members of a society of Sisters of Charity, and were at a school to be prepared for their honoured office. The order was, in all respects, as I learned, a voluntary one. The members might leave if they pleased, and were in no sense shut out of society or the world. But you saw at a moment's glance that these sisters would not give up their calling. They were devotees, and for life; at least, so I read their faces and their manners. One of them, the last, well looking, talked much in French, used great action, and was singularly living. The other had great brightness, animation, but its expression was much less explicit, so to say, and left her companion far in advance. I was glad to have met with these girls. It was a new passage in my "travels' history," and as such, and for itself, I heartily gave it welcome. I asked the eloquent

sister where I could get one of her head dresses, or rather one like hers. She said there was a society of her order in *Amerique* already,—in *Mexique*,—these were her geographical designations, and that I could easily obtain a specimen at home. Poor child! she thought Boston was the next town to Mexico.

The railroads in this part of France, and many of them in Belgium, deserve a passing notice. A railroad depends for its cheapness, speed, and its rapidity of completion, on the country through which it may pass. If the country be very level, as in the two above named kingdoms, expense will be comparatively small, and moderate time only demanded. Now, in the condition of surface referred to,—the freedom from rocks and hills,—we have conditions of excellent and moderately expensive roads, though, as I learn, they are far more expensive than the American. The country in this part of France, and most of Belgium, is perfectly flat; not a tunnel is to be met with in either of these portions of these kingdoms. On, on we drive, with nothing to interrupt us. Soldiers are stationed throughout the whole length of the route to warn of danger, or to shut out by-roads when the trains are passing. The carriages are sometimes very shaky, and heads are kept rocking from side to side, as if by a sort of artificial arrangement, such as keeps the imitation Mandarin's head in motion up and down. Some of the carriages are very easy. We had, in the latter stages of the route, from Brussels and Cologne, very nice and easy second class carriages. I always drive in them, and had a very pleasant afternoon's travel.

Just before leaving Belgium, and for some distance in Prussia, the face of the country undergoes a very remarkable change. From being perfectly level,—making canalling a most easy matter, but now canals are but little used,—from so level a region, we suddenly passed into a hilly, moderately mountainous country, of a most picturesque character. I could hardly believe my eyes. From Calais

to this region the whole is flat. Now the whole is changed to the one described. The hills equalled our Green Mountains, but differed from them in the noble forests which covered them. The shapes are very fine, and ridges passing each other in different ways, produced valleys of exquisite beauty. Naked rocks formed the sides at one time, and at others projected from the tops of the hills. Then there were rounded masses, and then two tops to one mountain, with their independent forests, or naked. I spoke to a female fellow-traveller, and whom I found very intelligent; I spoke to her of all this mountain beauty and grandeur, and said I knew a lady who would be very glad to sketch there. Said she, the people of the place,—Spa was where we were,—the inhabitants are constantly out making sketches,—all who have taste for such a service,—and they have wood sawed very thin, and in the winter keep it in the water, a mineral water she thought, which hardened it and made it more durable; and then, after drying and polishing, they painted upon them from the sketches they had made in the summer. These they sell to company at the Spa, and so make their living. I was pleased with this simple story, for it taught what nature can, and will do, for and with her docile children. She will place them in the midst of her best works, or find them there, and by such works develop in them powers which, without some such agency, would have “fusted unused.” Such at least, would seem to be the teaching of the story in one of its phases.

What effect has this change of surface upon the railroad? Just this. Instead of proceeding straight through in one line, without any physical cause or obstacle to disturb it in its straightest and shortest direction between two points, it has, in order to accomplish this important object in the construction of all roads, to enter at once upon a system of tunnelling, and so wide was the demand, and so many tunnels made, that I gave up the counting of them, having counted eight in a distance so short that I had reason to believe that

before reaching Cologne, I should have got to the end of my arithmetic.

Some stations before reaching that city, another change of surface was brought into view. The hills gradually sunk away till we got to the common level of Belgium, and the tunnels ceased. By the way, they have an excellent substitute for sunlight in these dismal byways, not *highways*, through hills and mountains. A lamp placed in the roof of the carriage is lighted, and serves well to diminish at least, the darkness which is so near akin to that which once, it is said, occurred or was common in Egypt, but which happily does not at present prevail anywhere. Should, by chance, the Hoosac ever be perforated horizontally, the writer would suggest respectfully the trial of the system of the North European *Chemin de Fer*.

It will be seen by our account of the remarkable changes which the surface undergoes near the frontiers of two important nations, that geographical boundaries have a real existence in the changes of surface and in the rivers, channels, friths, &c., which are found to pass between them. It is very striking in the cases of Belgium and Prussia, and I have given to it a distinct place, because of the beauty of the illustration it affords to our subject. In many cases the road passes through hill or mountain by a deep cut. This brings into view the kinds and positions of the rocks which are the bases of these elevations. I looked at all I could observe. The railroad is not the very best situation for geological inquiry, yet these roads furnish admirable opportunities for such study. The rocks noticed seemed to be argillaceous, deeply coloured by iron, and loosely stratified. In some cases they are much more compact, and breaking in strong splintery fractures.

Of the trees. Trees are national. Thus through our whole drive, black birch or aspen, and the poplar of Lombardy, are the prevailing ones. The birch has a very delicate feathery foliage. Its leaves are small and much sepa-

rated, so that the light passes very freely between them, and gives to the whole the appearance almost of blight or disease. In Prussia the roads receive great attention. They are perfectly smooth, and have on both sides rows of trees, principally poplar. Roads, the old ones, are paved in the middle, which secures uniformity of surface, which no other but McAdam's can boast, or only very partially obtain. The poplar is a thriving tree here, but singularly wanting in the properties of a *shade* tree, and the same remark applies to the birch. In the yard of the Hotel Bellevue, in Cologne, horsechestnuts are numerous, resembling ours exactly, except in the colour of the blossom. It is here sometimes of a handsome red, and so differs quite from ours, which is perfectly white. The birds are numberless.

We passed many places of interest on our way to Brussels. St. Omers, the second syllable is pronounced terribly long, Lisle, Ghent, Cappelle des bois, &c. &c. At Ghent is one of the most magnificent station houses in Europe, a crystal palace, being all of glass. We were a very pleasant party, communicating and receiving knowledge. An English gentleman and his lady much pleased me. Two French gentleman were my companions part of a day, and we were getting on famously in French talking, but they at length reached their destination, and I saw them no more. An American resident joined us on the road. He was born in Germany, in Hanover, and told me his whole history. He was, he said, a publisher of music in Philadelphia, and was very largely engaged in his business. I could not but be amused now and then with his descriptions of America, but said nothing which could raise a suspicion that I was any other than a genuine John Bull. I have found advantage in this reserve. It may, however, sometimes have operated unfavourably, and have diminished both knowledge and pleasure.

BRUSSELS.—I continue my record concerning Brussels, which was broken off by driving about that city, and before I had said anything special concerning it. This is a great city. Its general plan is excellent, and the details are admirably carried out. It is beyond all odds the cleanest place I have met with. Its buildings, public and private, are handsome, and so arranged as to place, offices, grounds, as to make them very desirable residences. Brussels is literally arrayed in white. The houses are built of brick and then covered with a composition, which keeps its place admirably, and being painted white, produces the brilliant effect just mentioned. I have spoken of the mall. I had only looked at it. Since then I have walked all over it, and a grand place is it. So deep its shade, so dark, and so silent, but for birds,—so cool, and such living foliage! One thing is characteristic, the trimming of the trees which bound the walks on one side, or near to the streets. The method is this: to cut them off at the top on an exact level. Then cut off every branch, and possibility of a branch many, many feet from the earth. Then to shave the branches till they are parallel. This shaving in every direction, on top, below, and on all sides, is so precisely managed, that the whole effect is to give you the idea of a hedge growing on posts, or supports, quite high from the ground. Though so perfectly Dutch, so painfully formal, the effect is not distressing. Its novelty attracted me. The trees look as if the Hamadryads might weep and lament that their special and loved charges had been placed in circumstances so perfectly in opposition to all their natural tendencies. These queer looking affairs extend long distances, and in the perspective produce curious effects. I went next to see sights. The Courts of Justice; the Mansion House; the Place of Martyrs, in which are buried all who fell in the battles of that Revolution which separated Belgium from Holland. It is a beautiful square, with a monument covered with massive sculptures, designed to embody and

perpetuate a sentiment wide indeed in its extent, for it embraces nations, but which, to my mind, expresses also a strong doubt, if not denial of that brotherhood which in its truth, its good, its beautiful, would so unite men in common interests, that wherever man was, there would be the country of all other men. These efforts to perpetuate the memory of war, have always seemed to me to proceed from imperfect views of man and his destiny. In the darkness of the Egyptian mind concerning this destiny, and in its theological system which taught that after many ages the soul would return to its body again, if that were preserved for its reception, embalming was an instinct as well as a duty. By a like reasoning, we arrive at the causes of building the catacombs and pyramids for the preservation of the dead. In the later Greek, too, with his imperfect notions concerning a future life, what was more natural than that he should erect the everlasting monument, and in deep cut inscriptions and exquisite sculptures, carry forward forever the memory of those who mouldered there,— to find in an everlasting memory a compensation for a limited life? I say that, considering the condition of the race then, and taking along with it the wonderful development of that part of man's nature in which the creations of the sublime and the beautiful lie,— or out of which they come,— are we not furnished with the true explanation and theory of the various and successful efforts to make the memory of great national events and of great men perpetual? Patriotism gets dignity, yes, and truth too, out of this idea; and while we ask no permanent records of that which always had one side of human wrong in it, we do not blame an age which had patriotism for its religion, and beauty for its expression,— which found the future in the present, and out of a hero made a God. Does Christianity make the same, or like demand? Does the "resurrection at the last day" contain the doctrines of the present memorials of war? Is war ever its teaching?

**LACE MAKING.** — This is indeed the work of the hand or hands. We first visited the shop, or place in which the lace is kept for sale. The tables are covered with gorgeous crimson velvet, and when the laces are displayed upon them, the contrast between them and the velvet shows the former to the greatest possible advantage. Having made a purchase of lace as a specimen, I went with the showman of the place to the rooms in which the work is done. He spoke English well, as did a very handsomely dressed lady-like person, who assisted him in displaying laces of all sorts and of all prices. After this was accomplished, (and the purchase and sale, I assure you, cost about as much trouble as money,) we prepared to go to the room in which the lace is made. The trouble in the purchase was this: I was told with great eloquence, that such a specimen would never do, that you ladies would at once see that it was not the best, — that it was not a new pattern. That such a one had not yet reached London, — that I should have the honour of having the first piece sold. Then as to quantity. So many ells would be worthless, — that with so many, one could trim this, make that, — that it would never do to buy only so many, — the ladies would be wholly disappointed. Then price. But all this is enough. I bought just as much as I chose at just such a price, and was told it was all right! Right in quantity, quality, and price. I was exceedingly amused at all this. In this old and magnificent city, for me, an old doctor of physic, thousands of miles from home, with such elegant people, talking about laces, and agreeing that this was beautiful, that not, with an air of profound knowledge concerning that of which I knew absolutely nothing.

We went next to the lace makers. I was very much struck with our reception. It was no reception at all. Young and middle aged women were sitting at tables, in smaller or larger numbers, with their heads bent low to their work in most perfect silence, and as motionless as silent. Not a head moved, not an eye was for an instant

raised. I was affected by all this in a singular way. Here were many persons, but not a voice or movement. It was just as still before we entered, and our entrance produced not the least change. I recollect in the time of the cholera going into a hospital ward full of men with that terrible disease. There was agony of suffering, but not an audible sound. It seemed in the lace room as if I had been suddenly placed with living beings who had no voice, no power of motion. My attention was called by the guide to a very pleasing looking young woman, who was engaged in a very nice piece of work. She was making with her needle a copy of a beautiful flower. The process was thus. The pattern was covered except at one point, where was a round hole no larger than a ten cent piece, in the covering, and this she was to *put into thread* — the portion of the flower which occupied the hole. This opening was traversed by a few threads to divide off the part of the flower exposed. In her delicate finger and thumb she held the most minute needle I think I ever saw, threaded with the same thread as crossed the opening just referred to. My eye-glass was necessary for me to see the thread. Her work consisted in taking upon the needle its thread in such order as to produce in lace the pattern itself. I watched the process with the deepest interest, and was surprised at the beautiful clearness and exactness of the detail. The guide would now and then interpose a word of explanation, — my purchase had won his heart, and had made him communicative. But the girl was not for an instant attracted by the sound of his voice, or by my English replies, "stitch, stitch, stitch." He took up the card in which was the opening through which a portion of the flower was seen, and thus showed to me the whole of its beauty. But even when this was done the beautiful lace-maker did not raise her head or move a finger. The instant the card was replaced, she continued her work. When we left her, he showed me a specimen of this work, I think, by this girl. It was exquisitely beauti-

ful. A perfect flower in exquisite lace. Understand now, what I would convey. With her needle she had, so to speak, drawn, or more correctly, created a flower, not upon any thing else as a foundation, but the outline of its wonderful finish; and the fillings up, and the openings, were the result of catching with the eye the proper thread which crossed the openings in the covering of the rest of the pattern, and carrying out the design with the needle and thread by the agencies of both hands. When this opening was finished, it was moved to another part of the flower. I now passed to others working on cushions with bobbins, a much less difficult operation. Then to the transferring of figures to foundations. A sweet girl was engaged in this last. Her hair, of the richest brown, laced her fair temples. Her brow was beautiful, and her dark lashes, I have no doubt, shaded as beautiful eyes; she did not for an instant raise them. Her complexion was pale, but showed in its delicacy, — exquisite fineness, — how beautiful the blessed air abroad would make it. There she sat, moving with most delicate fingers her mysterious needle, with its invisible thread, so as to produce exquisite effects. Sterne's "ravelings of a spider's web" hardly teaches the whole concerning the material of this girl's toil. I had seen enough. "Do not the eyes suffer," asked I of the guide, "in such a service as this?" "O yes," he said, "it is very bad for the eyes." "How long," I asked, "can a girl do this fine work without losing the sight, or so impairing it as to be unable to use it more?" "Not long," said the guide, "about five years, but women can work till thirty or forty years old on less fine work." All this and more was said loud enough for all to hear it. "And what can they earn a day?" "They work by the piece," said he, "and with constant work some make one franc, twenty cents, a day — some only ten, very rarely thirty cents." My very heart sunk within me. Ten, twenty, thirty cents a day, and the cost, — the eyes! What, lose the sight and learn nothing which may be done

afterwards to sustain life! Lose health too! To live in perpetual silence! I learned what was the meaning of this stillness of body and tongue. These poor things had not time enough to look at the stranger, though from far beyond the sea. They could not afford so much vision. Their wretched pittance would be less by such a waste of sight. As I was about to leave the room, Charles looked at something on a board near the last row of women, and attracted my attention to it by his finger. It was a notice in English that the box below the notice was "for something for the poor lace women." Said he in a whisper, "*half a franc, ten cents, will do.*" I put in a crown, ten times his sum, and as it fell to the bottom of the box, the unusual sound reached the ears of these "poor women," and a gentle rustling passed through that room, before of silence, like death, and a faint hum of thanksgiving was in the still air.

I know not what you may think of all this. But if you had seen that room, and if you had seen those women and girls sitting there, working themselves blind,—had felt that inexpressible silence and stillness, and then had felt too, that the smallest act of kindness had so moved them, you would understand how impossible it has been for me to forget that visit,—how deeply,—yes, how deeply it drove itself into my very soul. You talk of missionaries, who shall carry the lesson of Christian love to the heathen! Are there not *Christians* who have not yet learned it?

By one of those coincidences, which may almost be regarded as something other than accidents, just after writing the above, I met with a report of a Committee of the English Parliament, in Galignani, on the condition of lace and stocking weavers in England, in regard to health, sight, &c. It was stated in the report, that the results to health and sight to the operative, very closely resembled what I learned of the same classes of operatives in Brussels.

COLOGNE.—I am now in the Cologne Bellevue Hotel,—

the crack house, — and am still writing up my journal of Brussels. Our hotel has its band of music, and as far as I can judge, the music is excellent. The band plays in the latter part of the afternoon ; and at tables spread under the trees, men and women are sitting, drinking beer, or stronger, smoking and eating. I struck off to the hotel because of the band, and I will now say what I have to say concerning it. Recollect that I am at Cologne. The Hotel Bellevue is on the other side of the Rhine, and opposite to the main city. As I sit at my window, I have before me the city in its whole length. As evening advances, the lights appear in all the buildings, and in most of the river craft, making a very brilliant exhibition. Public buildings, fortresses, the Cathedral, &c., are before me. I walked next day over the city. The Cathedral, the foundations of which were laid centuries ago, which fire has destroyed, and which now is again rebuilding — the Cathedral was first visited. It is of vast dimensions. A portion with a temporary roof is used for service. Numerous confessionals are at hand for the faithful or the unfaithful. I went to the markets. They are entirely in the hands of the women, and presented the most lively scene I encountered in Cologne. The eggs are sold in fifteens instead of twelves, which in good earnest makes a fair baker's dozen. I wandered about till I was well tired, and came back to the Bellevue. The Rhine most attracted me. It rises in Mount St. Goatherd of the Alps, and rushes along in a serpentine course, increasing in breadth as it comes. It passes through the lake Bodensee, or Constance, colouring its clear waters with its yellow stream. It passes to the sea at or near Rotterdam. It was its force of current which most struck me at Cologne. It seemed an accident, but its mountain-source makes it perpetual. A steamer will require two days to ascend the Rhine, while her passage down, a like distance, will be performed in one. The Rhine is crossed by a bridge of boats. It is built in sections, so that two boats should make one. Suppose a

steamer or other craft is to pass the bridge; this is done at once by removing a section or portion of the bridge, by turning it aside. As soon as the boat has passed, the portion removed is immediately replaced. In spring, when the ice is coming down, and in masses threatening great injury to the bridge, so many portions are removed as will give the freest passage to the ice, and so prevent great destruction.

We left Cologne late on Saturday evening. This prevented, till morning, about two, much observation of the country passed. But as I was told by a fellow-traveller that the region was very poor in much of its soil, and that its cultivation resembled much that which I had passed, I felt the less disappointed than I might otherwise have been.

Sunday morning came in fogs and clouds, the most unpleasant morning I have seen. But it was quite light enough to see how Sunday was passed here. It was very much like other days; men and women were working in the fields. Amusements provided in their ordinary places. From Harburg we descended the Elbe to Hamburg, and the boat was as lively as on any other day. I was told more so, for it was crowded by parties in search of pleasure. We had a band of music playing any other than divine airs, and drinking, eating, and everlasting smoking filled the time. At Hamburg, the approach to which is very handsome, the shore being green with the finest forest trees, with country seats sprinkled among them,—at Hamburg the gay life, the Sabbath holiday was in full presence, and the people everywhere rejoiced.

HAMBURG.—Here I am in this far-off town, the birds in multitudes, and beautiful weather travelling with me. I am up at my old hour of about four, washed thoroughly, dressed, not shaved, for thanks to the climate, or something else, shaving is not thought healthful in the Germanic territories, including Denmark, into which I extended my march yesterday. Hamburg has entirely disappointed me.

I knew of it half a century ago, when the house of G. & C. of my native town, sent ships there, and got from thence much goods. My knowledge has not at all increased since, in that direction. I find it to be a fine city, or free town, more properly called. One part of it is built in the ancient Dutch style, with the houses extremely narrow, high, and their queer little gables to the street. The other, and a large part, is built in the latest and best style. Huge blocks of dwelling houses, stores, shops, hotels in crowds, abounding everywhere in this region. I could not at first reconcile this near approach, this overlapping of the old upon, or to the new. The explanation was at hand. My courier explained the mystery. In 1842, nearly eighteen hundred houses were burnt, in May. The fire made clear work of the city in that part of it, and literally swept away everything except a small, very small wooden building, which stood like the prophet in the furnace, unscorched, though heated seven times hotter than fire ever was before. The Hamburgers, out of reverence for such preservation, have built in the very place, and of the same size, a brick building, which is quite gay with green and flowers, and covers the house so strangely preserved. I have read somewhere that a shanty of Peter the Great, in St. Petersburg, has been preserved by Alexander, in somewhat the same manner, inclosed in a permanent stone house, or case. Now this old part, the "burnt district," is splendidly replaced by the new; I said so, last evening, to a "native here." He did not agree with me. "The old," said he, "is picturesque, is poetical, those gable ends; the new is *practical*, and to me has no sentiment." Now was not this queer? He was a man known on the Exchange, a business merchant, taking the cudgels with me on a matter of mere sentiment, and expressing a fondness for the merest baby-house architectural deformities, you can well imagine, and against the free, the open, near by, and finely aired edifices for human comfort. This was not surprising to me, for the

day before he had defended an old black wind mill, to my mind wholly out of place, because it was picturesque, had life, and gave life, as he said, to the really beautiful, living nature about it, — the Alster, and its fine scenery.

Hamburg is on the Alster and the Elbe, the latter as yellow a stream as was the Rhine when I first saw it, or is the Mississippi, or even the yellow Tiber. I never saw such a mud puddle as is the Elbe; and the canals, which are important business ways here, one of which comes almost to the door of my hotel, are even more muddy than their parent river. I hope both Elbe and Rhine get a little cleaner before they reach Rotterdam, or the ocean may well be ashamed to receive such tributaries into its clear bosom. But with all this, the banks of the Elbe are beautiful. They are dressed in the richest, darkest green the forest or the grove ever wears. I passed these spots on Sunday, and my first leisure yesterday was occupied by a drive through that beautiful region. You pass at once from Hamburg into Holstein, Denmark. The only partition is a line of wood not noticed by me, and strong gates at the places where the streets of Hamburg are continuous with those of Holstein, or rather with those of the town of Altona, which seems to be only a continuation or suburb of Hamburg.

In the middle of the thirteenth century, Hamburg, Lubec, and Bremen, united for protection against the pirates and enemies which the mercantile interest encountered in the Elbe. In 1229, a confederation was made between Hamburg and Hadeln, for mutual protection. In 1247, Brunswick joined them. Additions continued to be made, till, in 1260, a diet was held in Lubec, and the union received the name of Hanse, which, in the old Teutonic dialect, means *League*. The progress of the league was rapid, so that it came to number eighty-five towns. It acquired political importance. It exercised a judicial power, inflicting the greater and the lesser ban. It was extended to England, and privileges were granted to the Hanse towns. At length

it became mistress of crowns, lands, and seas. All that could be obtained or was desired from the league, was at length obtained. The confederation was dissolved. In 1630, its last diet was held in Lubec, the town in which its first meeting was held. Hamburg, Lubec, and Bremen (and in certain cases Dantzic was admitted among them) continued united, though not under the name of Hanseatic towns. Hamburg, Bremen, Lubec, and Frankfort, are styled in the German confederations, the *four free cities*.

Hamburg has its own government, consisting of a senate and of two burgomasters. They make laws, raise revenues, keep troops, regulate police, &c. Before the laws take effect they are submitted to the people, who vote for or against them, as they think best, and their vote is final. The place is a very quiet one. Through the canals, goods are carried to the warehouses. I have observed this same quiet in other German cities. I have seen no drunkards or any police in any of them. I was amused yesterday with a police order, which was lying near me at an ice cream house. The cream was excellent, though not as perfectly fine as Gunter's, in London. The order set forth, as translated by my courier, that if children made any noise in the streets, they should be taken to jail, and whipped with rods, for wilfully breaking the peace of the honest burghers. I thought they would make more noise for the whipping. I certainly heard none in the streets. There is nice care of horses here. I went into the stables of the mounted troops of Hamburg, the Chasseurs, and saw in them splendid horses. They were kept in fine order, their coats clean, bright, lively,— their beds excellent, and ventilation perfect. I had never before seen a military stable, and was much pleased with this specimen. The civil horses are also well kept. The draft ones wear no blinders, but have the fullest use of their eyes, and they are bright ones, I assure you.

Workmen have everywhere their own *modes*. Here, the

*Hod Carriers* of America, use narrow, shallow trays to carry mortar in. Bricks were carried up by hand, I was told. But this suits the German mind admirably. You know how reflective it is. How tolerant the race is of clothing, as if ballast were useful, where unobstructed motion might be hazardous. An Englishman, with whom I travelled to Hamburg, told me that a countryman of his had buildings, warehouses, to be erected here, and desired much to bring his workmen from England, but this was not permitted, and he had to see daily action almost without progress, till he was tired of the virtue of patience. How germane to the national character was that little tray of mortar, and how weary it had been for him that carried it, had he been given to hurry! It was often a somewhat dizzy height to which he had to bear his *homœopathic* load.

Hamburg is a place of great commercial activity. It does business as a centre for a wide circle. The Exchange is very large, and is said to be the most crowded in Europe. Character is of the deepest import in such a community, and he who has wilfully done wrong, failed fraudulently, or in any other way has made a sacrifice of character for gain, is most severely punished. A merchant named to me one who has lately made a fraudulent failure, who before had an excellent character, and was deemed very rich. He is in close jail, and can never recover himself from the degradation to which his base conduct has reduced him. This seems a harsh morality, a strictness beyond the rule. But I said above, everybody engaged in business here, learns from the earliest days of his apprenticeship that his whole present, and his whole future in Hamburg, depend entirely upon his strict probity. If he fail, he honestly fails; or falls, never to rise again. You will not be amused at these dry details. But I came to see, hear, and inwardly digest, and so I give you some of the results.

I have already said something of the German capacity for "victuals and drink." They daily give me food for new

admiration. The Hamburgers are not a whit behind their constitutional countrymen. Passing from the steamer to my lodgings, and of course through the most thirsty part of the *burg*, I was struck greatly by the signs. They read "Weinhandlung, und Destillation" on almost every door, or above, — wine and liquor seemed the universal language. With all this, I have seen no drunkenness, none of the brutal exhibitions of cities out of Germany. And you see no police. They may be about, but if so, partake so largely of the Dogberry vein, that they never harm the ill-behaved, if any such exist here. You see this love of sustenance wherever you may be. All establishments for eating, and especially for drinking, are most liberally patronized at any and all parts of the day. In the evening, including the latter part of the afternoon, the country about cities is largely visited. Music, for which these people have knowledge and love, is ever a part of the entertainment. Bands are found in many places, at hotels and elsewhere. The Elbe steamer had its band. They are paid by collections from the company. Looking out at my window at Cologne, or Coln, as commonly called here, I saw under the trees many narrow tables, with permanent seats on both sides, all painted, and looking very nice. The rapid Rhine went rushing by the place within a very few feet of the garden, if such it may be, and as here is, named. In the evening, or rather afternoon, I found these seats rapidly filling. Well dressed men and women were collecting, beer and other drinks were in rapid circulation, various articles of tempting food were on the tables, and the everlasting pipe and cigar in brisk use. After a time I walked down among this large assembly. It was a very quiet one, very little was said, and that not noisily; very little or no laughing. Not long after I heard music. Quite a full band was under my window, and a place built up for them. There they played at intervals for some time, and greatly to the pleasure of the company. In Hamburg, towards evening, we had music and

singing at or near the hotel. This union of music with other means of pleasure at these large assemblages of the people for social objects, gives them a character very different from our own country holidays. These are rare with us,—are noisy, often intemperate in their tendency, and in themselves. There is no sentiment, there is no such enjoyment as good music affords to them who understand and love it. In Germany the whole story is unlike this. As we have seen, the meetings are really social. The parties know each other. The music, as well as the cigar and the beer, are criticized, and the indulgence of the appetite comes to be associated with higher pleasures. You see everywhere here that there is something other; more and better, yes, better, than every day drudgery, and hard toil. Here at the close of the day, and in the long twilight, families and friends come together. They come often, fill the garden, or the mall, and in laying aside the working every-day dress, give up toil and trouble too, and in their new dress find for the hour a new heart and a new life. I cannot but think of home at these times, and deeply regret that we too have not our hours, daily or weekly, for social gatherings, to see each other, and to hear music that is music. You need not have the beer. This is not essential to such gatherings, or to such pleasures. You must indeed have the eating, and the drinking too, and it may be easily had of such articles as do not involve the evils of bad habits. I can say this, that even in the crowded Sunday steamer on the Elbe, in which a most curious assortment was collected, in which a shower drove great numbers down to a very small cabin,—and in which was drinking, eating, and music, yes, music too, I saw no drunkenness, or any approach to it. Men and women were not on a drinking spree or *bout*, but on a pleasure excursion, to which music, smoking, eating and drinking largely pertained, not as accidents, but as necessary accompaniments. And yet there was no excess, and though there were joke and laugh, there was no riot, no indecorum.

You say this was not the best way in which to pass the Sabbath. This is a Catholic country, as have been nearly all in which I have sojourned lately, and it is a part of the custom, if not faith, of that church, to regard the Sabbath as a day of rest from all toil, and as a day for amusement, recreation, — a holiday, which if made holy by passing a part of it in church, in the confession of sin, and in worship, is not necessarily made unholy by passing the rest of it in social gatherings, and in such pleasures as the popular culture or habit may give rise to. Few questions in morals or religion have been more discussed or more variously determined, than such as are involved in the inquiry concerning the best use of man's various and antagonistic nature. The physical, the moral, the intellectual, and the religious, — for some philosophers tell us that piety, worship, spiritual culture, have their being and exercise in a religious element or faculty in the constitution of man, — these four cardinal elements all deserve and demand the most perfect development. He who so uses one or more as to overlay by such use, — to bury up, make useless the rest, has failed in his apprehension of his own nature, — knows not "what manner of man he is," and will certainly make a failure of the great experiment of human life. In the cultivation of the whole man, is the harmony of a perfect instrument in perfect tune. Its language is ever true music. Happiness, contentment, are its accompaniments, for they are its sure products. The balance is preserved, and life flows on in successive felicities; and its sorrows, if such come, may have the sanctification of a good, a divine temper, and come to be blessings as sure as are the nearest pleasures.

In Germany pleasure thus walks side by side with labour. The cultivation of taste does not conflict at all with the labour which brings with it physical development. The popular religion is reverenced, for in the Cathedral, and in all which enters into its idea, is such ministry to the senses as may reach to the heart. I have been in these Cath-

drals, generally on secular days. I have found in them the poor, the infirm, the aged, on their knees, at the celebration of the mass, and at all hours, — nay, more, I have seen little children at the cradle of the infant Jesus, with hands on their breasts, looking at the emblem of the mystery reposing there. Their mothers were there on their knees pressing the stone, and uttering in low tones their prayers. Thus was the earliest lesson of these poor, probably very ignorant women to their children, a service of worship with which “little children” were anointed, as if there were really to them a truth in that great saying, “of such is the kingdom of Heaven.”

So much for the German popular life, as I have seen it, and for the national religion. Say what you may concerning either or both, you must certainly conclude that the people have discovered what contributes most to their pleasures, and that they are faithful to their knowledge. The time will probably come, when at home we shall learn, that life is better than everlasting labour, and that pleasure is sure, and only sure, when it forms a part, a most important part, towards the enjoyment and development of man’s whole nature, — his every-day life.

The traveller’s attention is called to the various conditions of the people among whom he may be thrown. The highest classes are the creators and conservators of conventions, and as these are catching, not much variety is observed in these orders of different countries. Admittance is not easy to such, and so wholly artificial is the whole life, that a “brick” is a fair specimen of the whole “house.” We have seen something of the life of the great mass of many people, and now a moment for the poor, “whom ye always have with you.” In England, beggary is an open, out-door business, and in very numerous hands. On the continent, I have scarcely seen it at all in cities, and in the country, it is most seen in the Austrian Tyrol. One or two paupers only attracted attention in Hamburg, for

instance ; but there was so little rudeness in the demands of the poor seen there, — in fact there was no rudeness, but such gentleness, — that you hardly thought it possible there was any poverty there at all. It was an emperor who one day decreed there should be no poverty abroad in his great capital, and street beggary disappeared as by magic. Now it may be that there are no beggars in Hamburg, because the good burgomasters have *decreed* it out of the streets. However this may be, I certainly saw but few evidences of that poverty which we have at home, and which we see in such variety of expression in the streets of some cities in Europe.

The dress of people is attractive. It is quite distinctive in Europe, each place having its own costumes, or each some single article which is their own. In America, shoes are made of leather. Here, in some places, they are made of wood. Head gear is often peculiar, — that of domestics and that of their employers. The little white cap upon nicely combed hair is very becoming, and very common in Germany among *domestic* girls, — *servants* here so called. Their bonnets and hats have all forms. I should think there was much less tyranny of custom or fashion in these matters than with us. Between the cap and the shoe, the head and the foot, dress has a very wide margin, and indulges its privileges in every possible way. Still every people has its style, its expression of taste, and it is in this we find the true causes of those varieties in costume which give character to peoples.

BERLIN. — Left Hamburg yesterday at half past seven, and reached this capital of a great kingdom between three and four, p. m. I say great, not because of its population, for this is not very great. I say so because of its history, and its present position among nations. This morning is very beautiful. The birds are with me still ; and if the Rhine and the Elbe have passed my hotel windows often of late,

I can welcome the Spree now, which is a clearer stream than either of the others, and passes by me with a gentle murmur in its way. The drive yesterday was of little interest. We passed Hamburg into Mecklenburg, and thence into Prussia. Here luggage is examined, and mine again, because, though I had already been in Prussia, and had passport and trunks examined, I had since been in other kingdoms or states, and a new inspection was required when I entered Prussia again. A union in regard to duties has been made by several states in the north of Europe,—the *Zolverein*. An examination in one state suffices for all the others which belong to the union or league. The *Zolverein* does not embrace all, as Prussia, Austria, Russia, &c. In these, inspection is required with a view to ascertain if any contraband articles, or any paying duty, are in the luggage. The former are seized; on the others, the duties are demanded. I was detained but a short time, however, for my courier has travelled so long, that he is fully *au fait* to all these matters. It is truly quite pleasant to have in your service, or in yourself, true, exact knowledge. How smooth do the rough places become, and how clear the obscure. My watch was put dreadfully out of time by the great difference in longitude between America and England, more than four hours. I let it go the old time; and now for the life of it, poor thing, it cannot catch up with the changed hours. I put forward the hands constantly, but it wont do, it is truly, without a figure of speech, “*no go*.”

My fellow-travellers were two Germans. Sometimes we had five smokers at once in a carriage of eight. They were pleasant young men, and would have talked with me with pleasure could we have understood each other. The courier did well with them. The road was through a sandy region, and the least interesting and least cultivated of any I have met with. At times, a fine green spot, splendid forest trees. The birches, poplars, and willows are less frequent. The sand would not give them footing, and wretched, tall, and most gaunt pine trees have replaced them.

All along the road the women were at work. Hard is their lot. Where are the men? Children, girls oftener, far oftener than boys, are among the workers in the fields. In the height of the heat, work is abandoned, and the women were seen lying under trees, if any were, else stretched at length, with their faces in the sand, in the whole power of the burning sun. They were better off than the poor lace makers, for they might rest,—yes, cover their eyes from the hot light, and wait for a cooler hour in which to look up again. The farm houses looked better than any I have seen. Better glazed, better offices, trees, &c., around them. The vegetable gardens particularly attracted attention. They were exceedingly neat, and the growths were luxuriant. Flower beds abounded, and in short everything seemed to be done which might contribute to comfort or to luxury. I saw very few people about the houses,—almost none,—no children, nor other living, moving thing. I seriously do not believe that *cats* have been brought to Germany; certainly I have not seen one. A remarkable stillness was everywhere. The houses are queerly built. Bricks are scarce, and stones none. So they make their walls only one brick thick, and, to prevent the wall coming down, they build in, so to speak, narrow timber or planks in various directions, parallel, and at angles from each other, two or three feet apart. These being connected together, and held in their places by the bricks, the wall is kept from tumbling, nay, a strong wall is made. So much for architecture. Do not weary of my dulness, for I do not require you to read. I should greatly like to go into one of these houses, and into the mud-walled and thatched cottages. But the inexorable train,—the convoy, as they call it, the carriages,—will not let me, and making enough German miles a day to equal about two hundred English ones, leaves very little time for romancing, and the cottage silence is not broken by me.

“The house I live in,” the Hotel de Russie, is of excellent

appointments in all that pertains to house demands. The service is as good as need be; more than is in use, and so sometimes *in* or *out* of the way. My room is on the first floor, the second with you; the paper, ceilings, walls, splendid; all toilet demands fully answered; bureaus, chairs, couch and sofa, perfect; the floor pannelled diamond-wise of oak, with invisible junctures, and so waxed and polished, that it must be woe to him, who taketh not heed to his steps. I suppose my French boots understood these floors, for I got along pretty well. There hangs a portrait, quite well painted, of Nicholas, the Czar of all the Russias. He must be a very handsome man, with much force of expression. He is younger than I had supposed, of very fine form. The frame is surmounted by the armorial bearings of Russia, the double-headed eagle, which with its spread wings stands as the protecting power of a great State. I should not forget, in describing my quarters, that my polished floor has, I suppose, out of compliment to its present occupier, a bit of bocking all round, which makes the footing not only safe, but comfortable. My first breakfast amused me. My coffee holder was a small nice cream pot, which held just one cup and a half of liquid. I, not thinking of such an outfit in such a palace, supposed that the poor thing, it being rather hot, contained hot milk, and went on reading Galignani, expecting the coffee *pot*. At length getting curious, I looked into the mysterious little specimen of china, and lo and behold, it was my breakfast! The cream vessel held about two table spoonfuls of milk, with a little melted butter floating upon it,—Germanicé, *cream*. Two small very hard rolls, and a *PAT*, not *pot*, of butter, just the size of a new cent, viz., one not worn quite thin, completed the Berlin breakfast. Now when you see Mr. —, brother of precious —, and whom, viz., I am determined not to forget; when you see friend —, ask him what he thinks of a Prussian breakfast, of “*our own times*.” I think I have met with untravelled gentlemen,

who might have said a somewhat profane grace upon such a meal. I forgot two eggs, and they were too small for memory. They were laid expressly for the Hotel de Russie, and more especially for my breakfast.

BERLIN.—Penelope renews the heavy work. Yesterday was a time of business. I called on Mr. Barnard, and Mr. Sparks's letter secured his kindest attentions. I next called on Mr. Fay, the Secretary of Legation. Mr. F. was out, but Mrs. F. was at home, and I found her a most agreeable lady. Thence I went to Schneider's, bookseller, and there saw the German translation of your uncle, Rev. Dr. Channing's works. Ten volumes are out, and five more are coming. It is an exceedingly cheap edition, the fifteen volumes costing but fifteen shillings. Had it been complete, I would have purchased it. Went to the old picture gallery, and staid as long as my lame leg would let me. There was Titian's Fruit Girl, so called, which no money can buy.

An ice cream shop next brought me up, and the *cream* was good. That is, it was not a *cream* at all, but a very nice fruit ice, which abroad many ice creams are. Next I went to the banker's and got some money, and sent my letter to you and friend A—, and this brought three o'clock and dinner. This last was, as usual, a long affair, for a very long *carte* had to be devoured before the meal was done. It was the old thing again, perhaps twenty dishes, and of most small amounts each. Larger would be absurd. You take about two mouthfuls of each, and by the time the two, three, or four varieties have circulated, you are ready for two mouthfulls more. This makes a dinner a wonderful affair. Human wit is truly exercised, and strange creations come forth. Two dishes stirred me. We had the *first peas*. So youthful were they, that they promised absolute sweetness. But the prophecy was not fulfilled. The cook had stewed the peas with young carrots, a most hateful marriage, and wretched enough was the product. Something was

brought to me. I asked what? *Ice cream*, was the answer. But it was a *warm* ice cream. This was a blunder, which is always worse than a crime, and which destroying itself, left me no alternative but to drop the spoon and to retire. Went to my den, and after a time, strolled out with Charles. Very warm. Strayed again into the ice cream house. As we passed along, said C., the morning cream was sixpence, this evening it is twelvepence. But I told him we would not complain, for the ice, unlike the dinner one, was *cold*. Bought a cane. A Catholic church door was open, and I proposed to enter. Directly opposite was the opera house, and thither fashion was speeding. The poor were on the way to the church. It is a large circular building. It was well filled. The organ was grand, and the chanting in harmony. After the chanting, the service of the altar proceeded. It was evening mass. The host was elevated. And as the mystery was next presented to the people in the cloud of incense, and the bell rang, the whole congregation were on their knees, save only one, a tall young soldier, who stood next to me. The host was turned, a bell was rung. The young man with his arm folded, stood firm. The host was turned to one side; another bell. He remained erect. Again it was turned, and now directly towards the young soldier. The third bell. He yielded. His cap fell to the floor, and his knees upon it with an emphasis which startled me. It seemed as if he had said with Coriolanus, when his mother kneels to him :

“ Sink, my knee, i’ the earth ;  
Of thy deep duty more impression show,  
Than that of common sons.”

The service was over, the doors were slowly opened, and the people left the house of God.

One morning my attention was attracted by the loud howling of a dog in the street, and going to the window, I saw a very large dog harnessed to a low carriage on four wheels; on it was a water cask just filled at the Spree, and

which that grand animal was not only dragging, but absolutely running along with, so that his master must run to keep up with him. Truly these Germans are a wonderful people. I say again, that abroad, one does, at least I do, like to see the people of the place, and their ways.

I had in the evening a very pleasant visit at the Minister's. Mr. Barnard lives in No. 75 in the Linden. He occupies a flat, or a story, and in very nice style does he live. I suppose his office, in some sense, is a sinecure, as he passed his last winter in Italy. So at least, I was told. Now how do you suppose I learned this? It came to me in my walk home. It was thus. I drove to No. 75, as it looked like rain. But as I came into the hall from the parlour on my return, I found the courier. I reached the street, and my carriage was not in sight. I asked the reason. He said, as the evening was now fine, he thought I might prefer to walk, and in my walk he said, that the Minister passed his last winter in Italy, for his maid had told him so, and farther, that Mr. B. would return to America in the autumn. He had learned more of ministerial arrangements than I had. I say here with the greatest pleasure, and most entire confidence, that whoever may supersede the present incumbent, will have to be a good deal of a man to make good his place. I feel greatly indebted to the Minister, and am most happy to acknowledge my obligation.

There was little night in Berlin last night. The twilight was perfect. I watched it at my open window, till after twelve, and rose from my bed to see it longer. It was of an exquisite brightness, or rather lightness. It extended long in the horizon, and marked the passage of the submerged sun in its parallel line or course along the horizon. I was constantly looking for the sun to start into view, so near seemed it to the horizon. But it travelled along with a varying, and rather increasing light, and very probably rose not very long after I fell asleep. I was asleep at about one, and true to their instincts, my eyes opened to

> the long day before four, and I was at once up to toilet  
and to pen. I am surprised that I need so little sleep. I  
was never one of the *seven*. But now I sleep less than ever.  
And yet, as I wrote you yesterday, I was never in better  
health. In Russia I fear I shall scarcely sleep at all. At  
the Minister's I met with Mr. Brown, a son of the Chief  
Engineer of the Russian Railway, and was happy to learn  
that he will leave Stettin with me in the steamer on Satur-  
day for St. Petersburg. Mrs. Fay had told me how very  
pleasant he was, and my evening's talk with him of a few  
minutes, satisfied me that the description was fully borne  
out by Mr. B. himself. (Another water cask is filled, and  
that howling dog is running away with it !)

I have said nothing of Berlin as a place. It is large,  
covering much space, and holding many people, some hun-  
dred thousands, I am told. It is full of things ; such as  
palaces, galleries, monuments, public buildings in fullest  
numbers ; barracks as numerous as other buildings, squares,  
shrubberies, flowers, forests of roses, on the very sides of  
streets, brushed by your clothes, but always safe, apparently  
never touched, filling the air with the richest odours. Mig-  
nionette and heliotrope are abundant, each delighting smell  
and sight. These things are very pleasant. They are for  
all. The little child I saw last evening as I was going to  
the church, would sometimes touch a leaf or flower, but he  
broke nothing off, hurt nothing. All sorts of objects pre-  
sent themselves to the common eye, and must do good. It  
is an expression of refinement to leave the beautiful, the rare,  
and the near, unspoiled, so that thousands beside our self  
may have the pleasure. You say the reverence comes of  
fear. Very well. I saw no agent of power to preserve  
roses, so near as to much fear him ; but I still did not  
touch what in the damp night will surely die. Why is it,  
that we of the Anglo Saxon blood love to ruin, rather than  
take pleasure in things ? The roughest mountaineer who  
comes up to Rome at the great festivals of that gorgeous

church, wanders through the Vatican, and is satisfied with the vision of beauty and of power there. He never touches what he sees, as if by another sense to get more knowledge. I remember a foreign lecturer in America, who was about to send round to his class some objects of great interest, but very easily broken. He said he had heard that Americans had been characterized by a traveller as always very curious to learn the *strength of things*. He would assure us that his specimens were very delicate, very easily broken, and hoped and trusted that we would not try their strength!

There are other things in Berlin, which go as far to fill it up, as does anything else, — I mean soldiers. I have seen nothing like the numbers of these. You understand what the barracks mean, when you see the soldiery. While I am at this moment writing, a large number of soldiers are passing the hotel. Their uniform, blue coats trimmed with red, their white pantaloons, their tall caps with down hanging white plumes, their short, stout, side arms, all tell of discipline, for everything is in most perfect order, and tells you how great has been the care. This large body in platoons of six or eight, make but one sound as their stout nailed shoes strike the pavement in their exactly cotemporaneous tramp. I followed them with my eye some little distance, till they wheeled to pass the bridge which crosses the Spree. Guard is mounted at every point at which anything belongs, however remotely, to the State. The old Palace, which at present is not inhabited, the king being at Breslau with the Czar, and who, when at home, passes his summers at the Sans Souci in Pottsdam, has its appointed guard. All this has doubtless an agency in producing the great quiet and order noticed here. I see no police with uniform and badge, and yet I was never in a more orderly, less noisy city. There is very little stir, bustle, crowd. There seems to be very little business transacted here. The courier says the rich have left the city for the country, — have taken their equipages with them, and the external

appearance here is not at all what it is in the fashionable season. In the street before the hotel is an exquisite flute, filling its neighbourhood with its music. You would rejoice to hear at a safe distance so much sweetness and so much power. The player is doing all he can for a groschen, and I hope he will succeed. As he comes every morning, it is highly probable he gets the money. Berlin looks very old. The houses are not often painted, I should think. The composition in places is broken, discoloured, and a general, dark, dingy colour prevails, as from smoke, dust, &c. I allude to the part of the city in which I live. Across the street and narrow river Spree, is the Palace of the present king. In direct rear of this, is a row of houses of all shapes and sizes reaching to the river; so that a door from the lowest story opens upon a four-sided bread-trough shaped boat, and a woman has just finished rinsing her morning wash over the side of the flat-boat. Thus do the Palace and the *pauperum tabernas* run side by side, as was their wont when time was earlier.

*June 10th.* — Before I had finished breakfast, some friends called to invite me to visit the Palace, &c.; in other words, to see sights. I have a cool abhorrence of all this business. First, I hate it from principle; secondly, from fact. I hold curiosity to be a very wretched interpolation into this nature of ours, and I am somewhat lazy withal just now, and a little lame. But there was kindness in being included in such an effort. I left my breakfast not half eaten, and knew the table d'hôte hour too well to be doubtful as to the possible and probable state of the inner man which my rashness would involve.

A few days ago, being in London, my wanderings took me very near to the British Museum. Dr. Boot, of Boston, but long an inhabitant of London, had advised me by all means to visit the Museum. I cannot let this mention of this gentleman pass without an acknowledgment for the many most pleasant visits at his house in upper Gower

Street. A lady with whom I was driving, begged me to go there to see the Nineveh sculptures. So I pulled the check string, and told the coachman to go to the Museum. I had been there before. I had wandered about in the vast library, among manuscripts of the deepest interest, among specimens of art, rare, and of the highest value. I had seen the Townley marbles, and thanked him who with entire forgetfulness of an early wrong, had placed these treasures there. I had much in my mind of that long ago visit, and was not unwilling to renew, not the "unutterable grief," but a real pleasure. A lady was with me, and she wished much to see the "elephant." So we were in due time set down, and entered the Museum yard. It looked to me altered somewhat. The railings were gilded a little. The pavement and steps, were unswept. There was a great crowd about the building. It was not a holiday. We entered and looked around for guidance. A hand on a board pointed, as the writing said, to the *Ninevites*. But exactly to what direction the index finger pointed, we could not tell. Another board, however, had an inscription, and we hastened to learn what it said. "Do not touch the walls," was its word. The information was not relative. I said to my companion, I wondered the directors had not added, "or the steps;" we were just on a flight. This provoked a smile, then a good laugh, and on we went. "What does that mean above the door?" said my fair companion. It was *Mammalia* in large letters. Said I, "it means animals which suckle their young." "Then do," said the lady, "let us see them." The first thing we encountered was the hippopotamus. "What," cried the lady, "is this horrid thing. I am sure no young would come near that." I told her the name, adding that it was derived from two Greek words, "*Hippos*, a *river*, and *Potamos*, a *horse*," according to the questionless etymologies of a caravan interpreter. We visited the department, or apartments, which are filled with the gigantic and monstrous, in every sense of the word, — the collections from Nineveh, — not

pronounced *Ninevah*, remember, — and what works are they? They look like sculptured rocks, I had almost said mountains, — mass of stone piled upon mass, reaching the utmost limit in height of the rooms of their accommodation. I have seen engravings of the subterranean and other old temple architecture of India, and beg you to read Sir James Mackintosh's Journal of his visit to those sacred spots, — and know to what limitless extravagance of size the early mind, in art, declared itself. But there in the Museum I was in the presence of that mind, of that art, and for a time breathed three thousand years ago, — and for the moment gave myself to that ancient power. I confess, though, it was but for a moment. What with the mammalia, the bugs, the birds, &c., we in due time became so mirthful that we felt that it was due to so much *still life* to withdraw, venturing before we went, to ask of a quiet, serious looking visitor to the Museum what the people who were sitting or standing about everywhere, occasionally walking — what all these people came there for? "To eat their lunches," said he. The truth was here revealed. I had inquired for library, collections in art, science, &c., but was told these were all kept locked up, and admission to them was utterly denied, unless by an order, which it was not convenient for me to hunt for. We saw through the matter at once. Nineveh and Egypt were clear humbugs. The British Museum was a "place to lunch." We entered our clarence and drove to Gunter's. So much for curiosity.

But here we were in Berlin; in the capital of a small, but at the same time, a great state. And here was an invitation to visit *the Palace*. I choose to be particular, for Berlin rejoices in palaces. When shown the building, its outside, you think for a moment that you have lost your way, and left the palace behind, or that you have not yet reached it. You as little think you are before a royal residence, as when you look upon a very long, brick, rope-walk looking pile in Pall Mall, London, just opposite one end of

St. James' Street, called St. James's Palace. We were, however, told that all was right, and that we might "go ahead." Whence the question? We saw before us a monstrous building, only about a hundred years old, but looking just about six thousand, the world's age, according to the Mosaic reckoning. It was bleak, mouldy, broken, cracked. First brick, then composition. They made a poor copartnership, which was at length dissolved; and I can assure you the *assets* were miserable enough; *are*, for there they were displayed before us. We entered, and soon began to ascend a very broad stair-case. The ascents were two, one on each side, ending in a common landing. The one we walked up was after the usual manner of stairs. The other was laid in brick, quite roughly, and suggested the idea that it might have been used as a road, namely: that the company, if they chose, might go up stairs and make a call on horseback. I merely state a suggestion of a lady of the party. We at length reached the entrance room of the royal residence. We got here the height of the rooms, and we see at a moment, how vast this is. In some cases, it looks out of proportion high, compared to other rooms. For instance, the dining-room is of immense length, but quite narrow, so that it must be impossible to hear from one end of it to the other. The vast height in such a rapid and long perspective, serves to render it apparently more narrow than it really is. However seemingly neglected be the outside of the Palace, the order of the inside is perfect. First, of the floors. These are exquisite in their kind. They are of oak, laid in squares, about a foot in size, and fitted to each other by joints, which are exquisitely true. They are kept polished so perfectly, so uniformly covered are they, that it would seem that the whole finish had been done at the same moment. I do not know how to describe the effect of these floors. In the material, the finish, and the polish, they are absolutely perfect. Then to leave that on which you tread, how gorgeous is all that which in slow succession comes

before you. At the threshold of the first room, you are introduced in a corner to a large number of over-shoes, made of immensely thick woollen something, and of the greatest softness and smoothness, especially the soles. You thrust your boots into these, and go not scraping along, for it is to prevent this mode of progression that the guide emphatically commends you to these most solemn gray moccasins ; but sliding in the most approved manner, adding to the intense polish by every glide or plunge forward. It was a caution to see some of the locomotion of our party. Noiseless we went. The walls are hung with pictures, it seems to me, of less artistic than historical interest. I saw one which I thought worthy. One was worthy its palatial setting. It probably owed more of its interest with me to its moral than to its artistic character. It is a full length of Louisa, a princess of Mecklenburg, and wife of the reigning Prince of Prussia when Bonaparte conquered Prussia, and which Queen, Bonaparte, as I was told, treated harshly. I think I never saw a more beautiful, a more noble, a more commanding person. The painting you pronounce perfect, which is such a revelation of such a spirit. She stands in the assurance of her nobility, and that its patent is from heaven. She has in her perfect loveliness, the safe conduct of her sex, and of her regal train. If she stood before her conqueror as she stands there, in that palace room, he must have parted with his manhood, before he could have treated her with insult. I am not here talking of art, — of a picture, — of a human work. I am trying to say what a sublime revelation of a beautiful and noble truth did for me in this far off land, and appeal from myself, my own, to the inspiration of him who placed that being there. I only wish you could have been at my side and have told me how much you loved that vision. Every one with me was moved, deeply moved ; and you would have felt the power which could reach such and so many, and have felt " paid " for the rough and tumble of that experience, of those experiences, which had placed you within its influence.

I do not mean to annoy you with hand-book tracings of a palace. No, I will not even descant on the gorgeous White Hall, or saloon. Endless splendour is before you. Room after room full, overflowing with gold, silver, precious stones, and with what can be made of them. They are arranged for effect, and are certainly successful in what is attempted by them. You will understand the intrinsic value, as well as that which art has done to add to that, when I name the sources of some of this regal splendour. It consists of a vast accumulation of royal gifts to the court or crown of Prussia. Nations, kings, municipalities, have vied with each other in present making on occasions of royal accessions to thrones, marriages, births, &c. All occasions have been used to testify respect, to do honour, and the whole product is before you in this rough old palace. Such gifts are kept with the greatest care; they are the property of the state, and so are transmitted to coming time. The number and variety which may have troubled you before, or excited surprise, cease so to affect you, the moment we trace these things to their sources. They are just in their true place, and came there in the most natural, legitimate way. (Let me welcome the *flute* again as I write. It is of exquisite softness, and if I dared say so, skill. I love to hear it.)

We passed along with mice-like foot-fall, if such can be called foot-fall. We went the whole round of the Palace. Somebody paid the guide a shilling for his trouble, and we parted to meet no more. I had arranged with the same party to go to Pottsdam, to see Sans Souci, the summer residence of the King; but he and Baron Humboldt are both absent, at Breslau, so I have given up that visit, and it is rather a relief than otherwise, for I weary somewhat of these things. Grieved am I not to have seen Humboldt, the man of his age; who has given mind and heart to matters of the deepest interest and worth the best success. He is eighty-four, but Mrs. Fay told me, is full of life, of gayety, of true

spirit. I almost wish I had given a week to him. But I have not a minute to spare, and must go this moment to finish my packing for *Stettin* (the last syllable long) for the Baltic Steamer for Russia.

STETTIN, 4 P. M.—Left Berlin at eleven. I had not finished my report of yesterday when I left the Palace. I went with my party to see a private collection of pictures. It was Dusseldorf, in its fullest perfection. There were the very *Wine Tasters*, of which we saw a copy or duplicate in Boston; and I have no doubt I should have seen many old acquaintances, had I continued long in the room. But this style does not please me. The pictures are copies, perfect copies, if you will, of nature. Now nature never copies itself; most lamentably dull would it be, if time only reproduced itself. It does no such thing, but in infinite variety, with infinite modifications, but always truly does nature come and pass before us. A painter is not a creator; a poet, a true artist, who copies anything. Nature is before him, and in presenting nature to us, he does so, not as his eyes saw it, but as the mind has used that which the eye has offered him for love, and for study. Nature must be *idealized*, whenever she is to be presented to me by another mind. We want effects, not mechanical ones, such as mere colour presents or represents, but, if you please, spiritual ones, such as have had birth in the artist's mind. He will present these, or thoughts, for such they are, by an infinite variety of means or colour; but under all sorts of combinations. He will clothe them in, or with an atmosphere, so that he will make you feel that you are seeing his work as you do nature's, through a medium which he has provided for his work, just as true as that which nature has about hers. No matter what a painter does, he always presents ideas. *Perspective* is nothing more nor less than the idealizing of distance under the laws of optics; for nature is as true in acting through or by us, as when acting directly, or so to speak, by

itself. Objects approximate to each as they recede from us, until at length the avenue or the street seems to end. We know that it does not, and we know the whole philosophy of the phenomenon. The painter is doing precisely the same thing, and we know that his street no more ends than does that which he has idealized. Now to my mind, the Dusseldorf school fails just where failure is sure whenever we attempt to copy nature; yes faithfully to follow nature, or rather copy it. I remember an anecdote, full of illustration, of this obscure matter. Mr. Stuart,— Gilbert Stuart, our own Stuart, and the portrait painter of his time, and who will live in his works forever,— Stuart had finished a portrait of a military man in uniform. A friend came in, and was much pleased with the work. He went up to the picture and exclaimed, “Why, Mr. S., you have painted the epaulettes with red and other colours.” “Stand here,” said S.; “what do they look like now?” “Just like gold,” was the reply. “Very well,” said Stuart, “be satisfied with my effects, and never criticize the details of my pencil.”

The Dusseldorf school copies, imitates nature. Every thing stands out with a wholly unnatural clearness; I had almost said, audacious accuracy. The thought is lost in the paint, instead of the paint being lost in the thought. Gold cannot be painted except by yellow. Stuart’s nature was perfect with a combination of red with the yellow. The harmony in his union of the two was entire, and the alchemy was complete,— the epaulettes were turned into gold!

The Dusseldorf school wants atmosphere. It wants *medium*. You always have the *thing itself*. Now in pictures, as in other modes of expressing thought, the suggestion is sometimes better than the thing. A *nudity* is not always the *most naked thing* in the world. The story is sometimes the best told, which is only half told. The Dusseldorf school always strikes *twelve*, and has no more to say. You see the brush and the palette. You see not the mind, the soul of the painter. You are satisfied with the

first mouthful. You have no room for more. A second visit would be more than a waste of time.

But here am I, just arrived in this old town of Stettin, and in the Hotel de Prussie, have done nothing else, but out with portfolio and write up my journal. I am on the furthest point of Prussia, have taken my passage for St. Petersburg, and shall leave at one to-morrow, P. M., for that city. I have travelled from Liverpool to Stettin, and always in the second class carriages. And most excellent on the continent have I found them.

Next for company. I have always found it very respectable. The people quiet and well behaved. I once got into a smoking coupé, but, as I smoked with the rest, this to me was no annoyance. If you would not be annoyed by your onion-eating neighbours, after dinner, follow his example and eat them yourself. We are told this never fails. I saw life in its various phases. To-day there was a party which a good deal interested me. A family was leaving home, and a son, who was one of them, was to be left behind. He was sixteen or seventeen, and sat with his mother till the conductor appeared to shut the door. The door is always left open till near the time of starting. As soon as he appeared the young man kissed his mother again and again,—he rose holding her hand, and now kissed that. The door was shut, but the train did not move. He stood at the open window labouring to suppress his tears. His mother did not succeed with her attempts at the same. Just as the whistle was heard, he again took her hand, kissed it again and again, and rushed away. The dress and manner of the party showed them to be very respectable people. It was some time before those who remained began to talk. This kissing in Germany is national. One day, Sunday last, I saw it to perfection, for men, young and old, were the kissers, and I saw the process in two parties of three each, one a very old man. I never saw more earnest salutations. They happened to be between friends who

were expecting to meet each other, and was an expression of apparently the sincerest welcome. So much for kissing.

Stettin is a fortified city, and of course is full of soldiers. I have met them in every place since I left the steamer in Liverpool. In Prussia they are more numerous than in any other nation, as far as my observation has gone. I was desirous to learn what was their position. Their discipline is as strict as military service can well be. They serve a number of years, differing in different states. They are paid from *three half pennies* to *two pennies* a day. In war they are paid more. They get their clothes, their arms and shelter, and bread and water. But as for meat, vegetables, cigars, their principal food, and luxuries, they must purchase with their pay. I am struck with the youthful appearance of these troops, and with the numbers who were slightly formed and under-sized. They seem very healthy, and the regularity of their exercise in daily drill, and other physical employments, together with the regularity of their whole discipline, diet, and habits, sufficiently explained their very healthful appearance. I learned that punishment in this service is not flogging, but temporary imprisonment, and bread and water for food. There is one thing to be especially noted in the Prussian service,— and I know not but it prevails elsewhere. Sir Francis Head gives a very minute account of what I am to state, as existing in the preparatory discipline in France. I refer to the subject of education. In Prussia, and in Germany generally, the same system prevails. *Education* is provided for every citizen,— nay, is compulsory. For truancy the parent is responsible, not the child ; and is fined, or punished in some other way for the child's delinquency. The young *must* attend the gymnasium. I think it very likely to be the case, that intellectual habits and exercises may do much to produce the healthful and contented condition of the military, wherever the system is truly carried out. I speak particularly of the military. And I do so because this embraces so large

a proportion of the actively employed population of European states. It would almost seem that every fifth man you see is a soldier. The estimate is easily made, for this portion of the people is at once recognized, as they are always in uniform. I see here no police, that is, an order distinguished from the military. I have said so before. They may be everywhere, but I nowhere see them as we do in England, in France, and in America. But the peace of these cities is most remarkable. Berlin, which contains between four and five hundred thousand inhabitants, is as quiet as a country village. What is the relation of the military to this municipal repose I am not able to say. Early in a delicious morning, I started with my courier to see the fortifications of this strongly defended city. In our rambles we came to a sentry station, and seeing the guard at rest, we, or rather Charles, spoke to him. The early hour, and the solitary place of guard, favoured our object. We gathered from him some of the facts just related, regarding pay, education, service, discipline, &c., in the Prussian service. He was quite young for his position, certainly not over eighteen, and of excellent face, expression, and address; and withal had evidently made good use of his excellent Prussian education. I was very much pleased with this conversation. It was receiving at first hands, just such an account of matters of real interest, as ordinarily come from more or less questionable sources. The frankness of our young soldier was to me a sufficient guarantee of the correctness and reliability of his communications. After giving us directions to points of much interest in the vast works which surrounded us, we took our leave of this intelligent, pleasing young man.

I have been much impressed with the evidence of the perpetuity of things abroad. By which I mean to say that a system which works well remains here unchanged, and seems unchangeable. The houses seem to have been built all at once, and to have undergone no change. There

is an endless repetition of the like or the same. One tells the story of all. So of governments, and those who administer them. These remain as they were. Religion and educational systems have the same character of permanence. National physiognomy, habits, modes of living, dress, repeat the story. My mind, in view of these facts, was irresistibly carried back to America, and the contrast between all which makes it what it is, and all which was before me, was too strong not to arrest attention. Change there is on every hand, and reaches to every interest, as if this agency necessarily resulted in improvement,—individual and national advantage.

But if improvement come not of change, excitement does, and in this may be found the principal food of the American mind, as an active power. On the continent of Europe permanence of institutions, and of modes of thought, are the necessary consequence of the long established, and which is known by thinking men to have worked well,—has preserved public peace, and order, and national prosperity. The simple fact that an institution has been, and for a long time, comes to be a reason and cause of its continuance. So to speak, it continues itself. With us the institution, the form of government continues, but the mode of its application, and especially the agents by which it is carried on, are perpetually undergoing change. The public mind is thus kept in a constant state of fret,—of unrest,—states not always favourable for the highest or best intellectual activity. The new, or change, comes to be an object of paramount interest, and the country feels it from one end of it to the other. The government is elective. The president is chosen for four years,—the representative house for two years,—the senate for six. Every new election, or the succession of a party different from the latest incumbent, will throw out of office everybody belonging to it, and bring in an entirely new set. The offices in the gift of the government are, it is said, near forty thousand. Look at this simple

fact in this nation's history, and gather from it its whole lesson. Those forty thousand have families. They got the places because they wanted the bread. They may make money in place, but this it is said must come of contingencies. Salary men never lay up their salaries. "At one fell swoop" they are turned out by the new president, and most wretched must be the condition of many. I remember well an instance. A man with a family, who had received a large salary, but who spent it, and was displaced, was at once reduced to extreme poverty. So great was his need, and so unbroken his spirit, that his destitution was *discovered*, — for he would not reveal it, — and the means of preserving life were at once supplied. Change and excitement cost something in America. In England, a ministry goes out when it fails to command a majority in the Commons. But every other agent in the government, from the most responsible to the lowest clerk, retains his place. Nay more, the faithful officer in his age is still aided by the government. Place is held during good behaviour. The motive for honourable and honest conduct. The government is secure from peculation, and what is quite as important, the incumbent has the strongest motive for good behaviour. Give a man an office for four years, an office which involves important money transactions, and let him calculate wisely the chances, in a system of change, of a continuance in office beyond the time for which he has been elected, and is it a too violent inference, that the temptation for poor human nature, as it is called by those who abuse it, to improve its condition, or provide for the future, may be too strong to be resisted? In a country of such vast extent, such boundless resources, such variety of climate, and the products of such variety everywhere at hand, — the soil of which in more than one region is like

"Heaven's pavement, trodden gold" —

in such a country, men can be found who will stake the support of families as well as their own on the uncertain

tenure of the continuance of a party in power,—more especially at this moment when the country is flooded with parties, yes, covered with overlapping political platforms. Said one, and a thinker too, “It is surprising to me that any considerate, tolerably respectable man, will take the office of the President of the United States.”

We have been told abroad, and it is said at home, that America can never have its best man at its head. And again we hear that the less a man is known, the better his chance for the Presidency. The present Pontiff, *Pio Nono*, translated singularly, by a leading orthodox clergyman and scholar amongst us, was scrutineer for the cardinals at their last choice of Pope. He was surprised on counting the ballots to find that he had been collecting votes for himself, for they were all for him. It has been thought that a somewhat similar surprise may have been felt among those who have been somewhat recently made candidates by conventions, and elected presidents — their nomination being pronounced by authority, or felt to be, “not fit to have been made.”

Change, violent and sudden, fills the intercalary of presidential elections. National excitement and turmoil are abundantly provided for, and improved by the election of over thirty governors, lieutenant governors, houses of legislature, and infinite state and municipal officers. The executive patronage distributed in so many ways, is not confined to individuals. It has, at least in one instance, been directed to a state. This is a slave state. I am told that the army, navy, and civil service of the nation were supplied by that state with official incumbents, permanent and fluctuating after a manner and to a degree which exceeded every other, and more than any state in the Union. The resources of that state were mainly in the public chest. In process of time, its soil was exhausted. Its land fell to the lowest price. The executive patronage was in an important sense withdrawn, and now its principal support is in the breeding

and selling of slaves. In one part of this state free labour is more or less employed, and its comparative prosperity shows how wise has been the substitution.

The remedy for such and so serious evils is at hand. Let the tenure of office be *good behaviour*. Take from the executive its disastrous patronage, which is a nuisance to the nation, and of most demoralizing tendency to the people. This is all that is necessary to give dignity to public office, and make it acceptable to the best men of the nation. Party power—spirit—tyranny, would lose their hold on the public mind, and public want; and the honour of the country would replace the present struggle for place and for bread. There would be peace in the land, and the present morbid demand for excitement, and for any change which will furnish it in the largest amount, would gradually cease to be the thing most prized by the public. A vast accession would be made to the respectable and productive industry of the whole state, and men's minds come in for a share of that culture and care, which is now wasted upon a precarious external life.

Now, how is it with the people abroad? Few things more interest the stranger than the people. The houses are theirs; modes of living too. How does this people look? "Alike as two peas, especially Pomp," as said one to another, when he would trace the resemblance between two coloured boys, who looked very much alike. I every day remark how much people here look alike. They are not a large race. Their features are repetitions of one type. The face is short, as if compressed from above downwards. The nose is very small. I have scarcely seen a really commanding nose. Cheek bones high. The eyes small, blue, and distant from each other. The lips look thin, as if drawn tightly over the teeth. Complexion is accidental, depending on *place* and *occupation*. Women in the country suffer most,—the field labourers,—and the skin answers to the exposure. Female city servants fare better. With all

their out-door exposure, they never get the complexion, or the expression of the female field workers. On the contrary, they are perfectly neat in their appearance, and impress you with the belief, that whatever the service, it contributes to health, and to good looks. I have met with very few old people in my wanderings. What these people do when age comes, I know not. Perhaps they all die. Whether or no, I have not seen them. It may be asked, why do women, and girls, and children, do so much of the field, or out-door work? In the first place, the labour is not very severe. It may be weeding or cleaning flax, or sugar beet fields. This requires constant stooping. You see six or eight in a row, the fields are narrow, and they keep in a line, and take up everything like a weed, and give the field the appearance of entire neatness. This is done when the flax is young. Other tillage requiring a like process, has it. Women cut *turf*. This is a large business. Monstrous boat loads of it reach Berlin, and pass beyond for a market. Women are sometimes engaged in brick yards. I have seen them quite as industrious, and as dirty, or as clayey, as are the men. Women also make hay, bind wheat, load carts. Women are porters; you see them with luggage in hand, or on head, or on shoulder, following the traveller from his hotel. I saw women sometimes engaged on the railways. They stand at crossings of roads, and elsewhere, and flourish the little flag staff as gracefully as do the men. In Prussia, men in an uniform stand on the watch on the roads. I do not recollect seeing a woman. In cities women work, and sometimes work hard too. Opposite to my window in Louise Street, Stettin, is a street pump. It is in its casing about twelve feet high. The pump handle is full eight feet long. It is a double pump, with a handle on opposite sides. It is not open towards the sidewalk for buckets. The pump noses here project through the casing; the front side towards the street is closed. Here the process of pumping water is perpetual. You can understand how heavy a body such

a pump handle of iron, with its monstrous rounded end, exactly resembling the larger cannon shot, must be. I have counted twelve strokes as the smallest number to fill a bucket, which seems nearly twice as large as ours. I have seen a man make as many as twenty-one before a bucket was filled. They ordinarily carry two by means of a yoke which rests upon their shoulders. Now a great deal of this work is done by women. I have not counted the amount of their labour. Boys are sometimes at the pump, but they are frequently helped by bystanders waiting their turn. Madame de Genlis says, the fine erect forms of the Italian peasant women, is owing to their pumping water at tall pumps, and carrying the buckets of water on their head for domestic uses, or for irrigation. But my German female neighbours do not always help their persons by the pumping process. This may be owing to the yoke which rather depresses than raises the form ; though when the load be not too heavy, it will serve to strengthen the muscles of the back, and so keep the spine in a natural, and so graceful position. I speak of persons and things, women, men, children and pumps, just as they are, or as they seem to be. But where are the men ? You rarely see them. The women are ever in presence. The men are in the army. They are soldiers for a certain number of years, and then they serve as they may be needed. I know of no explanation of the fact that the field service is so much in the hands of the women, unless it be that the men are in the army. I know of no other service which can occupy the men of so large a state. The marine, civil or naval, cannot be of much amount. I never heard of a Prussian fleet, and the sea-ports, or rather port, would hardly seem to offer employment for many men. You say an enlistment for three years will soon expire, and the soldier at once return to civil life. But this is not found to be the case. The three years' service has formed a character and habits which will suit in no other mode of life. It is now too late to enter a trade, a

mechanic business, and field work only remains. The army will be preferred, and hence is it true that "once a soldier, always a soldier." The industrious farmer works in our short spring and summer. In the winter he takes care of stock and tools, gets in fuel, and prepares for the next season of planting, growth, and harvest.

Women not only do the real work of life in Europe, they do it in America, and everywhere. The exception is not in savage life. Civilization and savagery alike impose the work on women. They work for men in their natural childhood, and for the most part in that worser imbecility which often attends on manhood. "A woman's work is never done," says the adage, which, like all others, has its source in some established truth, and for the most part truth of experience. We have seen women at work on the continent. We may see the same everywhere in England. The harvest makes them field labourers, and as hard workers as elsewhere. In America women do the work which pertains to living,—its comforts, and its luxuries,—its daily necessities,—its weaknesses,—its sorrows. Some one says, a part of the productive labour of America is done by slaves. Is not the work of the free state man intellectually, speech-making,—convention-talking,—his hands being mainly used in applauding, clapping speakers, and putting votes in ballot-boxes? The women do the work, which is work. They make the nation's wardrobe. "Stitch, stitch, stitch." Women do an important part of the work in making of shoes. Thousands and thousands are daily employed in this way. Cigar making, which forms literally so much of the hand-work of this age, is done by women in America. It were worth while to learn what is the effect upon health of such an atmosphere as the young women are obliged to breathe in this employment, and the steeping of fingers and hands in the moist leaf of this poisonous plant. Then again, the in-door business of the farm, who does it but women? The cotton and other mills are crowded,—populous with women. Thou-

sands, if not millions, of young women are the operatives in these vast establishments. They live in rooms necessarily imperfectly ventilated, for the fresh and pure air disturbs the processes which occupy them,—the minutes for relaxation during the whole day are for eating, and in walking to the *corporations*, — the evenings are passed in them for rest,—not ~~for~~ rest from actual employment,—but for that heavier fatigue which comes of almost motionless activity in the tending of looms, or like work. Women do the work of the world. What in time of peace is the work of the soldiers who make up the standing armies of Europe, and who throw so much active employment upon women? They are the veriest idlers in the world. *Nati consumere fruges*, they produce nothing; they are the wasters of the industry of nations. Nothing has been said of the recompense of woman's work. It is almost too small to be mentioned. Compared with the service, it is no recompense at all. In America, in many of its departments, wages hardly "keep base life afoot." Not many years ago an effort was made by seamstresses, slop-workers, or women who work for tailors, for wholesale, to have their wages increased. They held meetings,—large, and many meetings, and gave a full history of their toil, and of their sufferings. Some men met with them. My profession had made me acquainted with many of these hard-worked, beggarly paid women. I saw them in sickness, their own or their families,—I knew how they lived,—if that could be called living, which kept little else than suffering alive. Their nights as well as days were devoted to toil. In the hot summer time they were making heavy clothing of the coarsest kind for the winter market, and you saw sickness and debility employed in this service which left too little strength to drive the needle through such materials. The meetings were crowded with the sufferers. One might have supposed that women of wealth, of position,—whose interest in such an effort must have much aided it,—who by

their presence and advice would have cheered on these overtasked sisters in their toil, and by sympathy, have made their lot and life less hard, would have been there. But I do not remember seeing any such. Some men attended these meetings. On account of the interest which was taken by me in them, some of the employers of these women desired an interview with me ; and one was appointed at my house. They came. Some surprise was expressed at the interest I had taken in the affairs of the women they employed and supported, and my views were asked for. I stated them freely and fully, with a view to show how destructive was so much toil, and such small recompense, to the health and comfort of the thousands they employed.

Said one, "Sir, you do not know how much employment we give to these poor women, or how much we pay them. Why, Sir, in our establishment are employed one thousand women, and every Saturday evening we pay them seven hundred dollars." "That is," said I, "seventy cents a week, — thirty cents less than a dollar for six days and nights' work, — solid work ; and for what is this seventy cents used ? For rent, food, clothing, fuel. A family may have to be supported upon this income." Said he, "We pay full eight hundred dollars a week to them." "That," said I, "makes eighty cents a week for each. The difference is hardly worth mentioning." Said I to a government contractor for army and navy clothing, "Sir, suppose the government has a contract worth ten thousand dollars, — literally worth this amount, in material and labour. Suppose it is advertised, and is to be sold to the lowest bidder, and you get it for seven thousand dollars, who loses the three thousand, you or the operatives ?" "The operatives," said he, without a moment's hesitation. "Where, Sir," asked he, "did you get that question ?" I told him it came very naturally along with many others bearing upon the same business. Much conversation followed, and *competition* was alluded to in its disturbing influences upon indus-

try. "Why," said one, "when we fit out a whaleman for three or four years' voyage, so hard is competition, we throw in the duck-trowsers." "And how much," asked I, "do you pay the women for making a pair?" "Four cents," said he. One expressed conscientious scruples on this subject of women's wages, and added, that he sought for light by prayer. The above relates to the pay for female toil some years ago. I have not learned if any, or what changes have been made in it since. A friend of mine asked Mr. Daniel Webster what was the cause of poverty. Wages, wages, said that distinguished man. Does not the experience of women in this regard, go somewhat to support the doctrine of Mr. Webster?

Women in Europe work steadily, and get small wages. But it is out-door work, — some of it the work of men, and a little money goes a great way. They get bread, clothing, shelter, and their children, public, unpaid education. And they get health, and are social and cheerful, and have time for relaxation and pleasure. But what of the lace-makers, and others necessarily obliged to work in-doors? These are the exceptions to the rule. They are few in number, and owe their slavery and ultimate suffering to the stern tyranny of fashion and luxury, which have no regard for either eyes, health, or even life. Women in America work in-doors, — have no exercise, — their work is exhausting, because continuous — by rule. The plank roads of the West, so level, smooth, nice, lame the horses, and this soon too, and merely for their seeming facilities for locomotion. And so does the motionless toil with the needle, without variety, without intermission; and so does the cotton-mill with its larger pay, but more hours of work. Women in Europe work no harder than women in America, looking to the amount done, and to the time consumed. They enjoy life more; they have better health, and live longer.

Of German cookery, I can say but little. I have but little appetite, and this little has not at all affected the national

*cuisine*. When I say I have no appetite, I mean I am never hungry. I do not recollect when I have felt hunger, that precursory condition of stomach, which demands food. I relish food much, excepting a few things. This want of the sixth sense, hunger, is very convenient in travelling. An early breakfast, and an evening dinner make up my foreign eating ; and never was I in better health. Seeing so much rye always in the fields, I asked if wheat was not also largely cultivated. No, was the reply, the people live principally on *black* bread. Black, I suppose, we should render *brown*. At hotels I have learned what I know of eating and cooking. It has a very large infusion of French in it, I am told, and it certainly is peculiar enough for any nomenclature. The original taste is almost always destroyed in vegetables ; and meats have no distinctive character. I described the other day, how successfully the taste of the early pea was destroyed by being stewed with carrots. A day or two after, the first beans appeared ; they were cooked with some aromatic affair, and their natural flavour was most thoroughly destroyed. The meat is equally astray. It is served in small dishes, either as cooked, if in small pieces, or cut up if large, as poultry, &c. As the *dishes* extend to an extraordinary number, — if you mean to eat of many, — you had better take but a mouthful or two from each. The servant will tell you the name of the delicacy ; but as he will certainly do it in German, or in German French, the chances are, your knowledge from this source will be small.

The *carte* may help. For the most part, however, names do not indicate the things. I sometimes met with attempts to reach the English mind. Thus we had plump pudding,— *reis* pudding. Sago could not be anything else, and stood out just as it is. *Eis* cream. No ice. Generally a pretty warm and oldish water. A sort of "remainder biscuit." Why not ice ? Answer, "it is not yet come." I suppose not yet frozen. In London I found the same want of ice at the hotel, and certainly a "first class one." I was the

more surprised at this want there, because I saw often, often, in the streets, wagons with Wenham Lake Ice upon them, in golden letters on a blue ground, and never at home have I seen finer specimens of the article itself. The account of the German hotel table is not from that of this large hotel in Stettin. This was altogether the worst place of the kind in which it was my misfortune to find a temporary home.

THE BALTIC.—June 18, Saturday, left Stettin for St. Petersburg, five minutes to 1, p. m., in the Preussische Adler—or Prussian Eagle, the Eagle being the crest of the arms of Prussia. We left her on Tuesday morning following, at about eight, a. m. This voyage has been an event in my nautical life. I suffered everything, as they say, in the Atlantic steamer. Sick was I for days; and when well for a day or two, would be driven, by extremity of sickness, from the whist, or other table, spreading consternation, and “other things,” in all directions. But in this swift Eagle, with the ordinarily rough and rude, but now perfectly calm and gentle Baltic around me, on I went, in perfect health, among the merriest of the crew, not omitting a single meal. The weather was cool, but bright, and glorious. We walked, we talked, we eat. Twelve and thirteen miles an hour. The steamer a cradle for smoothness of motion, and a perfect nightingale in her sea song. I have had a noble time. I met with, to me, a most welcome companion. A lover of Shakespeare; and at twenty more deeply steeped in him, and in his spirit, than many older ever are. He has studied Schlegel’s translations of the plays, and has seen them played, and surprised me with the effects of language, as they are rendered in German. He said that the most idiomatic passages of Shakespeare seemed to him to gain, certainly not to lose, in their German dress. He quotes from Shakespeare admirably, and his reading is accurate. He was my constant companion,—

the only one who spoke English, his mother tongue, on board, and who was willing to use it, on my account, though knowing the German perfectly, and with a crowd of Germans to talk with. You must let me tell you who is Mr. B. He is the only son of Major Brown, to whom Major S—— gave me letters. Mrs. B—— and her son called on me just now. They pass the summer in the country, and we only arrived in town to-day. Was not this kind to call so early? and Mrs. B—— is so pleasant. She sat in the carriage, and talked to me as if we had known each other for years. I could not help telling her just what I thought of her son, and said she, "He is a good boy." I said he was, from my very heart. I have rarely met with a person who has so attracted me, and altogether by his excellent sense, and excellent knowledge. I promised to go to see Mrs. B——, and she said she should come to see me again. Our steamer company, with the exception of the above Mr. B., was apparently all German. I say apparently, for there was one at least, I am sure there were two, who were English, but were so much ashamed of that wretched language, their vernacular, that they would only speak in such German and French as they could on the spur of the moment command. One of them is attached to the English legation in St. Petersburg, and his trunk told his name, and a person at table told the rest.\* But our Germans beat all. I never heard such Babelistic utterances. They seemed to have a mixture of various languages, and in various proportions. But the want of quantity of each was not thought of in the richness of its quality. I sometimes wished you, dear M., of our party, for such strange tones you could not have resisted. They exploded most from a titled person, a *Graffe* — a Count. I asked Mr. B. for an explanation of this gentleman's most

\* I see a person of the same name was secretary to the latest English legation at Washington. He remains there. August, 1856.

strange language, and which has an accompaniment of all sorts of facial distortions, — face-makings. They looked to me all the world as if they were manufactured for effect, — for fun. "My dear Sir," said Mr. B., "he stutters badly." Think of German stutter! His rank, however, could not alter the effect upon me, and upon others, for it was a strange composition beyond imagination and imitation, and yet having something which attracted you, notwithstanding its very strange accompaniments.\* We had, upon the whole, an excellent voyage, and you may suppose some of its attractions from what I have already said. There was one thing of perpetual interest to me, — the evenings, — for nights we had not. The sun went *down*, or *somewhere*, between eight and nine, but never so far as to forget us. The lingering twilight, with which nothing I have ever seen can be compared, was so bright, that good eyes could have read on to sunrise. It was a diffused light. Not resting, as with us, for awhile round the spot which the sun has just left, as if he had not taken all his light with him; but as if dependent on his near presence, and therefore not to be lost because he had disappeared. There was another point in this northern sky. The latest colours left upon cloud and mists remained, somewhat diffused, — not circumscribed, — as from a reflecting medium, — a cloud, for instance, — but as if entering into the very atmosphere itself, and so turning it all into beauty. The Baltic was as smooth as glass. It reflected all the light which came pouring upon it from the sky, and reflected it in its exact colours and splendour. There was not a dark spot visible, — no land, no shore, nothing save our huge black steamer bathed in light; and in its striking contrast with all above, beneath, around it, — giving to the universal illumination a beauty,

\* The Germans have so enormous a mass of titles, that they divide them into titles of *rank*, *princes*, &c. &c.; of *honour*, *grace*, *highness*, &c.; of *office*, *professor*, *counsellor*, &c.

an intensity, to be understood only by being seen. Was it not an exceeding privilege to be in such a spot, at such a time, to see and to feel so much power, so much beauty? It is in its truth that nature ever comes to us, and in asking for our love, would fill us with a reverence, and an imitation of itself,— of its purity, its truth. Nature is never at fault. Pierce the deep cave of the lofty mountain, and through its thick sides, "rock-ribbed, and ancient as the sun," give the light, passage, and there does it dance and play, as freely, and as truly as in the upper, the outer air. How true to itself was this wide and glowing twilight here on the Baltic, and how short was its passage from the eye to the heart! Let me not be extravagant; yet there was something in this all night twilight, or day, which might affect the imagination. I would say then that the face of the sky had a moral expression,— the expression of pleasure,— that it was not to be lost, as elsewhere, in midnight darkness. You could not sleep in the midst of so much brightness. The perfectly gentle motion of the steamer as if making her way in the purest oil,— the exercise of sailing,— brought with it no fatigue; on the contrary, your strength seemed to grow by rest, and you walked for hours without weariness. Why then sleep? There was no demand for it, and I was almost always awake to the beauty of the continued day,— a day which cast no shadows, so uniformly diffused was the light,— a day without a sun! How rejoiced should I have been to have had you both here, in those strange nights. I had an excellent companion in my Shakespeare loving friend. But I wanted something else and more, to take part with me in the beautiful creations so lavishly crowded around me, and to have had them rejoice in that which so moved me. I know not the secret of the general insensibility to so much beauty and power as that voyage manifested. I can only resolve it into that intense selfishness which leaves us no time to see, and to love, that which does not directly minister to some tangible, physical

gratification. But the eye says that the light is pleasant, and that it is a blessed thing to behold the sun. But how? when? where? There were those nights of mysterious loveliness, as if nature had come forth in new adornments, and in its fullest joy; and how dead were we to her ministry of beauty, and how did we turn away from it as if it had been an impertinence, and not for blessing to all who could look upon it. I write a great deal, for, somehow or other, I have for a long time been finding myself my best company. "Great vanity," I hear you exclaim, and so it may be. But living entirely with strangers amidst strange languages; and having been cautioned in this luminous north to keep a little dark, I am more shy than ever. So I write on, and when you are tired, just put the manuscript into the drawer till I reclaim it. Do take care of it, please.

There was a little incident which attracted me the last day of the Baltic voyage, which was Sunday. In the cabin were portraits of the King and Queen of Prussia, and opposite, the Emperor and Empress of Russia. On the day I speak of, the two gentlemen were taken down, and the two ladies reigned in the steamer by themselves. The line, the Baltic line, is the joint property of the two monarchs, and the courtesy to the queens could not but be acceptable to all concerned. At all events, it showed that widely extended empire left place in the heart for courtesy and homage, and these are always grateful, however and whenever truly manifested. How different was the Sunday in the Prussian Eagle from the same day on board the British Atlantic line. In this last there was religious service on that day; and the seamen, the crew, had put off their week working-day dress, and were in the saloon with officers and passengers, in their simple, neat uniform. The steamer was for the time a temple, and the simple office brought to mind the land, and the home, and the church, and for the moment you forgot that you were so far away from them all, as to find a relation with them only through

the mind, — through the ready agency of association, and a sure memory. In the Baltic steamer the Sunday was in no sense divided from its fellows of the week. There was card playing, and other amusements, as at other times ; and nothing marked the day but the courtesy to the royal ladies above-mentioned.

**CRONSTADT.** — Our first resting place from Stettin was Cronstadt. The day before we reached it, we met with a Russian fleet of fifteen sail, ships of the line, and others, on a tour of duty for the instruction of cadets in the naval service. The day was the clearest and brightest of the year. These monstrous vessels, though sailing in line, could not, of course, preserve constantly the same direction, and in their changes of position gave views of the ships themselves, of their sails and flags, in a thousand lights, and making a panorama quite worth stemming the Baltic to see. When we approached Cronstadt, however, that fleet was not missed. Ship upon ship, or ship after ship, was seen in the noble docks. Two-deckers and three-deckers, rigged, and without rigging, were seen and counted, till it almost seemed they would stretch to the “crack of doom.” Remember, that I was in far-off Russia. That since leaving England and France, I had met with no seas, no rivers, or few only, and destitute of shipping almost, and that here the twilight of the Pole had revealed to me this enormous naval power ! You cannot understand its effect. On the remotest verge of civilization, — beyond which so little exists, I was in the midst and pressure of a monstrous power, the being of the highest civilization, and in time, but yesterday. I looked round with astonishment. The anchor had just been dropped. The last links of the chain-cable were running through the bow, when I reached the deck. I looked upon all I have alluded to. Defences of the most imposing character, which occupy every “coin of vantage,” while battery above battery, in three and even more ascents are on every side. A suc-

cession of these, on as many islands, is in the midst of the channel. An enormous square stone fortress with three or four tiers of heavy cannon is in the naval dock-yard itself, and others are on all sides. The wharves and docks are filled with merchant vessels, and vessels are coming and going every hour, and from all parts. Silence, quiet, is on all sides. In our steamer the voice of the sailor was not heard. Great activity, perfect discipline, immediate and prompt action, with sure results, mark the people here, and in old Germany, as men of a perfect sense and obligation of duty, with the most natural, therefore easy, performance of it. Human effort is less noisy here than in other regions, as if the voice of nature had not been listened to in vain. Suppose the sun at rising should make a proportionate noise to that of a man gaping himself awake. I hardly think the human ear would hear the result, — *day-break*, — more than once. I looked over the steamer's bow and saw large boats around her, probably in the service of the revenue, with their crews, some sleeping, others sitting at ease, in every position which would bring the most comfort. I was struck with their whole appearance. They were dressed in a simple uniform, — each with his cap numbered, and each with an ample outside gray woollen wrapper, or sack reaching to the feet, showing that a part of their duty might be performed in the night. They were tall, large, very well made, and well nourished men. They differed from the German people, with whom I have lately sojourned, in many respects. Their skins were similar, but their faces and bodies were fuller, and showed that they had been cared for, or had taken care of themselves. I saw a great many men, and found them all to show remarkably fine physical qualities with great quiet of manner, as if it might be a waste of power to be gigantic where *giantism* was not in demand. After a time the ceremonials of entering a new state in a somewhat novel world, were all faithfully gone through with, and we were *permitted* to leave the Eagle, which was too large to float in the Neva,

and to enter a smaller steamer, and to proceed on our passage to St. Petersburg. I asked the distance. Four miles, I think, was the answer. After sailing twice that distance, I asked again, and learned that four miles here were twenty or more English of the name. These miles were at last fulfilled, and we came to the wharf or the English Quay, so called. I was somewhat troubled about my luggage, for I had taken despatches without a Courier's pass. But as the business fell to Charles, I was in no great trouble, and was the first of that steamer's company who that day touched the Russian soil. Miss Benson's boarding house was near the landing, and here am I established for the present. I have again a most shocking down-cellar room just as I had in London and elsewhere, but it is large, perfectly quiet, like the northern mind and tongue; and I am as easy as if I were higher, perhaps not better off. For the first time it is cloudy, and it just begins to rain. The first rain since I left home, I think. I do not at all regret it, for I feel that I want rest. I left home the twelfth of May. I have nearly reached the end of my tether, certainly, northward, or eastward. But with the thick clouds, and cellar-like obscurity of my room, I am writing at ten minutes to nine without a candle, and break off here, as tea is served up at nine. I am told other meals are thus arranged. Breakfast, half past eight to nine. Lunch at twelve. Dinner, six. Tea, nine.

ST. PETERSBURG, Wednesday, June 16. — The approach to St. Petersburg is truly fine. The Neva is a broad, rapid river. Ships of war are built at St. Petersburg, but are sent down empty, and on *camels* when necessary, to Cronstadt, where is the navy yard. As you come nearer St. Petersburg, the river contracts so as to give you Peterhoff, the Emperor's summer residence, and various other residences, and which are most luxuriantly supplied with forest trees, shrubberies, &c. The sun was shining in the freshness of the morning, and at length we came within seeing distance

of the city. The first thing we saw was the dome of St. Isaac Church. It is covered with gold, at an expense of I don't know how many ducats. Then the thin, very tall, gilded spire of Peter and Paul's Church, and of the Admiralty, shooting up to heaven like rays of light. I cannot tell how much splendour and gorgeousness were before us, and seen at the very hour (nearly noon) to make every such thing more intensely visible. I saw the dome and these spires some time before I caught sight of the city itself. The country on each side of the river was at hand, and was readily seen. But where was St. Petersburg, of which I was seeing such splendid evidences? It was far below the horizon, and some time passed before its buildings came into view. I did not leave or lose the golden vision till warned, by nearing the land, that I was to become a part of the great scene before me, and I could not but feel that in the apprehension of all this magnificence, that I had an intellectual and moral property in it, which was quite as well for me, as if I had all its gold in my pocket,—as if the empire were mine.

I found a very cordial reception at Mrs. B's. She is English, very agreeable, with a good face, and very pleasant voice. I have told you of my room, but I am so used to it, after a few hours, that it does not at all disturb me, especially as I am learning to thread the labyrinth by which I reach it. I lunched at one, dinner came at six. But how was the intervening time spent? In dressing, then in receiving Mrs. Brown, then in a drive to the Minister's with my despatches, and lastly, to the Hotel de Russie, where I heard Mr. and Mrs. —— of Boston were, in the hope they would take home this letter, which gradually grows so very large, that I fear nobody will read it. They had gone, however, and so the mass must bide the time. I now drove about St. Petersburg. What a magnificent city it is. How nice in all external art. In all its appliances to make social life agreeable. I passed constantly palaces, and the

kindred abodes of palaces. The magasins or shops, are rich beyond example, and the breadth of the streets exceeds anything within memory. I was amused to find streets with wooden blocks. In some places they were in excellent order, but in others as bad as we ever had them in Boston. Here, they were replacing the old with the new, there putting planks for receiving blocks. I passed a collection of barracks. Their extent is very great, and near them is a splendid church, with its golden dome and spire. That, said the courier, who is as much at home in Russia as in Denmark, his home; that church was built by the officers of a regiment for themselves, and the soldiers belonging to these barracks, and they attend service in it regularly. Now this does not look bad, does it? I honor it from my heart. If they will be mad enough to have wars, is it not well to be so wise as to prepare men for peace. How sauch before me is for sight and thought. But so little am I of a sight lover, that I shall leave much, much unseen. In truth, the story that the works themselves, the institutions of men, tell, is so much more important to me than their written history, that half the truth does not reach me. But the simple, present fact, that in the sixtieth degree of North latitude, such a city as St. Petersburg is, that it is built upon what was marsh, and pool, and running, rushing waters, as is the Neva now; that the very earth, as well as stones, were brought from a distance to create the city's place; that all this earth was brought by men in hand-barrows, because the marshes would not bear the weight of wagons and horses; — when its history is before me in itself, I confess that the present fact tells me so much of human, — naked human power, — exerted for the highest ends, that in my admiration of it all, I do not ask for the detail, do not ask for concealed beauty, and splendour, and use, but avoiding all impertinences, look as on the greater works, or traces of human power, — its stupendous complement, with thanksgiving and with reverence. Most grateful

am I for this opportunity of standing amidst such works,— of living amid such displays of human power,— of seeing man's works partaking of the permanence of the everlasting in nature, some of whose laws have been suspended in their creations, and in the midst of all this, have the deep consciousness that all I see is in the power of all to do, that there is no limit to human power, and that in its depths it is free,— that the living streams of immortality are all there, and will have an hour and a day for their best and highest manifestations. I am in the midst of human energy. Life flies here, while it creeps elsewhere, and if you are out of doors with it, you must look out lest it do you harm, while you are wondering at it all. This remark reminds me of the mode of travelling about the streets, driving in St. Petersburg. You can have no notion of it. It is a perfect hand gallop, a steeple chase in crowded streets. The drosky is a strange customer, I assure you. It has the least possible protection, the seat being without hardly any back, or sides. And on, on, goes the horse. The streets are, in places, rough to a degree you cannot dream of, and as you jump out of one hole into another, the only question is, into which you will most probably be landed. Now, recollect that everybody drives like mad. When danger seems imminent, all you hear is a very faint hint like a cry, that your rival does not come too near to you, or you to him. My courier and I got home safe, and have engaged the same carriage for this morning, for call-making, &c.

**DINNER.**— Dr. Johnson, of blessed memory, thought much of a good dinner. It is generally liked. But here, it is a circumstance. I had my seat assigned me. I was not introduced to anybody. I never begin conversation. So all I did was to say “no,” to the servant when I did not like the looks of things, or “yes,” when I did, in that sort of tone which by its indifference makes it very uncertain if it be, “I thank you,” or anything else. Servants go

round, one with meat, say, another follows immediately with gravy, and a third with vegetables. Here is a muss indeed, and were it not for habit, the drill, &c., I should think there might be cross and jostle in earnest. Recollect, you have two squads or gangs of men, one having one side of the table, with its respective wares, the other, on the opposite side. What dignity in a dinner! How do soup and salmon get glorified by such a process? We had both of these yesterday; next, squab pie; next, roast mutton with vegetables, very nice stringed beans amongst them; then an indescribable pastry, dessert, cheese, butter,—and,—an end. And glad was I. It is pretty hard to use one's lips, tongue, and all the other vocal, or associated organs, for no other purpose but to fill the stomach, though "this does not defile a man," at least we have the highest authority for this declaration, and as to what came out of my mouth, it certainly did me no harm. But we had talk, such as it was. It was of *boating, bathing, bowling*, and many other things beginning with a B. I was told by a kind friend, that conversation in Russia was not for communicating, but concealing opinion. And never in my life, have I heard just so much of this article of *non-committal*, a certain American President's mode of utterance, as at yesterday's dinner. It was sustained entirely by Englishmen, and if you only except the most extraordinary pronunciation, which characterized it, you had really nothing in it which deserves a comment or a record. An Englishman just opposite the writer, had occasion to use the word *clever*, but kindly qualified his use of it by saying he meant *Yankee clever*. Now as I was the only full blooded Yankee present, his explanation was, of course, for my edification. But I eat my *beans*, and shamed Pythagoras, for whom you know I have large reverence. But it is just breakfast hour, another meal, and so *here she goes!* Let me only add it is a beautiful morning, and as cool as the north need be in midsummer.

Yesterday grew warm, hot, windy, gusty, dusty. He or

she who will know something of the fulness of all these meteorological phenomena, *must* come to St. Petersburg. The streets are so wide, so much used, so full of positive powder, that one has no occasion to utter that euphonious sailorism, "blast my eyes;" they get all that, and more, without asking. I had a hard day's work. The breakfast was very pleasant. A few early risers met at table, and we had some good talk. Next, and also opposite to me, sat two Englishmen. We talked much of England. Of London as it was, of London as it is. I was the senior of the party, and said what London was forty years and more ago, for I was there in 1810, and 1811. It seems there is a plan for taking down Westminster bridge, the crack bridge when I was first in London, and an appropriation has been made of money by Parliament, with which to build a temporary bridge, while the old one is passing through the process of removal, and till the new one is builded. The over-peopled island was much talked of; and it was remarked, that such was the positive difficulty of bettering a depressed condition, that it was seen to be fruitless to make the attempt, and so, by living as good lives as it was possible, sustaining excellent characters, men were dragging through life to die, and to be happier so. To me there was sadness in all this. Said one, on the continent, France for instance, a man of good and industrious ways may buy a little land; this he may cultivate, have his cow, his pig, his fruit, &c., and live above want. But an Englishman cannot do this. He must be poor, if so he begin in life, for there is no chance for him. "My father was rector of —" said one. "There were commons belonging to the glebe, or to some other interest. An act of Parliament was got for enclosing these, and by this process a very respectable peasantry, who for years had used the commons for purposes of real comfort, were at once dispossessed, their cows sent home, all other uses of the land denied to them, and an amount of discomfort produced, which an American could not understand.

Now," it was added, "there was no injustice in this act of Parliament, or in its operation; use had not destroyed right. The commons were private property, and it was the duty of the legislature to grant the privileges and rights proceeding from such a relation to the land." Much was said of recent efforts to improve the condition of labouring men, by the building of houses embracing all necessary means of comfort, good sleeping rooms, light, water in abundance, ventilation, model houses. Much has been done, and much in prospect for accomplishing all these objects, and the result has been very encouraging. The new town on the other side of the Mersey,— Birkenhead,— was named as having succeeded perfectly, and thus the respectable working classes of Liverpool were made very comfortable, having places which they can reach for a trifling *ferriage*; and cool, pure air, bathing, &c., ready for their return. Reading rooms belong to some of these establishments, and these are producing excellent effects by satisfying demands for pleasant and useful occupation, where ordinary social position, by itself, might fail to meet the demand, and the tavern come to be the only relaxation of labour. London was spoken of as having done much, and as constantly doing more in this highest regard. The health of the metropolis has been especially studied, and at the instance of the Queen, parks had been opened, streets widened and kept clean, and comfort and health thus provided for, after a manner which heretofore has been unthought of. It seems that Smithfield is to undergo an entire change in use. A new place has been, or is to be bought for the Cattle Fairs, which have been for so many ages held there, and thus a great public nuisance will be abated. These plans are of great interest in such populations as London, Liverpool, &c. The surface on which such numbers are obliged to stand, move, sleep, eat, work, live, is so small,— the numbers are so great, and so disproportionate to the surface, which must supply them with so many things, so much, that

every successful attempt to make it larger, and so more useful, is a most important step in that progress, which slowly, very slowly, but surely, society is this day making ; and to which men of thought, men of heart, and of mind, are more and more deeply directing their attention.

Allusion was made above to the Queen of England, Victoria. I think there has hardly been on the English throne a monarch more widely reverenced and loved. Her sex, its demands, its interests, — her kindness, her regard, as we have seen, for that which is truly important to a state, — her frequent progresses through her dominions, and the manner of them, — these, and many other things in this exalted personage, have made her peculiarly the home, the domestic friend, of a great people. Her political position is as striking as is her social. Never, perhaps, in England's history, has Parliament, the House of Commons, expressed itself so openly, so strongly as a department of the government, in whose hands lies all the power, by which the political being and relations of the state are sustained. Said one of different views, "I say it with no disrespect, or want of true reverence for the Queen, for no subject can be wanting in this or these, but I do say that her majesty has small place in the political management of this great, this wide nation. In the House of Commons, perhaps, more than ever before, lies the true power of the state. For the two last years, literally nothing has been done, and we have now the very singular fact presented to us of a ministry holding office, and carrying on the country, which wants a majority in the House, — a ministry which, in fact, does nothing, and can do nothing." He witnessed the Militia Bill, as showing how sternly the doctrine of doing nothing was entertained and acted on, and very much questioned if any good thing could come of a dissolution. Few things strike a stranger here in Russia, more strongly, than the perfect freedom with which Englishmen talk of their country. To be sure, it is individual opinion only. But this opinion is formed by

much industrious and careful reading of the best newspapers in the world,— newspapers which discuss measures after a manner unequalled elsewhere,— and which go fearlessly into questions of the present, and of the future; of themselves and of other nations, and authoritatively declare what, and when, shall be done,— that, or those things, which will most surely and widely subserve the highest public and private interests. In America the perfect freedom of political thought and expression is no more possessed and declared than in England; and it will hardly be claimed by the republic, that its means of light on all political matters are more or better than in Great Britain.

My morning, or most of it, was spent in going to and staying at, or in certain public offices, to get passports for myself and courier, and permission to stay here three or more weeks. This is a tedious business; but you can hardly complain concerning it, as your coming is entirely an affair of your own. Being here, you must do what law and custom require, and he who does it with patience, and in quiet, studies alike his own dignity and ease. He will be aided by the public officers, and treated with a courtesy which a different course will hardly procure. That we can do exactly thus is not always possible, but I am certain it is always worth trying for, and when attained will bring with it only pleasure. I was so much occupied in this matter, I did little else all day. I took a very long walk to find Messrs. R. & Co., to whom I had a letter, but failed, as they were out of town. I believe Mr. R. passes part of his time in summer with his family, at Peterhoff. I find most people, to whom I have letters, out of the city, or I cannot get at them. I am sorry for this, because I have no doubt they would contribute much to increase the pleasure and advantage of my residence here. I am resting somewhat, and hurried travel has made this necessary. I was sitting here in my new room, and one to which I was translated in the morning, when the servant announced Mr. W.

He came in at once, and made me a very pleasant call. He is Secretary of Legation, was educated in law at Cambridge, and hence knew many of our young men. He is of the standing of C. P. C., jr., Danl. S. C., and has an important position here. He drives his carriage, and his official position gives him admirable opportunities for seeing much which will serve him. He is well educated and well looking, — agreeable in manner and in conversation, simple, but constantly showing he has not been an idler. He has offered to take me round to places of interest, and brought the Minister's regrets, that continued ill health prevented his extending to me such attentions as it would have given him pleasure to bestow. I shall call on Mr. B — when I return from Moscow, and shall execute a commission for him, which will much aid my progress to France. Our house is quite empty, many of its inmates being on a visit to Moscow. This makes it rather dull, but there is so much variety abroad, that I do not languish for interest. It has suddenly become very warm, a common thing in the advent of the Russian summer, but to my joy, I am able to walk, and without fatigue, and hardly any of my old lameness, and after a manner and to an extent that utterly surprises me. I began in London with *hacks*, and so here; but I have given them up almost entirely, and find much benefit in the change from driving to walking. So that when I get home again, I shall dispense with horse and carriage altogether, — another gain from travel. I have said but little about people here, for I am in no hurry to do so. But one experience I will note. I have seen very, very little intemperance since I left England. I may say none that deserves record. But exceptions suppose rules. I may say here, that I have seen *one* drunken man, and one only. He was a dealer in turnips, a large tray of which he was carrying on his head. He stood on the Quay, opposite our piazza, crying his turnips, and making every species of twist and turn to preserve the balance of his tray. He did

this so well, that only one or two would now and then fall out, and some boys were at hand to pick them up for their own use. At last, on he went, very soon turning down a passage way to a boat hard by, in which I saw him precipitate himself and his wares, hurriedly indeed, but still sustaining himself very well. I am quite willing to make this long note of what may seem a trifling matter, but as it is the only one of its kind I have seen, I have given it place in this journal of facts and of thought, and which, being designed for home, has relations to its destination which makes the occupation wholly pleasant to me. Intemperance is the vice of all northern climates. I hear of it existing here to an extent that we in America know nothing of. I have no doubt of the truth of these statements, and of the causes, beneath the power of which such habit has its establishment so widely. But I have stated what my own observation has revealed.

I cannot forget the length of the day here, and the daily additions to it. I was talking last night with Mr. —, a distinguished English engineer, till after twelve, and the light was so perfect that a lamp or candle had not been lighted in the house. I go to bed without the least difficulty; nay, I think I could read fair print all day, or rather night. I was more struck with the brightness of the twilight last night, than at any other time, and felt sure that the sun was up, and with difficulty fell asleep. A fellow-boarder at twelve, midnight, read Milton to me from a fine print, as easily as at noon.

Friday, four to five, a. m. Yesterday brought with it its duties,—and to me not the most agreeable,—*sight-seeing*. St. Petersburg is a show-place in all senses of the word. Everything is designed to tell to the public eye and mind, how much may be, and how much is done for the public which shall attract their attention, interest, amuse them. You see this purpose as soon as you reach this almost *stepping-off place* of the latest civilization. The

churches utter this word from afar in their gilded and golden domes, turrets, towers. The approach,— the closer view,— does not at all disappoint you. External architecture has done, and does, what may be in its power to reach slowly, or at once, the public interest. The detail is curious. Here is a city of half a million of people covering a wide surface, with wide, unusually wide streets, traversed by continuous carriages, from the humblest fiddle, fly, and drosky, to the most splendid equipage, producing infinite dust, with which strange currents are felicitously favouring your eyes, nose, and dress,— and in which vehicles are driven after a manner we at home know nothing of. In this great city the arrangement for watering the streets are on a most minute scale, as if a more enlarged system would do the work so thoroughly, and so easily, that the people would lose sight of the hourly effort made here to contribute to their physical comfort. The plan for watering the streets is this,— take a barrel of water on a barrow,— a bucket,— and a man. A street a mile or two long may have this establishment in it twice a day, and the water is gently sprinkled about that number of times. It is pretty clear that the wind and the dust will blow where they list, and that it will be pretty clear whence one of them at least cometh. I said above that the various vehicles are passing in every direction through very crowded thoroughfares. This is done with very rare injury to the passers by. The drivers utter a faint cry, or whine, which everybody seems to hear, and those who are nearest at once take heed to it. The penalty is very severe, if injury be done to any one. The police rush in at once and seize the carriage, which, with the horse or horses, become the property of the one who seizes them. If death happen, the driver is *knouted*; if injury be less, he is dispatched with all convenient speed, first to the Sparrow Hills, so called, and when a sufficient number are accumulated to form a caravan, he, with the others, is sent to Siberia. By this system, which is per-

fectly certain in its issues, one of the benefits of power, which is power, the public safety is provided for, and perfectly secured. In connection with this topic for saving limb and life, is the following relating to persons injured or taken ill in the streets. I was driving one morning with Mrs. —, and something occurred which led to a remark on helping a person who had met with an accident in the street. Mrs. — said that I must never offer the least aid in such a case, and added, that one day driving, she saw a person fall, as in a fit, in the street. She drew at once the check string, and directed her servant to stop and let her out of the coach, that she might help that woman in a fit. He advised her by all means to do no such thing, for by so doing, she would be regarded as a witness in any suit or investigation which might follow,—especially if the woman was injured, or died,—and as such suits last for years, she would not be allowed to leave Russia until a final decision should be had. I spoke of this to a Russian merchant from Kioff. He said that it was true, and that a friend of his had suffered extreme inconvenience and positive trouble, from interfering between two servants of his, an Englishman and a Russian, who were fighting in his yard. Years passed before the matter was adjusted, and he had all that time to be on hand, or in waiting for call of court. The case is precisely the same if you attempt to assist a person who has received an injury. You are by such an act a witness of what has happened, and are held as such till the whole cause is settled, which, in some accidents, may reach to years. The course is when a person is taken ill, or is hurt, for the police at once to interfere, and to take the person in charge. He or she is then carried home, with all needed care, or to a hospital, if the residence cannot be immediately found. This procedure, in such a community as a great Russian city, is probably the best that could be devised. At all events I heard no objection made to it.

In order to get eclat or speed in driving, you find this arrangement. Two or three horses are attached abreast of each, either to a drosky or other vehicle, and off they go. One *trots* and one *gallops*. I saw yesterday this in perfection. One horse was white, the other dark. The latter was in the shafts, *whitey* aside of him. The darker trotted hard, — the white galloped to the top of his speed, throwing himself about in full play. Everything seemed to be in perfect order, and nothing but the dust was disturbed. You sometimes have a horse on each side of the shaft one, and they make a beautiful picture. The side animals are lightly and loosely harnessed, are selected for their beauty, — have often full flowing manes and noble tails. The mode of harnessing allows them to do just as they please. You see them always galloping, sometimes at the sides of the shaft horse, but often at a right angle with him, or less, and as full of play as a spoiled child. They do not work, are mere pets, and for display. I heard this mode or fashion is declining. I cannot but think it will be a real street loss when it is discontinued. It is full of life, grace, beauty, and in its variety of outfit, makes the Admiralty, the Nevskoi Prospect, &c., the gayest, handsomest thoroughfares in the world.

But the *sights*. I took this discipline on foot. I walked very far, in all. *Churches* were among my objects. These form a very important part of the material for curiosity here. I first went to the church of the Casernes, built by the officers of a regiment for the soldiers. So I was told, at least, and if it be a fable, why let it be such. The building is not yet finished, but little remains to be done, as it seemed to me, only to remove the scaffolding. But so slow is progress in this northern air, that nobody knows how long the scaffolding will remain. It is sufficiently finished for service, — the church, — and no one who enters it will fail to be struck with the simplicity and nobleness of its architectural attempts and accomplishments, — its lofty

walls, massive granite columns,— the elaborate finish of the ceilings, and the whole arrangements for the objects of its construction. I know of no such structures amongst us. The Greek service, with its elaborate ceremonial, demands all that architecture can do to save it from suspicion, while its dignity is preserved. And when this, or these, are accomplished, as is the case here, it presents itself to us in an elaborateness of detail, an earnestness of result, which leaves the Romish church far behind. This was all discovered to me in my next visit, viz., to the Kasan Church, or Cathedral. This, in its vast colonnades and other arrangements, is said to be an imitation of St. Peter's at Rome. Whether this be so or not, I cannot tell. I have not seen St. Peter's, and probably shall not. But more: I have no disposition to compare things with each other, always having detested the doctrine and practice of models. I look at things in themselves, and it is very soon apparent in what the pleasure they give you hath its source. This is in all that which makes the thing seen, just what it truly is. This has its whole source in that which gives true being to the thing itself. It is never by the true observer looked for in resemblance, likeness, identity,— but in something else and more,— viz., in that which distinguishes a thing from all other things, and which has furnished you with new knowledge, another revelation of human power, and for this demanding your reverence, your gratitude, and your love. In the Kasan Cathedral, you are impressed with the vastness and harmony of its parts. The style is simple, austere, not looking for effects in the variety of its movements,— sudden changes in its aspects,— but in a grand progress from mass to mass, until the individual passes into the general, and a sublime unity is before you. It is rather the action of your own mind upon materials so fitted to give to it strength of manifestation, or use, than the simple vision of that which is so wonderfully fitted to thought, and thought so worthy the time and whole occasion. You see

disturbances indeed, human impertinences, enough to make you sick of the machinery of government,—of the means by which men are to be governed. Against columns of the everlasting and most rare granite,—against columns so vast that you instinctively ask if they are in a single piece and grew there,—you see paltry eagles, and ragged, wretched old flags taken in war from Napoleon, or rather which fell from the frozen hands of his dying comrades in the flight from Moscow,—and were afterwards picked up by Cossacks and others,—keys of conquered and sacked cities on other columns, the fruit of wretched victories. All sorts of poor remembrances are here, of man's weakness, folly, and sin, paraded in a temple to Christ, and to God, as fitting means for a divine reverence and a human love. Nothing, nothing to me in God's universe,—they are not his work,—nothing do I detest and deprecate more than I do these evidences of human folly anywhere,—but in a temple made for the worship of the infinite, the pure, the loving, and the holy,—what a desecration are they! what a proof that the mission of the Son of Man is in no true sense understood; that ruler and people are yet in their sin.

The service of the church was proceeding as I entered. I always enter a Cathedral with thoughts and feelings which such a place is fitted to produce. In itself how grand,—in its idea how sublime. You stand as if nearer the Divine presence, than elsewhere in God's universe; and the relation you bear to the infinite is here, in a Cathedral, more distinctly manifested, and may be, is more clearly felt. Your reverence for man increases, and instinctively your reverence for yourself. Man in the Cathedral has put forth his highest powers, because he has had in view constantly the highest end. What more worthy reverence than humanity in this declaration of itself. A house for worship is the attempt for,—its success,—its completion, is a House of God. There are no statues in the Greek church. But there are paintings, and all other objects which may meet

the eye and find their way to the heart. There is music, and chanting, and reading of Scripture, and of prayer. Crossing, — kneeling, — prostration, — kissing of pictures, — every mode in which love and worship can declare themselves, are in requisition and practice here. I have often witnessed the service in the Romish church. But I have in no instance met with anything which compares with the whole ceremonial in this Greek Cathedral, — and the same is true of all the rest. The worshipper enters uncovered, and when within sight of the altar, he begins to cross himself, and continues to do so for some time. He approaches the holy place nearer and nearer. He kneels, and continues to make the sign of the cross. He prostrates himself, placing his forehead on the stone floor, and there keeps it for some time. He rises, and again prostrates himself, making many crosses in the meantime, but in place of pressing his forehead on the floor, he applies to it the back of his hand. All this is done with the utmost solemnity, but still with much earnestness. One man, advanced in years, approached a painting of the Virgin, the most of which, excepting an eye, was very carefully covered, as is usual with such pictures in the Greek church. He approached nearer and nearer, crossing himself continually, until his face rested against the portion of glass, at which the uncovered part of the Virgin's face was exposed. He kissed it with apparently the deepest feeling, and with an audible assurance of the act which left it unquestioned. During all the time chanting and prayer were heard. The whole of this part of the service, was deeply solemn, and beautiful. There was a prevalent softness of tone, in which expression was not wanting, which I think unusual in such service. The vastness of the building, the beauty and the power of the human voice, the universal reverence, gave to this service the deepest interest, and I could not but think that it was better for the worshipper that he was here. Under what endless varieties of forms does not religion in its worship

declare itself! So various, so opposite, so absolutely antagonistic are these forms, and such the entire satisfaction with which each sect holds and manifests its sentiments, that it really seems very little important what doctrines are held, so that they be held in the truth, and declared in the conduct.

From the Kasan, I went to the St. Isaac. This is emphatically the Cathedral. Other churches have the domes gilded with gold leaf. This has its covered with beaten or plate gold. You cannot understand what is the brightness, the gorgeous splendour of its dome, when the sun, in its noonday brightness, is upon it, and illuminates it. It is truly dazzling. This church was begun by Catherine the Great, and remains unfinished. The Director, M. Montfarrant, who is now labouring to complete it, was absent, and though I presented a card addressed to him from a personal friend, I could not be admitted. I cared less for this that I was told on the spot that the scaffoldings obstructed the sight so much of the finished part, that it could not be seen. The enormous granite pillars were the principal attraction. I left to come again.

It is a popular legend, that whenever St. Isaac Church is finished, the reigning sovereign will die. A like legend had limited the length, the natural length, of a Russian monarch's reign and life to twenty-five years, since no one had reigned or lived beyond that time. His Majesty, the present Emperor, has passed beyond that period, and lives and reigns. It was told me when that period in Nicholas's reign drew nigh, he went into his closet, and there, for three days and three nights, he devoted himself to fasting and prayer, for the preservation of his life and reign. This legend of the length of a Russian reign, may have no more foundation than has that concerning the St. Isaac Church. Yet there is an element in the Russian mind which would seem to favour the idea that reports of such beliefs are not without foundation. Belief, in that range of it which borders on,

or constitutes superstition, is this element, and which ~~has~~ its foundation in some or many tenets of the Greek church, the national church of Russia.

The slow progress of church architecture towards its completion here, was referred to. This may have its cause in the deliberate manner in which industry declares itself in regard to all matters. Never have I seen men work with less of violence in their various occupations. I have watched them at work, and have marvelled much at their deliberateness. A portion of wooden pavement is in process of repair in front of an imperial residence. It was in hand when I first passed it on my way reaching St. Petersburg, and was not finished when I left some weeks afterwards. It was worth the time to stop and see the Russians work. A block was taken up. It was put down again after much investigation of its physical properties. It was taken up again. The axe, *the only tool used by carpenters here*, was found, and reached, and taken in hand. Now began the work of preparation of that block upon the planks, which, covered with tar, or something like it, are always first laid to receive the blocks. The block is pared, — smoothed, — its various angles measured. It is put into its place. It does not fit. Bits of chips, or larger ones, are put under it, — or between it and its neighbours. Then the block is again examined, — turned, — returned, — and if it will only fit by the frail supports above named, it is rejected for present use, and a new one tried. Now here is a great deal of time lost in the description of this enterprise. But you have no idea of the time taken for the work itself. I positively am not sure that the block is yet fitted to its place, — and the Empress's palace may not yet have received her. I might have said the street was undergoing repair to prevent noise, as her majesty is a permanent invalid.

While speaking of the slow progress of church architecture in some instances in Russia, and especially as allusion has been made to popular theories or legends, as offering an

explanation of this fact, it is but justice to say, that this tardiness in the finishing of churches is not peculiar to Russia. In Cologne, for instance, we have an example of the same, which might better answer to sustain a rule, than to furnish an illustration. The celebrated Cathedral, or Dom, in that city, was begun centuries ago, and it is yet unfinished. Nay, more; the earlier built parts are decayed, a ruin almost, without any but a temporary roof. The towers are unfinished, or not begun. And in close propinquity with the venerable and the old, is this day rising the new, in all the freshness of recent masonry, and as if smiling, certainly not weeping, at the deep cut lines of age in its elder neighbour brother. I was told that of late serious movements are making for the finishing of this stupendous work, and that Nicholas I. had contributed many thousand silver rubles to this object. This is indeed imperial liberality, and it loses none of its quality by being contributed by one who has no religious sympathy with the doctrines believed and taught in the Dom of Cologne.

Again, go out of Germany or Belgium into France, and we have a new instance of that about which I write. In Strasburg is a Cathedral, which is the wonder and admiration of Europe. I have stood by its walls, and examined the infinite detail and beauty in which the Gothic mind, or style, has here manifested itself. I say beauty,—what vastness, what solemnity rules here, and with what effect do they declare themselves and their mighty power. Stand in the midst of this cathedral magnificence,—its outside height, and length, and breadth,—its inside religious light, just revealing enough of its meanings, to move in you the religious, the divine, and you unconsciously wander back to the days of its beginning, and hold communion with that mind which conceived its idea, and who in that had faith and prophecy of its completion. This Cathedral is unfinished. One tower only is built. But so perfect is it in all its other parts, that this local imperfection exists without suggesting the idea of a want of universal symmetry.

I have anticipated in the two preceding paragraphs what belongs to a later period of this travel's history. But the connection was so direct between what they contain and that which immediately precedes them, that I am willing to plead guilty to the anachronism, and to pass on.

I went to the Admiralty, a monstrous mass of buildings, taking the course of the Neva. Here is a dock for building ships of war. The Senate, so called, is a fine building, — so is a palace opposite to the Admiralty, or *Admirality*, as Charles chose to call it. The statue of Peter the Great is here. It is quite grand. But the effect of the pedestal, or rock on which the horse stands, is very much hurt by the smoothing down and polishing by which art has endeavoured to improve nature. It looks absolutely ridiculous; and you feel fretted at the folly which the human labour unfolds. Alexander's column of red granite, finely polished, is hard by, and is a magnificent affair. The shaft, of one hundred and fifty feet, in a single piece, is truly beautiful. Fifteen feet were taken off, lest the base of the shaft should not be strong enough to sustain so great a weight. On the other hand, in order to sustain the horse of Peter's statue in its position, one hundred thousand pounds of iron were inserted in its cavity. (?) The figures of man and horse are of brass, and weigh nearly sixteen tons. The granite pedestal, before it was trimmed away and smoothed, weighed fifteen hundred tons. Farther support of the statue is derived from the folds of a serpent, which unite with the tail. The effect of this is by no means agreeable. In nature the position would have supported itself, or such an one only should have been selected, which admitted of such natural support. Art failed when it required a substitution, which in nature would have been a monstrosity.

An anecdote current about Peter and his horse may be given here. This statue is an affair of the deepest concern and reverence. There are soldiers, guards, about its enclosures, and will not permit profane, or any sort of feet to

approach it too nearly. It is surrounded by a high and strong iron railing, and the better to guard it, and the railing, a low, narrow strip of granite, say a foot high, surrounds the bottom of the iron rail. Now nobody is allowed to stand on this granite, though by doing so, you have a better sight of the statue. Not knowing the rule, I stood upon it. It was, however, but for a minute, that I did so, for the sentinel soon suggested to me, and in somewhat an authoritative voice and manner, that it was quite expedient for me to get down. The hint was taken. But to the anecdote. It seems, some years ago, that some Americans, among whom were commanders of ships, were in St. Petersburg, and had passed a day out of the city, and returned to it in a gay and somewhat aspiring spirit, for on getting to the Admiralty, and abreast of the statue, it was proposed to alight and look again at this splendid work. They did this, and one more exalted than the rest, said that he would take a ride with Peter. He cleared the railing, and soon climbed up by the horse's tail, and passed his arm quite familiarly about the waist of the Great. Short was his ride. The guard saw him, gave the alarm, and most unceremoniously unhorsed him, and gave him into the hands of the police. He was tried, found guilty, and fined, as report goes, *six thousand dollars*. His friends made a representation to the Government of all the facts in the case, and the fine was reduced. The accused remarked to the judge, that this was a great sum for so short a ride. "Yes," replied the judge, "but if you choose to ride such a horse, you must pay for it."

The Nevskoi Prospect, or Nevskoi Street, pronounced Nevske, is of great length, and is full of interest to the traveller, on account of the beauty and splendour of its shops, the almost infinite variety of costumes, of nations, of races; the equipages, the fashion, the poverty, the everything, which in just such a population would be likely to come together, and to *circulate* whatever of novelty existed there, and to present the whole in just such a way as to produce

constant variety and excitement in the individual and social life. There are print shops, and the well lined windows attract many wayfarers. I was among the number, and saw many beautiful things. The usual silence prevailed. Everybody seemed to be a stranger to his neighbour, and talk was out of the question. I have been cautioned against much speech, and not to leave anything in an outside pocket, for which I entertained any value. My person, and my handkerchiefs, are safe so far. Let me add here, the care of the personal has not been morbid wherever I have been; for the most part there has not been in plan, or practice of mine, that which had care in it as an element, and yet I have lost nothing beyond a button now and then washed or ironed off, in all my wanderings. Among other things, I went shopping in the Nevskoi. I selected a famous English magazine, or shop, where wealth, rank, and fashion, most do congregate. I was most attracted towards the jewelry department, and to which the mines of Russia contribute numerous splendid specimens. I *priced* a small, but very brilliant emerald, and learned that it was two hundred silver rubles. Now a ruble is not a dollar, but quite near enough neighbour to one, to cause me to think before I purchased, so that the result of the whole was, that I passed to the other side, in the end leaving without buying anything,— quite a common result of such experiences, as I am informed by those most used to them. And — who are they?

After dinner, Mrs. B—— and her son, my Baltic fellow traveller, called in her very handsome equipage, by invitation the day before, to take me a drive among the Summer Islands. Mr. W. of the American Legation, had called, I found on my return, in his carriage, to give me a drive everywhere, and elsewhere besides. This island drive is the crack excursion of St. Petersburg. If Peter,— Peter Veliki,— Peter the First, and Great, was St. Petersburg's father, the Neva was, is, and ever will be its wet nurse. It certainly was its mother. Every drop of water the subjects

use, and in every way used, is from the Neva. It is daily brought in buckets, tubs, barrels, &c., to your door, into the house, up stairs, &c. This is the every-day supply of this matter of life, and it seems quite enough. Recollect the water is taken *directly* from the river. Said one to me, when I hire a house, I agree with the owner that he shall supply me with wood and water at so much a year; this being the very best mode of settling the terms of these important matters in domestic life. The Neva is a wide and rapid river. The waters are hourly changing, so that their purity is pretty well provided for. It is full of islands. These are variously connected with each other by bridges, and are covered with luxuriant forest trees and shrubberies. The roads through these islands are in perfect order, with raised sidewalks for the people, who are not permitted to range among the flowers or woods. It is, or one island is, a royal summer residence, having on it the Palace of the Empress Queen. Everything about it, its gardens, hot-houses, &c., are in beautiful order. You walk or drive about them, as if they were your own; and to him who apprehends, feels, all this array of the beautiful, with taste, simple taste for his companion, it is as his possession, and by a tenure, which nothing can destroy.

We drove freely among these retreats of royalty, but to which the meanest serf may successfully take his way. It was to me among its pleasantest revelations, that the people, yes, all the people, might feel at home here. Every sort of vehicle was flying hither and thither, bringing its party, or carrying it home; while walkers of all degrees, were loitering about, smoking, or else at a small table in the open air, taking their cup of tea, or what not, and truly enjoying themselves. The water forms a very attractive part of the scene, and from some points you can look over and beyond the Neva, and catch very tolerable glimpses of the Gulf of Finland. Something is wanted. Hills, hills, are dreadfully at a discount here. Why? All the roads, forests, palaces, &c.,

which are here, owe their foundation, and their whole selves, to soil reclaimed from the sea, or rather to raising a morass till it became permanently dry land. What an amount of human labour to complete what natural processes had fairly in hand. St. Petersburg itself is a still more striking proof of what human hands and tiny wheelbarrows may accomplish. I can only here speak of results, and grateful was I to my new friends for furnishing me so much for thought, for pleasure, and for admiration! How deep is the interest of the people here in this work,—the Summer Islands. It is said that this whole effort has had in continuous prospect a purpose to please the people,—that it is with other things a part of that system of compensations which are on every side, and which do so much to make life tolerable and desirable, under various disciplines. And who, under all the conditions, can look for more?

The Islands present all sorts of amusements. Singing, dancing, instrumental music. A distinguished German company is now here. Then there are exhibitions of skill, of strength, *tableaux vivantes*. Smoking, eating, drinking, of course, are inseparable companions of such and so varied an effort to enable people to enjoy themselves, as the phrase is, and to enjoy each other. The season for out-door life of this description is very short. The winter is seven, or eight months long. The spring is often tardy, and the autumn premature. So that, upon the whole, the time of roses,—of singing birds, and singing women,—of sweet and gentle breezes, is but short, “when winter comes again and shuts the scene.” Preparation for suburban winter is on this wise. Families return to the city. The roads are closed up. The bridges are removed, which, as they are built upon boats, is quite easily done. The houses are covered closely with mats, making quite a curious appearance,—a house in a tight jacket. In spite of all this care so intense is the cold, that the stucco covering of the houses often yields to it, and great portions of columns and sides

of houses are left bare, so that the coarse bricks are everywhere seen more or less uncovered. In spring, repairs are made of the injuries of frost. Sometimes not very easily, for the Empress's house on one of the islands bore questionless evidence in June of last winter's cold, in the uncovered places of the columns of her Majesty's Palace. This effect of climate is seen on all sides, and the question constantly rises if a composition could not be employed which would better keep its place. Some material for the same object is used everywhere in Europe. You rarely see the original true wall. The plaster always stays where it is put, and the utmost perfectness of surface is seen everywhere. I have spoken particularly of Brussels in this regard. In the Admiralty in St. Petersburg, at the front of a building devoted to commerce, are monstrous large statues of Neptune, Commerce, &c., placed there by Catherine the Second. Their foundation is brick, and their surface a composition, either itself white, or painted white. Winter pays no respect to their royal projector, but makes dreadful havoc upon them. It carries off nose, eyes, face, all; and then, along the bodies and limbs of these huge deities of the world's idolatry or device, deep, deep are the inroads of frost. It is June, and the breaches have not been repaired. I asked why these brick statues were not replaced by bronze, by granite, which figures so largely in front of the Hermitage, or by marble. "The Empress placed them there," was the answer, "and there they must remain."

Before I go a step further, let me give you some account of my introduction to Russia. In London I had the pleasure to meet Sir James Clarke in consultation in the case of a friend, and told him of my purpose to go at once to Russia, and asked him if he knew any one in St. Petersburg to whom he could give me a letter. Thinking for a moment, he said he did, and would give me a letter to him with pleasure. Soon after I received a letter addressed to Sir James Wiley, Physician to the Grand Duke of Russia. As

soon as my arrangements were made for passing some weeks in St. Petersburg,—and official demands being got well through,—I inquired for Sir James Wiley's residence. It was in the Galerney, a street parallel with the English Quai, and directly in the rear of Madame Benson's house, so that a minute's walk brought me to the place. I rang, inquired for Sir James, and handed card and letter to the servant to deliver to his master. It seemed a very long time before I heard from above. The rooms about which I wandered were singularly deficient in furniture, but on the walls were some pictures, which to me are the best furniture. At length John appeared, and asked me to follow him to Sir James. Upon entering the room, my whole attention was attracted by the figure of a very tall old man,—between eighty and ninety,—stretched at full length on a sofa. His face was harsh, hard, solid. You would never have thought him so very old, for these faces wear well,—the skin keeps smooth, the features preserve place, and so have their earlier symmetry. But the expression was singularly disagreeable. It seemed made up of physical suffering, and moral displeasure. Sir James's dress was in keeping with expression. He wore an old, faded, much soiled, printed calico, dressing-gown. Its acquaintance with the laundry could not have been recent. His long neck, which in men, especially old men, is rarely beautiful, was bare, while the smallest possible portion of shirt here and there showed itself. His expression was hinted at. His lips were compressed with that force of will which says, "You will get little out of me," while the eyes were staring-wide open, as if to see most perfectly what was at that moment before them. He slowly, with labour and pain, half, or nearly half rose from the sofa, and holding my letter in his hand, he seemed to be measuring the time which he gave to it and to me, going from one to the other in just such manner as would make the time devoted to us as nearly equal as possible. At length the silence was broken. I shifted the leg upon which I had rested, hat in hand, motionless from my first entering this strange presence.

"I do not know what all this means," going from me to the letter, and from the letter to me. "What *does* all this mean? I do not know this Mr. Clarke, nor he me. I am not physician to the Grand Duke. I am physician to Nicholas, his Majesty—the Emperor. I have been physician to four monarchs of this empire,—Catherine, Paul, Alexander, Nicholas. I understand nothing about this letter." Thus proceeded Sir James, until all the steam was discharged, while I stood hat in hand, and *took it*, as the phrase is. There was no escape but in his exhaustion. In due time he sunk upon his sofa, and I spoke. I expressed great regret that I had given him so much trouble, and so much suffering; and begged him to give me my letter of introduction; and with an assurance that I would annoy him no more, took my leave. Now you may look upon my introduction to Russia as an amusing incident of travel, and let it pass. So could not I. I must confess it troubled me not a little. Sir James had been looked to as a most important agent in my Russian experiences, and in a moment the whole prospect had faded away. "The fountain from the which my current *was to flow*, or else dry up," had in a moment ceased, and I was left as in a parched desert. Slow was my progress homeward from the Galerney, and straight did I walk into my desolate room, and sat down to look at the future,—and what a future was it?

I had not sat very long before a knock at the door. "A servant from Sir J. Wiley." Show him up. "Sir James will be exceedingly obliged to you if you will call on him immediately." I went, and was showed directly up stairs. How changed was the Baronet. He was one vast smile,—jubilant,—uproarious. He sprang to on elbow, as if he had lost thirty years since I left him, an hour or two before. His hand was protruded, "Sit down. I am rejoiced to see you. I have found it all out. It is Sir James Clarke, the Queen's physician. He wrote to my nephew, who was a knight. I am a baronet, with armorial

bearings, made such by his majesty George IV. Your letter was to my nephew, physician to the Grand Duke, Alexander. He died a year ago." And here Sir James laughed heartily, as if there was something queer in a nephew's death. "Let me know how I may serve you." A desire was expressed to visit the civil and military hospitals. "Dr. —, with the rank of colonel, will call on you in the morning, and visit all these institutions with you." After this a day scarcely passed while I was in the city, that I did not call on Sir James. Upon one occasion a young gentleman came in of somewhat singular appearance. His dress was a flowing black garment reaching to his feet, with very full sleeves. It was of a thin woollen texture, but stiff, so as to stand off and occupy much space. His complexion was dark, hair and eyes dark, and his features decidedly Eastern. He was a Persian. He was very handsome. Sir James introduced him to me, saying that he was his son, — or rather Godson. "I have made a Christian of him, — have had him baptized, and stood Godfather." The old Baronet was in excellent spirits. An officer came in, who was introduced to me as the physician to the Empress, Col. Carrell. He was splendidly dressed. His uniform was white, — snow white, — fitting him perfectly. His epaulettes, sword-hilt, scabbard, sword-belt, hangings, were of the brightest burnished silver. He stood at rest with his hat in his hand, as handsome a man as you will see in a thousand. I said stood, for nobody sat in the presence of the head of the Military Bureau of the Imperial Army. After some very pleasant talk I took my leave.

At another visit, Sir James talked of his war experiences. Among other things he spoke of the battle of Leipsic. Moreau, who was then fighting on the side of the allies, had both his legs shot off by a cannon ball. Sir James amputated both limbs upon the field, but such was the shock which Moreau had received from the ball, that he survived but a few hours after the operation. It was in

connection with the service rendered by Sir James in that battle, that he was made a baronet, with the privilege of armorial bearings. He told his servant to bring him the patent of his baronetcy, signed by the English monarch, which it was evident he was happy to show me. In connection with this was a display of all the decorations and orders, which he had received from the many monarchs he had served. I told Sir James of my purpose to go to Moscow. He said he would give me letters (which he afterwards did) to his Excellency Prof. Fischer, the head of the Russian Bureau of Natural Sciences, and to Dr. Pfæhl, principal medical officer of the great Military Hospital in Moscow.

Upon another occasion something was said which carried him back to his boyhood, and his servant was ordered to bring him a certain package, which was very carefully opened, and its contents showed to me. "Here," said Sir James, "are my school books, my first writing books, my ciphering books, and these are my mathematical manuscripts. You see I have kept them all." They were in perfect preservation,—and arranged after the order of time. The writing was excellent, and the neatness of them all showed how early had been formed the habit of doing well what he had done. Here was an old man, between eighty and ninety, and here were the records of his earliest days. He took obvious pride in them, and it was without an effort, to take part in his feelings, and to express the pleasure which such a passage in such a life had excited. Something was said of the interest which would be taken in the history of such a life. Sir James said that he had written a work, in many volumes, of every important event in which he had taken a part. It was finished for the press. But he thought it his duty to the Czar to tell him what he had done. Nicholas begged him to destroy it; and with so much emphasis was the request made, that he promised to comply with it, and had performed his promise. The record

of a long life, which had been spent in the active and responsible service of four monarchs, and in the most important portions of Russian history, — which, in fact, embraced almost literally, the whole existence of that empire, was in a moment destroyed. The evidence which had just been showed to me, in the minutest details, of the care in which had been preserved the earliest records of his life, — the intellectual habits of this old man, abundantly showed how well fitted he was for just such a work as he had described to me. The regret was expressed at the loss of such an autobiography. The answer was, the Emperor had directed it, and he had obeyed the command.

Sir James expressed again and again his regard, his reverence, his affection, for the Emperor. It was clear that great confidence had been reposed in him, and that he was under great obligations to Nicholas. I was told that Sir James was very rich, his property being between five and six million rubles silver. I asked who would be his heir. The Emperor, was the reply. He has left his whole property to him. I called to see him on Saturday. Among other things, he expressed a strong desire that I should go the next day to Peterhoff, to be introduced to the Emperor. That, Carrell would be there, — that he would give me a letter to him, and that he knew I would be graciously received. I thanked him for his interest in me, but felt obliged to decline his offer. This surprised and moved him. “Not go to Peterhoff! after having come so many thousand miles, and go away without seeing the Emperor! You must go, and I will promise you a decoration,— yes, a decoration! and will *you* lose the chance of such an honour. I cannot understand what possible objection you can have. I pray you to go.” I said that I had been to Peterhoff, and had devoted a day to an examination of all its treasures of art and of nature, and I feared I could not accept his most kind offer. I did not go.

Sir James gave me copies of his published works. Among

there was a thick volume on the *Materia Medica of Russia*. The day before I left St. Petersburg I called to make my visit of leave. I found him very ill. He had passed a wretched night, and was breathing with so much agony, and was so exhausted, that he could hardly raise his hand to me, or to say farewell. He was stretched out on the sofa, as he was when I first saw him, and it seemed impossible that he would ever rise from it again. I thanked him for all the kindness he had showed me, and took my leave. It was not without sadness, this leave-taking at the borders of the grave.

Mr. W. called on me in his carriage, for a drive. We were talking of the dress of the people, and of the power of habit in regard to it. Mr. W. asked me to observe his coachman. He wore a very handsome blue caftan, with silver lace belt, and collar. His size was remarkable, and was explained. He had his sheepskin shube, dressed with the wool, under his livery. The shube is worn next to the skin. Think for a moment of the present intense heat here in this Northern summer, and learn how strong is the love of a people for national peculiarities, even reaching to dress, and when one would suppose the love of it must, in its practical exercise, bring with it so much personal discomfort.

Our drive was various. We started for the Admiralty, and passed over much ground before visited. But so magnificent is it that it may be seen often with new interest. The Nevskoi Prospect was, as usual, crowded. We entered a large and handsome street, and left the carriage, to walk through some singular by-ways, leading directly out of the spacious street, into narrow crowded passages full of bazaars. They reminded me of the Wynds of Edinburgh, except they were not covered above. These alley ways were closely packed with small, very low houses, of one story, and used for various market purposes. One was devoted to the sale of birds, — the bird market, — and it was literally

filled with birds of all note, plumage, clime. The English lark was singing, as if on its way to heaven, in the free air. In another lane, were shops for all sorts of sales. In one were narrow barrels, filled with walnuts, dried plums, a queer sort of bean, — filberts, — coffee, — tea, — pounded bones for manure, — all sorts of things. Then shops for an entirely different class of objects. Human want, and comfort, and luxury, might here make known its need, “and have its claim allowed.” No fire or light of any kind is permitted in these strange market places (among others is a rag market), either in winter or summer. A conflagration here would be the easiest thing in the world to begin, but the most difficult one to stop. The merchants stand all the time at the open doors, — in winter in their furs, — and carry on their business as in the best days of summer.

We next drove to the Summer Garden in the city; left the carriage; walked through the walks; saw much of rank and fashion, but little beauty; took a steamboat on the Neva, and with a crowd of pleasure hunters, went to the *Mineral Waters*. This is the name given to a large public garden, in which crowds assemble to see spectacles, walk about, hear music and singing, see dancing; in short, to eat, drink, and be merry. The boat and ticket cost less than a dollar. We entered first the room of exhibition. A military band was playing. The music was loud, heavy, crushing, by which I mean ear-breaking. But it was much applauded; that is, as much as these nations ever applaud, which is seldom, and small. At length the band, which had been in America, struck up “Yankee Doodle,” in great style. Why, we could not learn, though probably some of Mr. W.’s acquaintance, whom we passed, and spoke to many, gave the band a hint. Sure am I, they knew nothing of me. This place is called Mineral Waters, because in a large saloon, are mineral waters of all kinds for sale. A portion of the entertainment consisted in *tableaux vivantes*, which were exceed-

ingly well managed. Prometheus' story was the subject of one ; the Seasons, of another, &c. What most attracted me were some parties of Bohemian Gypsy girls. They come into the Russian cities, and appear at places of amusement as dancers and singers. They are very handsome, of dark skin, very black, but powerful eyes, expressive mouth. The deep, luxuriant black hair, grows very low on the forehead, but the forehead is seen to be full, and finely formed, a part, one half about, being covered by the hair. This is after the antique statuary of female beauty, — the Clytie, for instance. In America, pains are taken to manufacture high foreheads by females. Children have the hair forced back by stiff combs constantly worn. Depilatories are also in use ; and in one case of which I had charge, not only the hair, but the scalp also was removed to the bone. And long was the time, and much the suffering, before the deep wound was cured. The question has been raised, whether the expression is improved by this high and broad exposure of the forehead. *Mais chacun à son gout.* The head-dress is a black veil, falling at the sides, very like the Spanish mantilla, leaving the face uncovered. The rest of the dress is of dark figured silks, shawls, &c. &c., to suit. There is a peculiarity in dress in Russia, and in Germany. This is its heaviness, solidity. It matters not what is the weather. Men and women wear a great deal of clothing. A long woollen outside coat, cut to the shape, or a cloak, is very commonly worn by men. The state of the weather does not alter this at all. I spoke of the coachman and of his sheepskin, with the caftan covering all. Soldiers almost without an exceptional case, are seen wearing this everlasting overcoat, or caftan, with their broadcloth uniform beneath. The officers wear cloaks. This part of dress is said to be worn to avoid dust, but this hardly explains the universal wear. The Russian fears nothing so much as a change in weather. The thermometer is the commonest topic at the hotel. Whenever the Russian goes into the

country, the Islands, for instance, for an evening drive, he always takes his overcoat, or cloak, and more frequently on his back than on his arm. The other evening I was the only person among the crowd at the "Mineral Waters" who did not wear his outside, or overall coat. I left my shawl in the carriage. I have sometimes thought that health, and dress, were very useful, and important matters here for conversation. Who has less range of topic than the Russian? He has no concern in politics, for this is a matter of established and permanent arrangement. Business is very much in the hands of foreigners, and never in those of men of rank. An American merchant comes to St. Petersburg to establish himself. He first becomes a citizen or subject of Finland. This enables him to leave Russia, and take his property with him when he pleases. He has his business to attend to, and has no concern with anything else, and if wise, thinks, certainly talks, of nothing else. This is a matter of no general interest. The nobility have certainly nothing more to do with mercantile affairs than is necessary for personal or social uses. And there is no gentry; at least, no such gentry as constitutes in England so large and so important an estate, both political and civil.

You see how, in such a community, topics of general interest come to be narrowed down, and at how great a discount intellectual activity, or habits, stand in the domestic, or social market. The Church, which in its various manifestations, has so large a place in the popular interests in some countries, has the least possible here, except in its personal regards. You see at a glance how deep is the reverence of the whole state for the religion of the state. It seems never to be forgotten. The little candle burns before a little picture of a saint, or an angel, everywhere, and nobody passes within range of its feeble beam, at whatever hour, and no matter what the urgency of his business, without first crossing himself, and in a manner and with a deliberateness which shows you that for a moment the tie which

bound him to the present has been broken, and this without violence, and that the union will be in a moment more re-established, and he passing on his rapid way. The life in such a state is divided between amusement and devotion, — health, dress, temperature, &c., and after a manner which the actual observer only can understand. I can, therefore, find for dress here, and its strange power, explanations perfectly simple, and, I believe, perfectly true. I was talking of the Bohemian Gypsies. I spoke of their dress; at times it is gorgeous in the extreme, especially when they appear on the stage in the public gardens, &c. Here, in addition to their silks and satins, they have rich jewelry of all kinds, giving to them and to their striking countenances an attraction which reaches everybody. I heard it said that these girls are more remarkable for their personal appearance, and accomplishments, than for their moral developments; but as the latter are among the questionable matters of popular discussion, and as I have no knowledge of the subject, I shall leave it where I found it.

The remainder of the evening was passed in walking and talking, in the latter mode of passing which, I had but little share. When we returned, and after a fine drive, I found myself at the tea table, not far from midnight, and was not without appetite for the meal.

To few things is the late and weary traveller more indebted than to the *Samovar*, or tea urn, which is in general use in Russia. To preserve the heat of water at a steady point, and just what it should be for use at any time, a funnel passes down through the middle of the urn, at the bottom of which is a grating to admit a free current of air. When to be used at breakfast, tea, or at any time when hot water is in demand, the Samovar is filled with cold water; a bit of lighted paper is thrown down the funnel, which, as we have seen, passes through its entire length in its centre, and some charcoal is thrown over it. The paper rests upon the grating at the lower or grated end of the funnel, and

thus the heat of the burning charcoal, in passing upward through it, is all the time applied directly to the water which surrounds it. The water soon boils, and the heat may be preserved indefinitely by applying a little charcoal now and then. A very little outlay of fuel keeps up a steady heat. Suppose the tea has cooled in the pot, nothing more is necessary than to place it on the top of the funnel, and it soon will be found perfectly warm, and of a delicious flavour. In this way tea may be prepared at once for use, several hours after the first infusion. Nay, more, if you want a boiled egg, all you have to do is to put a tea cup with an egg in it, and filled with water, on the top of the iron funnel, and it will soon be ready for use. I shall not forget my obligations to the Russian Samovar. Speaking of tea, I was early aware of the excellent character and qualities of Russian tea. I asked about its causes. I learned that the tea comes from China overland, and we have all heard of the alleged advantage of this mode of travel over that by sea, the mode by which tea reaches America and England. Fruits, apples for instance, lose much of their flavour, we are told, by passing over the water, especially to hot climates, however carefully packed. Of the truth of this I know little except from report, but I have certainly heard of the excellence of Russian tea, as compared with that used by us. I am now prepared to say that the tea here is of rare flavour, and more to my liking than any I have before used, whether in America or England. The price is higher than with us. Family tea is as with us. The *white* tea is much prized; and I suppose this to be *Pecco* or *flower* tea, unmixed with black or green. The Samovar is made of brass, and makes quite a handsome addition to the furniture of the breakfast and tea table.

June 20th. — Left St. Petersburg for Moscow at eleven this morning, in the convoy, or train, in the second class, as usual. I sat in seat No. 39. At the railway station you are taught some lessons which it behooves the traveller to

heed, who lives beneath the power and protection of his majesty the Czar. You are always under his protection, and never did I feel safer,—life more secure than in the crowds of the Russian cities, and in its country regions. Power declares itself, and is readily acknowledged. You enter the station with your hat on your head: An officer at once attempts to teach you that the place you have selected for it is not its proper one in that particular portion of Russia. I walked into the station, as I should at home, with my hat on. A man with a badge of office at once came up and told me to take it off, or meant to do so, but I had been here too short a time to learn the language, and quietly looked at him for more definite information. His manner grew rapidly more and more emphatic, but I was no wiser. At last he adopted the natural language of sign, and begun fiercely to rub, and raise his cap. I was no longer oblivious, and took off the offending article of my out-door toilet, and for a full half hour stood or walked up and down this immense room, holding my hat, and looking for a seat, but I found none. The railway carriages are long, as are ours, entered at end and front; brake on outside, and not inside the carriage, as I saw was sometimes the case in Prussia, and elsewhere. The brakeman finds it very convenient, this Prussian mode. The handle of the brake is at the end of the seat on which he sits, and he has not to move in order to work it. This saves him much exposure to wind, cold, rain, &c. But I did not see how he learned what was going on outside, or what might happen, and thus the train might be driven head on to something accidentally, and ruinously, in the way. The carriages have a slight frame-work twice across each, which seems designed to prevent a collapse of their sides. I sat next to one of these, and found it a very convenient place on which to hang my hat, shawl, overcoat, &c., and against which to rest my head. Now there is an objection to the Russian railway carriages. The backs do not reach as high as the

head by a good deal, and, as the night is necessarily passed on the road, this is not the most comfortable arrangement for sleeping. The stuffing is not as exquisite as it might be, and there are no window-curtains. For myself, these were not very serious annoyances. I was in very early life taught the advantages of the soft side of a board, when you were selecting one for a bed ; and I made some arrangements for the night travel. I had abundant opportunities for observing the workings of the law of compensation, which was brought into operation in the station, and in the convoy. You saw parties coming, men, women, and children, wet-nurses, and the like. They brought with them supplies of pillows, mattresses, cushions, *comforters*, &c. &c., in quantities which to me were appalling, for I could not foresee what could be done with them all. When, however, I got my seat, I found them well disposed of under the seats, which, as if to favour such an arrangement, are made much broader than with us, as were the carriages themselves, and in this way abundant room for bedding was obtained, and besides, ample space was afforded to place a good high and long pillow or mattress behind the back, to support this and the head. Then the carpet bags. These were more than inexplicable. Everybody had them. And what did they contain, these arks of Noah? I answer, everything. Oranges, lemons, night-caps, tumblers, bottles filled with milk, water, wine, sugar in little paper or pastepoard vessels, with nice covers, sausages, tongues ; every species of bread, cake, confectionary ; materials for lemonade, prepared in a dry state,—how prepared, I know not. But for eating and drinking, never had I such opportunities for *observation* and *experience*. I carried nothing, nor did my courier give a hint about doing so. I had therefore only to accept the current hospitality, for *current* was it, or seem churlish or ill-mannered by refusal. On we went, very slowly, as it seemed to me, but this was improved, or its want unnoticed, in the almost hourly business

of eating and drinking, packing and unpacking the omnivorous carpet bags, for devourers were they, as I have abundantly showed. I had my seat, with my courier in front, near and with a party of five, a mother and four daughters. One of them sat on the seat with me, with an arm between us. Charles just before me, and a very lady-like woman opposite my companion, M. E. M., as I found were the initials of her name, and daughter of the lady with four. We soon began to talk all round, the whole party, courier, and all. Two talked English somewhat; the rest, French, German, Italian, Russian. The thoroughness of the northern education impressed me more than once. The facility of passing from language to language was constantly noted, and I have the useful and reliable evidence of one whose own variety and good knowledge of languages, was remarkable. I speak of the Continent, and of its northern portions. How it is in England in this regard, I know not. I learned this family's history, and why, without a gentleman friend, they were travelling so far from St. Petersburg; for Moscow is between four and five hundred miles from that city. They were on their route to husband and father, a colonel in the Russian service, stationed at Mount Caucasus, and whom they had not seen for two years and more. Two carriages were on the freight train, which they would meet in Moscow with their servants, for the balance of their journey. I became acquainted with these very pleasing ladies, for such they were, and of extreme delicacy of appearance, and manners. Miss Ellen, the youngest, was a sweet child, quite grown up, but, as she told me, not fifteen. I took out my pin-cushion, which you so kindly filled with pins. Ellen, with great sweetness, which her broken English made more expressive, asked me for *one* pin. I begged her to take the whole, cushion and all, and added my card, that she should not forget me. She refused at first, with that timidity which an unexpected kindness or interest excited, but at last accepted it, and with perfect childlike

beauty, ran to her mother and sisters, to show them her fine present. Between nine and ten, P. M., was the hour for beginning preparations for the night. The enormous bundles were dragged, literally dragged from their hiding places, under the seats, and arranged in all sorts of ways for repose. Change upon change ensued, and it seemed that things would never be settled. I was of course ready, for I had no mattress, and no pillow. I got my handkerchief about my head, as is my wont, at home, and in some sort, slept. It was, however, a heavy night, and I could not but conclude, now and then, that travelling was not all it was cracked up to be, and to exclaim, "Who would not sell his farm and go to sea!" I said a "heavy night." It was no night at all. The same twilight followed the day as I had on the Baltic. It seemed absurd to go to bed, or rather try to make up your mind or body to sleep in the natural way. My neighbours bound to the Caucasus seemed to be perfectly acquainted with Sancho's idea of sleep, and found it as readily as did he. And all did the same thing. A universal sleep visited that railroad night-day, and, as I was the only looker on, I could observe its phases, without a glance being regarded as out of place, or impertinent. The floor of the carriage had its scene in the wide drama. There were infant children with us in numbers, with nurses wet or dry, to suit. These with their charges had their places in the alley-ways,—the passages between seat-ranges, and on blankets, bags, or what not? And each baby and nurse performed, without embarrassment, their appropriate functions.

I assure you this was a new mode of life with me. My every-day life was new, and to an intensity in degree, sometimes, which my somewhat long and varied experience in living had never paralleled. A night in time,—a day in fact,—an astronomical up, or out-heaval,—stranger than a new-born continent in the wide ocean,—a perfect anachronism. I could not sleep for hours after all others had,—not *retired* exactly, but were in perfect repose,—sound

asleep. What added to the night's interest was quite a severe thunder squall, with rain and lightning. This last made queer work with the bright twilight atmosphere.

Before my family for Caucasus went to their queer beds, there was a universal kissing amongst them. Each child went to her mother in turn, and gave her a warm, sweet good night; and then in turn they kissed each other, and then, as if all duty were not done, those nearest took her hand and kissed that all over. Who would not have been more than willing to be included in such an office. Day came, or day was, for we had no night. Then nine o'clock, A. M., and then Moscow.

Moscow.—The convoy stopped. Luggage was sought after. The housekeeping in the carriage was broken up, and I took my leave of my new friends, most heartily wishing them, especially Ellen, a safe and happy journey. A short half hour's drive brought me to the "English House," and for a time "I took my rest in mine inn." About 4, P. M., in a drosky, I drove to his Excellency's, Dr. Fischer, a very distinguished naturalist, to deliver my letter to him, from Sir James Wiley, of St. Petersburg, as aforesaid. As I was told he spoke English well, I went without Charles. I reached the house, first of his son, and then his own, but found Dr. F. was absent, and that I could not understand a word more uttered by those of the two households, and that nothing remained for me, but to retire, which I did, with all the tranquillity which the circumstances could suggest. A servant girl offered, by the natural language of signs, to show me where the Dr. lived. She ran on before me in rather an uncertain Sunday costume, being quite wanting in shoes, stockings, length of dress, &c. &c., and so better fitted for the office of a guide, or rather, of an *avant courier*. But it was hot, and so I stopped the drosky, and took the fair Russie in, and on we drove. As soon as we came in sight of her master's father's house,

she leaped out after the manner of that quadruped, or his species, which M—— and the good Dr. so dearly love, and ran into the house. The Dr. was absent, as already set forth. I drove back to dinner, and so had quite a chance to see something of this ancient Russian capital, Moscow.

*Sunday, June.* — And an odd sort of Sabbath, or rest day was it. Everybody was abroad, and all sorts of business seemed to be in hand. I inquired about this, and learned as a general thing, no work among the citizens was done that day, — that it was, however, a *fair day*, and that the country, the whole neighbouring country, poured into town with all sorts of things for sale. Hay seemed to me to be the *largest* article of traffic, for a very great quantity of it was on the stands. The streets were crowded with loaded wagons, carts, and what not — with men, women, and children without number. Vehicles of all kinds flew about the street, to the no small risk of the good lieges, but all succeeded in taking care of themselves. It seems that the early part of the day is devoted to the service of the Church, the Greek Church, and the rest of it is given to frolic, amusement of all kinds in the city, and neighbouring gardens. At 8, A. M., is a mass for the early ones, and at eleven, High Mass for the million, and then the churches are closed, or service in them ceases. I did not find the Sunday work was confined to the country visitors of the city, for I certainly saw a tailor's shop open, and the people at work. When I mentioned this, I was told, that it was an exceptional case. After dinner, I walked in the neighbouring Boulevards, with many of the good people of Moscow, all well dressed, and of most quiet demeanour, very well pleased with the pleasant hour, with the shrubs, trees, and flowers, which were about them on all sides. I went home, and there met with two gentlemen, who were at the English Quai House with me in St. Petersburg, and they made my stay in Moscow exceedingly pleasant. One, Rev. Mr. E——, is a Fellow of Magdalen College, Oxford. The

other, an English gentlemen of Yorkshire. The Oxford man has travelled a great deal in the East, and could trace the architectural relation of Moscow to their Asiatic sources. He is very intelligent, very liberal for so conservative a position, as is that which he occupies ; and was desirous to get back to Oxford to give his vote for Mr. Gladstone for Parliament, as Mr. G's. views on certain points had alienated his friends, and led them to run an opposition candidate for the University. This society was very pleasant to me, and because of its refinement, knowledge, and most friendly bearing, teaching every hour and every day, that no man need be alone in the universe, who has the smallest wish or claims for society. Let him only be willing and able to give and to take, and to be pleased, and he may run for luck about his position.

*June, Monday morning.* — Soon after breakfast Charles came into my room where I was journalizing, and said a gentleman had called to see me. I told him to show him up. Said C., he is so very old, blind, and infirm, that perhaps I might choose to come down to him. I went down, and found in the passage way to the parlour, a very, very old man, blind, and moving with great difficulty and apparent suffering. Said I to myself, what can this mean ? It was quite early. Who, so old and infirm, has come out at such an hour, and in this far-off city, to see me ? A gentleman stepped forward, and in very good French,— good to me, for I could understand it, — said, that the gentleman before me, was his Excellency Dr. and President Fischer, at the head of the scientific institutions of Russia, &c. &c. I took a hand of the old gentleman, while Dr. Reynard, the superintendent of the Royal Museum, speaking English like an Englishman, and of the best manners of the gentleman, took the other, and we guided him very slowly to the parlour, three rooms off, and over waxed and well rubbed floors, which did not add greatly to the ease of progression. At length the great arm-chair was reached, and the Dr.

seated. We had now a good long talk, and it was concluded that Dr. Reynard should take me through the Museum, that we should next visit the Kremlin, and last, that I should dine with Dr. F. at 4, Wednesday, and there meet Dr. R. We now proceeded to guide Dr. Fischer to his carriage, and with a gentleness which a peevish child would have been won by (and for which we had our aged friend's best kindest acknowledgments), he was safely deposited in his carriage, and left for his home.

MUSEUM.—We were soon ready, and went, my English friends, and their *valet de place*, and my host and his son with me, Dr. Reynard in the first equipage,—all for the Museum. This is a fine building, and has many objects of great interest. Dr. R. confined himself, as our time was short, to some account of the Russian animals in the collection. Among these were a mammoth of Siberia, not *the* mammoth, for that is in the Museum of the Academy of Sciences in St. Petersburg, nor a perfect one, but very interesting for its locality, size, &c. He showed me what he considered the most curious things in the Museum, specimens of soft parts, very well preserved, of the Siberian mammoth, which was found in 1803, by Mr. Adam, on the banks of the Lena, in Siberia, lat. 70. “It fell from a mass of ice, in which it must have been encased for ages. So fresh was the flesh of the animal, that the wolves and bears were actually found eating it.” It has been a serious question how this immense mass of matter had been preserved for so many ages? It must have been accomplished by the preservative powers of ice, and which is employed every winter in Russia in the preservation of animal food — for the market of that wide empire. Dr. Reynard showed us a bit of the skin of the mammoth. It was towards half an inch thick. He said he had presented Professor Owen, of London, with a very small bit, for which he had received that very distinguished professor's best gratitude. Dr. R. very kindly gave me a bit of the spinal

marrow of the Siberian mammoth, and a specimen of the fat. I shall preserve these with the greatest care, as they are probably the only specimens of that extraordinary animal which may reach America.

**KREMLIN.**— Having examined the Museum as thoroughly as the time we had for this object would permit, we drove to the Kremlin. He who is about to visit the Kremlin, had better take a long breath. He has much to see, and let him proceed patiently. Hurry will be fatal to his whole purpose. Here are walls surrounding buildings, gardens, squares, which, together, form a triangle which measures a mile. The traveller here has to submit to some ceremonial, but, if he be a true traveller, this will not annoy him. Among the objects which surround him, he may select such as have in the hand-book most interested him. But the living guide, after all, is chiefly to be relied upon, and his official station is the best preparation for his functions. It was my privilege to visit the Kremlin with some English gentlemen of observation and intelligence, one of whom had travelled far, as I have before said, and so was prepared to observe differences and settle questions, which were sure to arise: Objects of special interest were the Treasury, and the New Palace; and to these we first addressed ourselves. The Treasury is so named, not because it contains and circulates money. It is the receptacle and guardian of the public wealth; and of all, or the most important portion of its physical, external history. Here are the Crown Jewels, and crowns of many kings,— of the Kings and Emperors of Russia from its earliest days. The thrones upon which they have sat, and from which have proceeded the decrees which have directed the state; not only the thrones, but the gorgeous canopies, beneath which have sat the newly-crowned on the day of coronation, and which have been their kingly, their imperial covering, when the assembled state stood uncovered before them. But besides that which pertains to Russian personal history, here are lasting records of the

wars and of the successes which mark the various periods in the life of the state. Here are crowns, thrones, canopies, the representatives of power,— the globes, the sceptres of conquered kings and states, through the whole range of Russian history. These things occupy much space, and are of the richest materials, and most gorgeous bearings. Here are precious stones without number. Gold and silver appear in every form which can impress one with the notion of extreme value, rarity, beauty, splendour. Here is a saddle, a present to a female monarch from an Asiatic prince, which absolutely glitters with diamonds, and every other kind of precious minerals. Not only does the value of the material command interest, but the personal history of things,— their special uses,— their owners,— when they were made, and what had been their experience,— by whom owned, in what war taken,— or by whom in kindness or honour given. Everything in these vast and gorgeous halls has its history,— tells a story,— takes us into the old time, and shows, by evidence which cannot be questioned, what was the time, the event, the thing; and also tells that which often is more important than all these,— namely, their relations,— what they did, as well as what they were, and what was the age that demanded, and made them! Material things, the external, thus become history,— and how eloquent are they here in all their teachings. But the whole story is not told in the emblems of royalty— the imperial ermine, the crown, and the sceptre. Here in the Kremlin, there are other things which attract attention, and sometimes the most. The commonest articles of dress,— the table furniture, the first fork, and the horn-handle dinner-knife,— the awkward spoon, which, if designed for dipping, had but little preparation in its form for holding what it might receive. Here is the identical table furniture of Peter the Great. Here are articles made by himself, of ornament, and for use,— his own knife, fork, &c., and as little regal in material and workmanship as can anything

well be. Here is the common, the every-day, showing the extent of want, and how it was supplied. Life in itself and in its wide bearings, is here displayed, and after a manner which leaves no question as to what it was, and what was done with it. One room was devoted to state carriages, and most extraordinary affairs are these. Enormous in size, rich and gaudy to the extreme of the ridiculous,—heavy,—uncomfortable. The winter carriage is here of Peter the First and Great,—Peter Veliki, when a boy, and as every-day an affair, that carriage, as any Peter might have driven,—and near to it his summer coach. Glass was not in vogue much when some of the state equipages were made; and instead of it, large plates of talc supply its place, and answer very well. In another room are collected arms of all kinds and of all periods. Armour is here; and kings on horseback in full mail. Cannon, muskets, swords, &c. &c., through the whole catalogue of means for killing men, or scaring them into peace, or of preventing war. As matters of history, these are of interest. And here in the midst of so much science, and of so much art, used for such strange purposes,—here may not one mourn, that in the slow, the silent, but sure progress of civilization, a truer and higher moral development has not been made,—that when social life has been so large a gainer, its better security and happiness has not been sought in a wider and nobler culture, and that to make men happier and better has not been the motive and the end of a progressive world? The better, the nicer fork, knife, spoon, have ever had in close company the better means of killing,—the keener sword, the more deadly cannon, the surer musket. Men have not lost their fear of man. Men have no better faith than of old in the brother. You stand here in the presence of the great teachers of history, here in the Kremlin, and feel that the lesson is a true one. The theory of society is here in its gross material. The harsh and the coarse have driven sentiment wide away, and a vulgar humanity, a conventional

decency, which is the antagonism of the truly great, stands here as if to scoff at the progress of man, to deny that in the highest and the best, he can be better to-day than he was yesterday. Who can be near and breathe the atmosphere through which these remembrances of the past, and of the important, are seen, and not feel deeply moved. I confess to such feeling, and thus become conscious of that endless chain which holds humanity within its divine embrace, and bids the latest ever to be the better, that the best may have its advent the sooner, and the love of God, and of man, become the habitual function of the human soul. Who does not feel the value of such a collection of the *material* of human history? To no man, and to no age, can it speak in vain.

I should have remembered before, the magnificent staircase of Carrara marble by which you ascend to the Treasury. It is of great height, and its vast breadth is spanned by steps, or stairs, made each of them of a single piece of this exquisite material. It was said to have cost more thousands of silver rubles than my poor memory has registered. This staircase is much more extraordinary than that of the next building, of which I shall speak, — the *New Palace*, — as if in one thing at least the Treasury should excel its modern rival.

THE NEW PALACE. — I may as well not speak of this at all. No description can be an approach even to the thing itself. I went to it with intelligent men, gentlemen and scholars; they had, one of them at least, travelled far, and had looked with deep interest and careful study, upon the architectural wonders of the rich East. He confessed, whilst we were looking upon and expressing our full admiration of the panorama of Moscow, which was lying in such fulness of beauty before us, as we saw it from the tower of Ivan Veliki, — John the Great, surnamed the Terrible, — he confessed that the panorama of Constantinople might be thought finer than this one of Moscow, but

that the New Palace was without a rival, so far as he was capable of comparing with it the richest, rarest specimens of regal architecture. This building contains the state apartments of the Emperor and Empress; their private apartments, theatres, and chapels, and the private apartments of the Grand Duke, the heir apparent. Here are words, names only; but these in their present connection are in no sense things. Public and private apartments are rooms in which men live, and in which public business or the affairs of public men are transacted. But in such senses are these words not used here.

The Emperor visits Moscow but once a year, in August it may be, and then inhabits the Palace. But only as a matter of state is this done. His summer residence is Peterhoff, near St. Petersburg. His winter Palace is near to the Admiralty, in the city. From these are made royal progresses to various parts of Russia, or to visit neighbouring monarchs, — of Austria, Prussia, &c. We go to visit the New Palace in Moscow then, as a show-place, as a work of art to delight us by its displays of architectural achievements. Speaking of the annual imperial visits here, I should have added, that at these seasons of festivity and display, the wealthy men of Moscow make to the Emperor some present, such as their means and position enable them, or claim from them to do. These are deposited in the Treasury, and become new sources of interest to the present and to the future time. But I have not yet entered this Palace in the truest sense of the word. I remain at the threshold because I know not how to advance. You are first in the private apartments of the Emperor and Empress. These are receiving rooms, sitting, and sleeping apartments, — dining rooms, private rooms of the Emperor and Empress, — those which attendants of the family occupy, &c., &c. On the same floor, in the opposite side of the Palace, are the private apartments of the Grand Duke and his family. There is one room appropriated especially to the Emperor which

attracts attention, not so much by its ample dimensions, as by the great simplicity and appropriateness of its appointments, its furniture, &c. This is his Majesty's private room, his study, if such an office pertain to such a position. No student could desire more entirely comfortable, and retired accommodations. The chairs and sofas are covered with good substantial Russian leather, and the tables with nice green cloth. The change from the elaborateness, extreme richness and finish of the other apartments of this first floor, so to speak, to the equal appropriateness, but simplicity of this single room, at once arrests your attention, and you ask whose room is this, to whom or to what devoted? I think the feeling was somewhat general of disappointment in regard to these private portions of the Palace; not that they are in any true sense private, for they are equally objects for the stranger's regard with those which he visits afterwards. Not because they are not as magnificent as art can make them. But they are not surprising for their extent, particularly height. You are not astonished at their vastness. You do not ask, how could all this have been done, and everything appear as if it were made at the same moment with every other part, however diverse, and still perfectly in harmony? You do not ask, was this created, or was it made? I took the part of this portion of the Palace against my companions. I had seen and wondered at the marvellous beauty and power of the Palace in Berlin; yes, had expressed my admiration of the White-room or Hall of that royal residence. And with that in my mind, I looked at and admired this. The guide seemed to have understood the feelings of my companions concerning this vast suite of rooms, and drew the curtains aside, and took the covering from the chairs, that we might see the wealth of fabric which was behind and beneath them. The floors and doors inlaid with various woods, and precious metals, were pointed out. And wonderful are these. The joinings were so perfect that you could not but

suppose that the variety in colour or shape was from nature, not art, and gave to the whole an individuality which no artifice of mere mechanical detail could possibly have produced. But with all this you saw that disappointment was present; that something higher and better of the same sort had been seen, or that something else had produced effects which the equal even could not reproduce.

We next proceeded up the magnificent staircase to the second story of the New Palace. We entered first, Alexander's Hall. For a moment not a word was said. Vastness, all the properties of space in perfect proportion,—and filled, or presenting such fulness of harmony, that no words could convey any sort of notion of what was felt. I have stood in the presence of the miracles of nature, which became mine by the alchemy of my own spiritual being,—which was in harmony with my highest present capacity of apprehending the sublime and the beautiful, and have been still. I should as soon have thought of talking of myself, as of my other self around me. Something of the same feeling possessed me in this space, so filled but not oppressed itself, or oppressing those who eyed it, by its wonderful presentments. "I am satisfied," was the only expression of each of its spectators. Detail at length came to the relief of such entire satisfaction. The floor, trodden beauty, was first examined. This was in itself so perfect, that comparisons were not required or thought of. There was some variety in the material, for there was room for admixture, without confusion,—of limit, without diminished effect. The doors so vast, as fitting the entrance way to what they disclosed, but not oppressive by their weight. They united some difference of material, but the union was so perfect, and colour so harmonious, that they lessened not that to which they were added. The walls, vast in extent and vast in height, were but the approaches to arches above them of consummate beauty in turn, and gorgeous with the elaborateness of various and exquisite art. Here again we

had gold and marble uniting their several powers in the production of amazing effects. Columns too of the purest surface, and of materials so various, or of colours so distinct, that the effect would have been disturbed or lost but for the skill which had placed them in such true juxtaposition. Chandeliers of gold hung from the *middle* of the ceiling, and in such proportion to the extent to be illuminated, as made them pertinent to the whole purposes of their hanging there. I said that it seemed as if this whole work had been done at once, and that it was not the product of months, of years. But it also seemed as if it had been created yesterday, and was there in its virgin freshness and beauty, as is that flower of night, which in its wonderful power creates the day,— the light in which it is seen, — too beautiful to survive its birth, and shutting itself up in its own, its fitting shroud, with the dawning of the common day.

We passed to St. George's Hall, the second in the series. We say at once that this was no copy of the first, — that it even surpassed it, though that seemed and was in itself perfect. It was larger than *Alexander's*, and otherwise got this attribute of greater vastness, by an arrangement in the simplest of its details, the place in which the chandeliers hung. This was *between* the columns, in deep alcoves, leaving the lofty arches of the ceiling unobstructed, and seeming by its fair proportions to ascend beyond the vision ; or which, in such a case, leaves it uncertain where the limits of vision are.

Then St. Andrew's Hall, the last in this Trinity of beauty and power ; but so combined were they, though separate, and having different functions, as to produce one perfect whole. I attempt no detail. There was St. George and the Dragon, the emblem of England's power, at the end of the hall, high up, almost beyond sight, and of the prevailing colour, white ; there were columns of *malachite*, that most splendid of all minerals, which can be used in architectural effects, with its living green, not disturbing, but

imparting life to that into which it entered as a necessary element. There was the slight furniture, with colours, which are appropriated to the objects which they represent, those of the flag, for instance, of St. George. There was absolutely nothing to diminish the entire simplicity, beauty, grandeur, I might almost say the sacredness of the place — of the scene. The attention was not for a moment distracted by the irrelevant, by that which broke the continuity of the story which the thing itself told, and which you were delighted to hear. We left the place just in that state which such a vision alone can produce, and with a certainty, an assurance, that in its revelations of power, human power, — art, — you had become more conscious of your own nature, of man's power, and had been made better by the discovery you had made.

We now passed to the chapels, of which the Palace contains more than one, but into which we were not admitted. We were permitted to look through the finely grated bronze doors or gates, but so feeble was the light within, that very little was seen. Our next visits were to the earliest, the eldest portions of the Kremlin, the Old Palace, but which is in continuity with the New. Here everything was on an entirely new plan. The rooms were small, low, dark, loaded with ornament, intense gilding, or fine gold, and with the amplest details possible. Here were the state, and private, apartments, of the father of Peter the Great, — his chapels, — his sleeping room, bed and furniture, precisely as they were when he left them forever. His bed was small, bedstead perfectly plain, and furniture as slight and as simple as that of any of his subjects might have been. His son's arrangements and habits, were quite as simple as were his, and I was told that the present Emperor has the same peculiarities. His bed is of leather, his pillow of straw; his slippers absolutely in rags. They were made, I was told, by the Empress, many years ago, and he will not have them mended, or new ones substituted. The Em-

press is an invalid, and these slippers were among her last needle works. There was one room which we reached by ascending some stairs in the Old Palace, which was novel in its uses. It is called the "thinking room," is entirely without furniture, and hither, as the story goes, the old King used to go to think! This room of thought, is small, retired, and remains just as it was when used as stated. In one thing only, does the earlier royalty of personal and public accommodation resemble the latest. It seems all new, as if made but yesterday. It seemed to the people about court, that it was due to the Old Palace, that something should be done to put it in keeping with its gorgeous neighbour, and that this might be done in the best way by renewing the old. The process to accomplish this, was to re-gild the old walls and ceilings, and to paint anew, but in the same colours as before used, the painted portions. So at it they went, and no greater failure was perhaps ever accomplished.

In this building a great deal was to be contained in the least space. It was in a fortress. It was to be made as secure as possible, and all that walls and guns could do, was done to render defence as perfect as it could be. In this the Palace was, in some sort, placed under the guardianship of the fortress, as was the wont, in the early border History of Scotland, when the town was built under the Castle walls. The thought of the earlier days of the Russian Empire is read everywhere in which its remains exist. The Old Palace is full of teachings. But this glare and glitter is dreadfully out of taste. Its new dress sits wretchedly upon it. It declares all its defects, while it offers no reason or apology for their existence. How true would it have been to the old times, if existing now in the venerable investiture of past ages. In St. Petersburg, in the neighbourhood of the Admiralty, its most imposing quarter, are to be seen enormous figures, designed for statuary. They were placed there by Catharine II. of not exceeding "bleased memory." They

are built of bricks, and are plastered over to give them the guise of marble, or of something else. The long and searching frosts of the Russian winter, crack and break off this strange crust, and the bricks again show themselves. The plaster is *annually renewed*; the figures are made new. The fresh plaster is exactly the same with the old, and as Commerce and Neptune were built with the Admiralty which they adorn, no present contrast can be instituted between the old and the new, the relations between the past and the present, are precisely what they have ever been. Nay, more, the Admiralty loses its plaster, its stucco, and the renewal of these makes all identically the same in their history. I have spoken of all this in another connection. But there is the Old Palace here in Moscow, in its new dress indeed, but with its antique forms and size, the last, of the old times, and with the objects for which they were made. There stands the New Palace as at its birth,—born in the matchless proportions of a perfect maturity, bearing everywhere about it the unquestionable credentials of its truth, the assurance of its future in the perfectness of its present!

We passed out of the walls of Palaces, through massive doors, and went directly up the tower of *Ivan Veliki*, who, for half his life, had ruled with moderation, and even kindness; but in whom suddenly were developed the elements of a cruelty, a barbarity which at once declared themselves in acts which leave earlier horrors far, far behind. This tower is one hundred and fifty feet high. You ascend in a neighbouring building for some height, and then pass by a horizontal connecting corridor directly into the tower. You ascend only about one hundred feet, and then pass out of a place in which large bells are hung, and which in some sort surround the tower, and in the spaces between and outside of them, you walk round it, and gain a very fine view of Moscow, and its surroundings. Like Ancient Rome, it stands on seven hills. The surface, for you look

down upon Moscow, has just that variety which prevents uniformity, but does not break continuity; while the horizon, made out of forest, hill, plain, massive buildings of the finest white, gives you just such a boundary to the whole, as it has not before been my lot to look upon. What is there in this whole panorama, — for your slow progress round the tower presents just that, and all of it, and no more, — what is there in this view which so distinguishes it from all others? Look first round and down upon the Kremlin itself, the point of departure toward all the rest. What is there here? Splendid buildings, wide unincumbered spaces, churches, with between sixty and seventy minarets, towers, domes, all in the richest gold, the roofs painted of richest green, and sparkling with the blaze of light which this more than torrid sun, now at high noon, is pouring upon them. It would almost seem, without the least exaggeration, that the absence of night here, accumulates light-rays into the sun itself, and that they are daily poured forth in the exuberance of their intense aggregation. Slowly does the eye pass out of the walls of this palace ground of beauty and of splendour, and of power too; seeing those one thousand and more of cannon, the stern gainings of a hundred wars, — slowly does the eye pass beyond all this, and what now is presented? Moscow, the whole of Moscow. On the tower you are in the centre of the wide surrounding world before you. Every man sees himself always to be the centre of the great circle about him. From this elevation, and with so sure a horizon, in such a day, in such an atmosphere, you feel your personal centralization after a manner of which you may never have, — never been so conscious. In your voyage across the Atlantic to get here, you have had ever before you an horizon. But how indefinite, how near, — what running together, — what fusion of sky and of sea! Here you are in the midst of obvious realities, of questionless things, not one of which but is worthy of your vision and your thought. Here is a great city, spread-

ing itself in a luxury of space, forests almost within its walls, making green places to give life, as well as beauty, everywhere. Then the Asiatic architecture, the three hundred or more churches, each with from four to six domes, minarets, towers, blazing with gold, mingling without the least confusion with the fresh green neighbourhood, or red, with which the roofs are painted. Then the distance, the back-ground of this splendid, most beautiful panorama, made up as we have seen of objects of the deepest interest, and producing only the happiest effects, — take all, — the whole together, and then for a moment look above it all to that divine canopy, which, in its resplendent blue, gives it a crowning glory, and if you do not in spirit worship it, you will not be as others who have given it their willing, their most cheerful service. As I looked at all this, I said, yes I said aloud, I have come far, far from home, — I have suffered with sickness so severe as to make living a burden, — I am a stranger, and alone, — but in this presence of beauty, of power, of overwhelming wonder, I am more than paid for it all. Yes, Moscow has paid for it all.

I quote from a writer the following, to show how another mind was moved by the scene before me.

“ The day was beautiful ; the sun was shining in all its brightness, and the sky without a cloud, as we revelled, unconscious of the flight of time, in the varied beauties of a scene such as no other spot in Europe presents, — not even Stamboul, with its Seraglio walk, and the Bosphorus, with its light caiques.”

One word more. From this height you look upon the river Moskwa, which, at this hour of high noon, is seen by the reflection of its intensely white and bright sunlight, winding through the centre of the city, of apparently uniform breadth, and so dividing it by a line of light into two distinct portions. The coloured roofs of the houses, alone seen at this height, make a contrast highly favourable for marking the course of this fine city river.

You leave the Tower and come back to earth again, to the bell, surnamed the Monarch (Tsar Kolokol), with its great piece broken out of it by the burning of the building in which it was hung, and by the consequent fall which happened to it; — which was cast by the Empress Anne; said to be twenty-five feet high, and three feet thick, at its thickest part, but which it may not be, for I carefully measured it, where it seemed thickest, with my pocket-rule, and found it to be exactly twenty-four inches through, — certainly a very great bell. Then we saw, — but I will not say what, for the detail of these wonders is of little interest, — and in due time approached the Spaskoi, or Holy Gate. This gate is not without interest. One story is, that the Saint, to whom it is dedicated, or the Tower in which it is, delivered the city from a fearful pestilence. Another, that the Tartars invaded, and would have destroyed Moscow, but for the immediate interposition of the patron saint at the gate. A third, that the French troops, when in possession of Moscow, approached the Kremlin, and would surely have destroyed it; they stopped at the Holy Gate. Nothing could induce them to pass through, — and the Kremlin was preserved. Such are the myths concerning this Holy Gate. Whatever may be the truth relating to them, this certainly is true, that this gate is held in the profoundest veneration and awe by all the people. From the Emperor down to the most abject subject, this sentiment here always declares itself. Nobody passes through this gate, and nobody can pass it, nay, come within the shadow of the Tower to which it belongs, without taking his hat clean off, and carrying it in his hand and in silence too, until he has entirely passed the sacred precincts. No matter what the season, or what the weather, the Holy Gate relaxes not a jot of its demand, — and all respond to it. Guards are in waiting, and he who is rash, or foolish enough not to respect the national faith, and which has such sanctions as has this place, is liable to much personal inconvenience, if not something

worse. I passed the Spaskoi more than once, and was not negligent concerning what I owed this nation. I had been, and was protected by its laws. I was as safe as at my home. I had been honoured by the hospitality of its distinguished subjects. Why should not I cheerfully do what a whole nation did, and did it from the deepest sense of duty, and demanded a like service from me, when reverence only could be at its foundation with me; or a desire to make some return for the privileges I had been permitted to enjoy? I had just left the perfection of human art, in one of its most distinguished manifestations. I had been admitted without fee to the most interesting materials of a nation's history; why not do so much as to respect its sentiments, or one of them, which has its source and perpetuity in the religious nature, and so recognize that nature in a beautiful expression of it, and which, as such, could only do me good? An English traveller, I am told, resisted this demand of the national sentiment, and made himself as uncomfortable and ridiculous as any Englishman might wish to be; and another of the same stock would never enter the Kremlin by the Holy Gate, for it was his principle not to take off his hat for anything. Speaking of hats, few social and universal customs have struck me more than this of taking off hats. It occurs at all times, and is not a mere touch, but a veritable taking the hat quite off. I stop a man in the street to ask my way. I begin by raising my hat; he does the same thing at once, and very kindly answers the question. A man is leaving you. He raises or takes off the hat. You do the same. You cannot tell how universal is this. The soldier,—and almost every other man you see is one,—a soldier, on seeing an officer, and he must look out that he fail not, stands facing him till he has passed, with his hand at his cap. This seems very strange to one of our people, this universal show of respect, when the occasion occurs for it. You must not enter any place of resort, and remain covered. In a church here, it would be sacrilege; in a railroad station

something hardly less. There may be a question about the house of God, but there must be none concerning the requirements of a house of the Emperor. You do the same thing, take off the hat, when you enter a refreshment room on the road. Now all this is very right. The only public place in which the hat has remained on, is the Exchange. I was there yesterday, and all kept on the hat. A funeral passes, no matter how humble, the hat is taken off. I did this, with my drosky man, the other day, and when I told Charles of it, said he, "Sir, you did the man the *last honour*," meaning the *greatest*. But you say, the drosky man who crossed himself, and said some words, probably knew little of what he had done. True, but he was conscious of having done something, and under circumstances of all others the most solemn,—the passage of a fellow being to the grave. He had been taught to do it always then; and he had never failed. Such an office simply, must have done something for that poor ignorant serf, or mujik, as the Russian labourer is also called. It did him good, and if for a moment only, it was then good. My respect for the dead also moved him, and if I did myself no good by it, I gave the drosky driver pleasure by the act, and was not this something? This travelling you see, is a strange business. It helps us to understand something, particularly the courtesy of foreigners to servants, for instance, which we so slightly recognize, or return, and which abroad is religiously returned. Said some one, the man who takes off his hat to another, is by that act so much nearer heaven than before. It is an act of reverence, and in nothing are we diviner, than in the recognition of the divine in others. So much for my sermon on the hat.

On our way home from the Kremlin, we stopped at the principal restaurant in Moscow, and ordered a Russian lunch. It came, and consisted mainly of three dishes; one, was a boiled *sturgeon*, — not a whole one, dears; O, no, by no means, — and boiled Beluga, a fish, which sometimes, they

said, weighs two tons, or four thousand pounds ; of this too, we only had a *bit*. Thirdly, a half of a *boiled pig*. Sundry other matters shall be nameless. Now what a lunch ! I eat but the least mite of it. It was wretched, — boiled pig ! Think what Charles Lamb would have said ? To pay for such a feast, and a price which had its amount in the celebrity of the house, was almost too much. But it was paid for as cheerfully as if it were to us as luxurious, and as luscious, as doubtless it would have been to the native.

In the afternoon of the same day we went shopping, — three of us. The Oxford Fellow, — the Yorkshire gentleman, — and your humble servant. It was a very pleasant business. The question was what we should get. The Oxford Fellow, not being allowed by his fellowship to have wife or children, was in great trouble as to his purchases. He concluded to buy some Kesan leather, wrought in flowers of gold, for ladies' slippers, as he had some to whom he would like to make presents, and we all agreed to buy some of a like kind. Then colours of leather and velvet, for we bought of both, came up. And as all children, the larger and the less, always think what others have is better than their own, we went on changing and changing, till we all settled down in buying pretty much the same colour, and the same work, the wrought gold flowers. You shall see mine, if ever you see me, or I escape robbery. What a long day that June 22d ! — the longest of the year everywhere.

23d. — I rose early, as usual, dressed for the day, and a long one was before me. Hired a drosky for the day, and at about nine, left home for the Military Hospital, some two or three miles off. I had a letter from Sir James Wiley, the medical head of the Military Medical Bureau, to Dr. Pfæhl, and was received by him very civilly and kindly. He is a very fine looking man, very handsome, of excellent form, and most agreeable manner. You would, at the first word, have been sure that English was his vernacular. He took me over the whole establishment, pointing out in

every ward, and their name is legion, the classes of diseases in each, showing particular cases of interest, making this altogether a most useful visit. I examined some cases, was asked for opinions concerning others, and seemed to be again at home. He took me into the insane apartment, first asking if I was at all troubled by such people. I told him no, but expressed a hope that they would behave well. And they did. They kept flying about, but were quite harmless. I asked if he had adopted the most modern method of treating the insane, by relieving them of all restraints, letting them do as they pleased, as far as such degree of freedom, as they possessed, allowed. He said he could not do so in all cases. He was satisfied that there were cases which demanded restraint, or the same thing, constant watching, or they would certainly injure themselves or others. I was very much pleased with Dr. Pfæhl's treatment of the sick soldiers, and with the other officers of the Hospital. In Russia, authority has all its power. The strictest discipline, and the most rigidly enforced obedience, are on all sides. In such a department of the public service, as a hospital for soldiers, you would look for the same system. And here it was. Every man and boy who was able to stand, was on his feet as Dr. Pfæhl approached. It was very curious to see that the privileges of disease were here laid aside, and, with the exception of not raising the cap, for they wore none, all other observances in presence of an officer were strictly attended to, when strength permitted.

When our medical visit was finished, the Dr. asked me to visit with him the kitchen. I did, and was never in a cleaner, nicer room. Some bread on the table attracted my notice, and I found it very good. In walking through the grounds, and I found the patients everywhere. Two servants came along with a waiter or tray each, nicely covered with a napkin. Dr. P— at once removed the napkins, and offered me some of the dishes, soup, cutlets, &c. One waiter for the officers, the other for the soldiers. He begged

me to eat some of each. I declined, because some experiments in unknown food had not resulted successfully with me. But he eat of all, with apparently great relish; in fact said the dishes were excellent. This institution is throughout in most perfect order. Its neatness quite equalled any I have before seen. The walls were high,— the windows abundant,— the bathing arrangements ample, and in all kinds,— the floors were perfectly clean. The patients had good beds, bedding, and dressing or night gowns. The only matter in which I differed with Dr. P—— was, the ventilation. This did seem to me less perfect than did other matters pertaining to the treatment, and comfort of the sick. There were no disagreeable odours, or they were by no means striking. But the temperature was to my feeling much too high. I recollect how much the whole northern races, the Germans in all their ramifications, were lovers of heat,— the universal stove in winter, and the care with which the winds of heaven were avoided, lest they should visit the people's faces too roughly. I remembered the down bed-covering, which I met with almost everywhere, and which in summer would seem insupportable, and how deep the Russian's love was of the *schube*, the sheepskin worn with the wool dressed on, and next the skin, at all seasons, and the same one for life; nay, transmitted to heirs,— when I recollect this love of heat, this national passion for roasting, I ceased to be surprised that the Doctor and I did not agree about temperature. He asked me how diseases of the eyes were treated in America, and especially in regard to exposing them to light. I said that a striking modification, if not revolution, had taken place in this regard, and that light was much more freely admitted than formerly. He said he had adopted the same course, and found that by it, and especially by out-door exercise, which formed a part of the system, eye diseases were much more manageable than under a different system. The exploration of pulmonary diseases was very thoroughly made. Imme-

diate auscultation was altogether used, and percussion was very faithfully employed. One thing I was especially struck with in these examinations, and when made by myself as well as by others. I refer to the forcible respiration, and especially expiration, practised by the patients. I could not but think that it is taught them; for I have never met with any natural breathing which approached it, and the degree in which we employ the same thing, the forced breathing, amounts to nothing when compared with the Russian. The sounds from the cavities, and less tubercular lesion, were most distinctive, and the healthy part of the lungs told their story after a manner which might be most readily understood. Scurvy exists among the soldiers, and cases were in the Hospital. Gangrene of the lower extremities, both *dry* and *moist*, was also here seen. Scrofula in its milder and graver forms is frequent. Ophthalmia was seen in its extremest degrees, the Egyptian, as named by Dr. Pfæhl, is among the diseases. A case of amputation above the elbow was showed. This man cut off his own arm in the first place, to escape the service. It required, however, another amputation, and from this he was convalescent when I saw him. He had quite a handsome, striking face, and was of full height and size. There were cases of Plica, but in the variety of interests, this disease was lost sight of, though I had particularly asked to see it. Thus was a most instructive forenoon passed, and to Dr. Pfæhl's frequent question, if I was not tired, I answered ever, no — no. I went everywhere, saw everything. Dr. P—— speaks English perfectly. Few can understand with what entire pleasure I heard him, at my introduction, utter himself in my mother tongue. It was promise and prophecy of a most pleasant visit, and it was such throughout. Dr. P—— gave me a copy of the last report of the cases, numbers, kinds, and results for two years, and translated for me the Russian into English, giving me in this form a very useful statement of the most important statistics of the Hospital.

I shall always remember gratefully the extreme kindness of this gentleman, and only regret it may not be in my power in any other way to manifest my gratitude.

At five, p. m., I reached Dr. Fischer's, with whom I had engaged to dine, when he made his well-remembered visit a day or two before. I found him sitting on the sofa with his daughter and a guest. They were eating, or had been eating. A dish of small fish was before them on the sofa-table, with bread, decanters, &c. They received me most kindly, and begged me to sit with them, and join in their lunch. I declined, as I knew dinner could not be far off. The Doctor now rose, and asked me to go to the library. He took my hand and another's arm, and we proceeded to the book rooms, on the same floor, and opening out of the hall, into which I had been received. This last opened upon a very pretty shrubbery, among which were flowers. The gate was to the road, and the one at which I had entered. It was a retired, and most quiet spot. The passers-by gave no annoyance, and, as there was no pavement, the carriage noise was not heard. Dr. Fischer attracted my attention to an engraving of Lola Montes, and told of her a very characteristic anecdote. He, President Fischer, had evidently been much impressed and pleased with the lady's beauty and power. He and his companion pointed out to me many objects of interest, and he gave me a copy of a part of a work, now in the press, on the Insects of Russia, by himself, and a splendid work is it. This part appeared in 1851, and his sight has failed since. At length dinner was announced in a large room, three rooms off from the library. This may give some notion of the houses in parts of Russia. They seem often very ordinary affairs upon approaching them, but within you find most excellent arrangements everywhere. High walls, inlaid floors, painted ceilings, very large and continuous rooms. The house is not piled up of stones, of a couple of rooms, one above another, but has a broad, generous foundation, with all the rooms on a floor, you

can possibly desire. Here was this old gentleman, very blind and infirm, but with ample accommodation to meet all his need. You were glad to feel it was so, and with this feeling came a wish, that such arrangements for comfortable, yes, luxurious domestic life, or living, were more common. We of the new world, think the old world is crowded full, seeing how little space the city plot allows for the family and its shelter. But no such thing. The old has still enough and to spare, while it is we who perish for lack of room. Our dinner was abundant and good. First, soup, and then fish,—a long white fish, surrounding the ample dish, the middle space being filled with shell-fish, closely resembling the lobster, but smaller,—prawns? Then a very nice dish indeed, then partridges, with an excellent salad, compounded of lettuce and cucumbers, with a most tasteful dressing. Then a cream preparation in a foam, like *blanc mange*, but much better, surrounded with a nice strawberry jelly. Vegetables of the season,—fruits, as oranges, &c. Dinner done, Mr. President Fischer rose, had his own glass, and those of all the guests, mine among the rest, filled with champagne; and turning to me, as *the guest*, gave me his welcome, and touched my glass with his, then everybody at the table did the same thing. I now took my glass to the ladies, and they paid me the same compliment,—then a generous hip, hurra! was said, and we took our seats. Such is the ancient custom of this ancient state. Such its ceremonial hospitality towards me. It was grateful to me, this ancient welcome; who could fail to be touched by it? who, thousands of miles from his own home, had found one in this far-off land, for whose visit, friends and distinguished men had been gathered in the house of a father of science, and for whom old custom had done its kindest offices. I could not but rise again from my seat and say a word of thanksgiving, for so gracious a welcome. I said “that I had come from a great distance, over many thousand miles of sea and of land to visit Russia, that I had been protected

by the laws of his Majesty the Emperor, and had been as safe as under my own roof tree; that I had received the hospitalities of some of his most distinguished subjects, and that I was grateful for and to both."

Now, looking backward over the wide ocean, as I often do, how do manners, habits, customs, come up in their simplest forms, in the absence of all that which gives them pertinence, for there is no time for detail; and how unlike is everything in the picture to my present experiences in Russia. The distant in space becomes the remote in time; and I am in the domain of history, of the past, and no longer in the fresh, the new, the living present of home. I look upon all of it as strictly and only objective — the external, the distant. It is so. It is the external, the outside, the *past*. It does not belong to *my*, this Sunday's present, with its warm sun flashing from golden tower, and gilded minaret, its brightest self, with the toll of thousands of bells calling the faithful to prayer and to praise. That distant region does not *now* belong to me. I see it. I look *towards* it. It is away. It is gone, and I shall not look upon it again, till I have seen other realms, other skies, and have mourned again and again, as I have this day, that men ever attempted to build the Tower of Babel, — and that this very Sabbath is not a feast of Pentecost, and that one of its blessings, — that gift of tongues, is not mine!

*June 23d, Wednesday.* — We left Moscow this day at half past eleven, A. M., and proceeded in the convoy towards and to St. Petersburg. It was a dull, rainy, thunder-and-lightning sort of a time. A part of it very hot, and in perfect harmony with the Russian meteorology, a part of it very cold. Nothing can be more entirely dull, stupid, wretched, than almost the whole of the road between these two Russian capitals. For hundreds of miles there is hardly any change of surface. There is some change in direction, I believe, but only once, of the road, which was forced upon the *construction*, by so deep a morass, that a founda-

tion, a *reliable* one, could not be found in it. On, on goes the road, — sand, sand, sand, steppe, steppe, steppe, — then clay and clay, — then yellow soil, — then red, — the “old red sandstone,” I suppose, for he who sees through the atmosphere of railroad progression, must be careful of his geology, of his mineralogy, and of his botany too, for the most part, he only thinks he sees. Then the vegetation, the forests, ever the same ; miniature pines, or firs, birch, birch, birch. Here is the whole face of the country, nothing else but occasional willows, and rarer lindens, sometimes a field of rye, and anon buckwheat occurs, not for cakes, the last ; for it is only used for gruel, and its stiffer congener, pudding. The grain fields are divided into beds of different widths going through their whole depths. These may belong to different proprietors or owners ; the only partitions being the narrow foot-paths between them, or they may only separate different tillages. You see the same sort of arrangement in the fields over much of Germany. It saves both expense of fencing and waste of land, and is an expression of kindly feeling of confidence, worth all the rest. This road is through a new country. It was only opened last November, and is not yet finished. There are the banks unfinished, though from the number of men employed these will soon be completed. It is very important that they should be so, as the frost disturbs these cuts very much, and the rain washes them. They are finished by pavings or brick work, or by sodding, as either may best answer the purpose, and by the best means of drainage. In the last hundred and fifty miles nearest St. Petersburg, the surface having become uneven, and occasionally hilly, considerably deep cuts have been required for the passage of the road. It is a long, most tedious drive of from twenty-two hours or more, which might with all ease be done in sixteen, and which has been done in much less. But along the road, at moderate distances, are refreshment places, and here the train stops from five minutes to thirty, as the meal

may require, and in this way the *inn tax* comes to amount to something, and the generous appetite for victuals and drink, may possibly be satisfied. Altogether this day's work is by far the heaviest and worst of all in my foreign experience.

Of the people living along the road, I can say but little. Cottages, shanties for workmen, and villages, are met with. Nothing can equal them in darkness and in gloom. They are boards, logs, mud, thatched or not, as circumstances demand, or permit. But however made, they very soon put on the same livery, get the same colour. This is not unlike to the soil and its products, and a more miserable prospect than that presented by a Russian peasant village, I cannot well imagine; nothing living is seen near it, neither man, woman, child, cat, nor dog. You now and then see some cattle all pressing close upon each other, as if to make some sort of society in the general desolation. In a few of the cottages you may detect an inch or two of glass, a small chimney generally made of wood, a bit of stove funnel, or somewhat like that, or simpler than all, a hole in the roof, known only to exist by the turf, or other sort of smoke, coming out of it. I saw the smoke pouring out of the door place. Inside the furniture is slight, but the *oven* universal. This is the daily friend, the perpetual comfort of the Russian serf. He loves his sheepskin, his *schube*, and deep is his love for his oven. In this he cooks, and from it he derives warmth, heat, comfort, luxury. In winter he lets the fuel burn to a coal, then shakes it well up, and together, shuts the chimney flue and the stove door, and for hours and hours he gets a most genial warmth without additional fuel, and if he lists, he and his lie down to sleep by the side of, or upon his faithfulest friend, the stove. Around the cottages for families, are smaller ones which are used for stores, for barns, for stables, so that when you look at a village you may wonder for what these tiny affairs are designed. Some of them may be used for the family. I spoke of men

at work on the railroad. These men are not large, and certainly did not seem to work with any morbid excess of industry. In the hottest part of the day, they rested, and in the cool of the long and light evening, I saw them at work as late as nine or ten, and later. In preparing the steep and high banks for the sods, much earth must be removed. This is done by small *wheelbarrows*, which, filled with earth, are wheeled *up* the steep banks, upon boards or planks, which ascend the banks in a lateral and winding direction, so as to make less laborious what seems exceedingly fatiguing. So large are the gangs of men, and so frequently do they occur, that a great deal of earth is removed very rapidly. At times their numbers seemed so great that it was thought they must check each other's progress. Their dress is as wild, as various, as strange, as wind, work, and rags, could make them. Sometimes heavy and better sorted, but ever showing that, for effect, it depended more upon accident than design. In countenance these royal labourers had but little to boast. It was pinched often, and of the deepest brown, made of the hot sun, and the terrible cold, as winter or summer served. They seemed as patient of condition, whether of suffering, or other, as unused minds and listless hearts could manufacture. I always looked in these men, for what in most men, however abject, you may find sometimes. But I saw no change, and of smile and laugh I never got the smallest specimen. As the carriages passed along, they stopped in their work to look at what they saw at least twice every day, as if it were looked upon for the first time; but with the same unmoved countenance. It might be a question if such were really men, but the flight of the convoy gave no time for an answer.

This account of the Russian labourer applies to a special service, the preparation of the banks or sides of railroad cuts of great depths, for the masonry which shall surely keep them in their places, under circumstances of soil and climate

especially fitted to render them insecure. The most careful engineering determines what the angle shall be with the road, and I may say thousands of men are engaged in the accomplishment of the work. I see no rocks, no boulders even, but a loose soil which requires constant labour, and such degrees of shelving as will prevent slides. The labour is constant, but of slow accomplishment from the vast amount to be done. Hence the appearance and manner of the labourer. Nothing can surpass the perfectness and beauty of the masonry. Nothing in fortification or in private achievements in this way, in my memory, equals these of the St. Petersburg and Moscow Railway, and the same is true of the arrangements for conducting water, which rains and melting snows demand. Of climate as influencing labour, we have here the extremes of heat and cold, and their fullest effects upon external appearance in all exposed to them. These labourers in nothing are worse off than are such as do like work, the construction of railways, elsewhere. The buildings described as occupied by them, are infinitely more comfortable, and necessarily so from the length and severity of the winter, than are the American shanties, and the general condition of the labourer quite as good.

*Thursday, June 24th.* — We reached St. Petersburg in the middle of the morning, and the rain began to fall. After all sorts of rencontres with drosky men, a *fiddle* was obtained, and with such flight as could be got out of a tired and unwilling horse, I reached the "English Quai," and felt again at home "in mine inn." Wearyed with a sleepless night, and faint for want of food, for I was quite willing to forego on the road all experiments of eating beyond bread and water, I proceeded to breakfast, which was still ready on the table, and then to rest in my quiet quarters. Here came the consciousness strongly that I had made some progress towards home, or rather to regions nearer to that same *word* or thing, than I had known for many days. I had been to the farthest point of my wanderings in one

direction, and this was a very important fact in my foreign experiences. I spent the first moments in looking towards the future.

*Friday, June 25th.* — This day was devoted to business. I called on the Minister to let him know that, as there would be no steamer till the next week, I meant to remain in St. Petersburg till she sailed, and would receive his despatches when they should be prepared; also a Courier's pass, with my man Friday's, — C.'s name inserted. I had forgotten to procure a Courier's pass from Mr. Lawrence in London, and so had less benefit from the London despatches than I otherwise should have had. A Courier's pass permits you to carry your luggage on without being examined, at least so far as the place is concerned, to which despatches may be directed; and I had mine to Paris. I went to the Hermitage and left a note requesting permission to visit it, which I shall do to-morrow, or Monday. Also a note to the director of the Imperial Library. Also to the Museum of the Academy of Sciences. I called on Mr. R., and went with him to the Exchange, a very handsome building presented to the Merchants of St. Petersburg by Alexander. Mr. R. invited me to dinner on Saturday, and to visit with him, Peterhoff.

*Saturday, June 26th.* — My first visit this morning was to the Church and Convent of St. Alexander Nevskoi, or Newsky, the favourite Saint of the Russians, — the Patron Saint of St. Petersburg. They were founded by Peter the Great. Built in wood in 1712, in stone 1716. The larger and present church was built in 1728. Peter, to please the people, and to attach them to the new capital, caused the bones of the Saint to be brought from the Convent of Gorodichetche on the Wolga, to St. Petersburg, to the new Nevskoi Monastery. The story is, that the Saint, indignant at this personal disturbance of his bones, went off to the Wolga again. He was brought back to St. Petersburg, and Peter told the monks if the Saint left home again, they

should be answerable for it. The bones have been obedient ever since. The Convent has fifty or sixty monks, who superintend a classical school, which, in 1836, had eight hundred and thirty scholars. It is largely endowed. I went to this Church and Convent in the morning. The service was proceeding. The chanting by the monks is remarkable for its sweetness and its power. It is said to be the finest in St. Petersburg. The Church is a noble building. Its walls and ceilings are perfectly plain as regards colour, being of a cold gray, which suits alike its architecture and its office. Its cold marble floor in large mosaic, its high arches, its gothic windows, its size, give to this Church a character of dignity and solemnity singularly imposing. In the altar lie the bones of the saint in a shrine of massive silver of exquisite brightness, and weighing three thousand two hundred and fifty pounds. The coffin is covered with glass, and across it is a white muslin edged with lace. The worshippers kneel at this tomb, kiss the glass, and wipe away their tears with the rich covering lying across the coffin lid. A picture by Raphael Mengs, of the Annunciation, is in the altar.

I said the service was proceeding. The worshippers were not many at any one time, but were constantly coming and going, and with the deepest reverence performing the solemn offices of their Church. The body was bowed to the earth at the shrine, and the face pressed to it, and there, and in that posture, prayer was offered. After this service, he or she, the richest and the poorest, came to the silver shrine, and wept over the remains of the Saint. Each in turn raised the laced pall to the face and with it wiped away the tears from their eyes. I was particularly struck by one worshipper. He was a poor Mujik, or serf, in his sheepskin *schube*, and as personally unclean, as desolate, and miserable looking a man as could well be. He prostrated himself, and in his worship was restored again to humanity, to human regard, and took his place amongst the best of

the household of that faith. He came to the altar,—he kissed the memorials of the honoured Saint, and he wiped away his tears with the splendid pall of that beloved shrine. This Church and Cemetery contain the tombs and remains of the most distinguished dead. Among them is Souwaroff. On a brass tablet, in Russian, is this inscription, and nothing more: —

HERE LIES SOUWAROFF.\*

At one, I left St. Petersburg with Mr. —— and Mr. B., with the last of whom I made my voyage from Stettin to Cronstadt, and to whom I owe much for his unremitting services, and proceeded to Peterhoff, a royal summer residence some miles down the Neva. This is a noble river,— the Neva,— very rapid, and very pure. It pursues its broad and unchecked way to the Baltic Sea alway, and so preserves itself in perpetual purity. It is the only water used here, and is carried about for all domestic purposes. Many individuals have offered to supply the city with water, and in the greatest abundance, by appropriate water-works, but the offer has been always rejected. Others have applied for corporate powers to light the city by gas. But their applications have not been accepted, so that in the long winter nights, very poor lighting is all that can be had, and this for only till about twelve midnight, as I was told, the lamps being then put out, or go out, as the oil in some way disappears from them.

. . . . Fear of change  
Perplexes Monarchs,

as says Milton. One, however, who has been in Russia, would hardly be ready to admit, for a moment, that the persistency of habits,— institutions, modes of life, &c., had fear for its cause in any possible view of it. While the *shube* lasts, oil and Neva water will continue to give the people light and drink. I heard it said that the oil was so

\* Commonly spelt Suwaroff.

early exhausted in the lamps in winter, by the natives helping themselves to it as a highly prized article of food.

Our steam trip down the Neva, one hour and a half, was rough and cold. We have had cold weather here for several days, below 60°, the wind north or northeast, and the most perfectly dry atmosphere I have ever breathed. The skin in such times gets dry, hot, rough, as disagreeable as can be well endured; the hair dry, brittle, uncomfortable; the water, which must be drank, produces great annoyance, so that Paul's counsel to Timothy must sometimes be literally followed, of taking a "little wine," &c. In St. Petersburg *Cogniac* is preferred, and I am told is both *prophylactic* and remedy.

Peterhoff is a royal residence, and the story is told here everywhere. Our steamer found the royal steam yacht at the wharf in her gold and paint, and her nicely dressed sailors. Guards in full dress were patrolling everywhere. A drosky was soon got, not a royal one, and on we went for some few miles to Mr. —'s residence. We went through grounds, every foot of which was in as exquisite order as you ever saw in the very best kept grounds of our beautiful Brookline. The grass in perfect green, and the trees, of various names, in most luxuriant condition. But for the cold, dry, dusty air, we should have had a drive which my experience of such would have left unrivalled. We passed cottage and palace. Old Peter the First lives and shines here in all sorts of memorials. His palaces and rural places, his stables, grounds, &c., are on every side; and with these whatever of modern, which present want or taste demands. I assure you this was a famous drive, and made me forget the Summer Islands, and everything of the kind I have ever seen. Recollect that this is no miniature affair, — a daguerreotype of half an inch diameter, — a level monotonous thing, which tells its whole story in its first rood. O, no! It fills miles with a variety which never disturbs, and with a continuous identity of purpose which never

wearies. We drove on hard, as these drosky men will do, almost shaking one out of the slight seat which is allowed the voyager,— we drove on hard, and reached Mr. —'s place. It is of all affairs the most modest, I would say humble, in its approach. I hardly believed it was his residence. But you know it might be, or any one's else, as soon as you enter. The hall, parlour, dining, tea, servants, and retiring room,— all in succession were of ample size, handsomely finished, and excellently well furnished. The tea room opens by a window to the floor upon lawn and flowers, and was as prettily appointed as one could wish. It is indeed a nice place. Mr. — showed us into a room well furnished with water, brushes, &c., that we might free ourselves, or rather be freed from the embraces of so much dust as had collected upon us since we left the blustering cold Neva. In the parlour we were soon joined by Mrs. —, and a Miss —, and in due time by many children. Mrs. — pleased me much. Female beauty is not excessive in Germany, Russia, or anywhere else out of England, as far as I have seen. Mrs. — is from England, and is as fair a specimen of real English good looks as I have often seen. Her features are small, but full of expression ; mouth, teeth, and of course, smile, perfect. Eyes blue, hair brown, brow beautifully made ; hair *low*, as in the antique, and the old exquisiteness. Voice singularly pleasing ; rather taller and more *embonpoint* than Venus, but in no approach to excess. And then her manner was so good. She made her house your own with her first smile ; and you felt at home every moment you were in it ; and not a little downcast when "farewell" came. Mr. — is the most hospitable of men, and most freely and cheerfully devotes himself to his guests. He had made arrangements to show me Peterhoff in detail. I felt so perfectly comfortable in my temporary but delightful home of his family, that I was more than half inclined to keep quiet. I am naturally a little disposed to rest. I am somewhat lame, and all continuous

and rapid locomotion more or less annoys me. But Mr. — said I was to see everything. Horses and carriage were in preparation. At dinner, in his kindness, he would almost demand that I should eat everything as a preparation for seeing so much. Well, I was very obedient, and had a most rare time. Let me speak of the children. One boy looked like his father, and was *not* a beauty, but well looking enough. But the three girls, two at least, and the eldest most of all, had beauty enough, either present, or surely to come. The blossom no more certainly is the prophecy of the fruit, than are certain marks in the human blossom, of its future beauty. The girls resemble the mother. A little boy, the last, or the *new comer*, as he was called, was presented to me. This little boy has a remarkable head, most strikingly resembling the long sugar loaf prolongation of Sir Walter Scott's most remarkable head. I told Mr. — he would most assuredly write novels, and poems. The children all gathered around me, and I had all sorts of things to say to them. The youngest girl, a strange, odd, bright little wight, did not at first know what to make of me, but she soon found me out, and was principal tenant of one knee, as another was of the other, a third of the lap, and so on. It was really most pleasant. The dinner was excellent,— a fine Neva salmon being a most important part of it, with all other things, meats, dessert, &c., conformable. As soon as the dinner was over, the drosky came round to the door, and off we started to see Peterhoff.

Peterhoff, I said, is a royal residence, and is of exceeding beauty. I spoke of its extent, of its variety in all which can make so many miles, and what is on them, attractive in all sorts of ways. Its variety is in the manner in which such extensive grounds are laid out. It seemed to me a perfect labyrinth, and I wondered how we got along in, and especially how we got out of it. It meets every kind and development of taste, and without making a demand on your admiration or gratitude, constantly receives both.

There is a great deal in the collection, selection, and preservation of what is worth in these. A man has done something worth doing, and for memory too, who has devoted himself, or his leisure from stern and perpetual public, or other duty, to his own present gratification of the better in himself and in the preparation of what time will make more and more perfect for the coming ages. It is a great privilege to occupy just such a position as places large means in your hands, and at the same time have disposition and knowledge or power to make good use of them. Emperors and kings have opportunity for all this, and let us say what we may of them in other regards, we cannot but honour them for noble and all worthy undertakings. Do not let us be curious about motives, about vanity, selfishness, &c. &c. Here is what they have done. Here is the sure and permanent record of their uses of great opportunity, and of great power. Here are things for gratitude, for reverence, for memory. One thought occurred to me at Peterhoff, which has very often been with me of late, and especially when looking at truly great public works, which have had in view the pleasure and growth of the ages,—which are ministering to taste, to culture, in every moment of their true uses,—a thought which was with me in my beautiful drive over the "Summer Islands," the six exquisite islands on the Neva, connected by the bridges which seemed everywhere,—a thought which came in the fullest force whilst wandering through the Kremlin, and especially when gazing upon all Moscow from the top of Ivan's Tower. It was this, that in all pertaining to true life, under whatever forms it may be presented,—in all earnest, true, human work, there is always associated, and necessarily so, the consciousness of a remote purpose, which gives to it a propriety, a perfect seasonableness, and which satisfies us that it was the best use of a royal life,—of a nation's resources. A king, or other powerful man, the single representative of a great state, and the legitimate source of its whole action, at

great cost to the subject, at a cost of the widest energies of the whole people, reaching down into the very hearts and daily duties of every subject, and apparently for his, the king's, own private interests, pleasures or what not, — such a man in the midst of everything else, accumulates into the state whatever may meet the demands of the highest culture, and be a source of pride and pleasure to the lowest, and leaves it, not only as a memorial of himself, but of his times, and so imperishably connects them and himself with the history of his race. He appropriates to himself vast territories, — makes palaces, parks, gardens, — sends out his agents, buys collections of paintings, statues, libraries, objects of curious interest for cabinets, museums, — brings from all sorts of climates, animals, plants, birds, and prepares for them habitations, and artificial temperatures, in which they may live and continue their races. The king is daily using his vast power, and the means of all his people, for such purposes, and apparently for his own gratification, and apparently, it may be, the poorest element in his own being, and yet if we look at it more nearly, we shall come to perceive and admit, that what seemed only the coarse, the vulgar, the personal, has really, and in truth, had its main interest and argument in that which it daily does for others, yes, the humblest subjects of the wide state. In other words, the great fact of absolute, questionless *compensation* runs through everything, and everywhere. It lies beneath, and behind, all real action, and makes beautiful, and even venerable, what seemed to have had its whole object in that which least deserves such elevated and ennobling regard.

I see here everywhere, the people taking an interest in the objects most worthy their admiration and care. I see them making a part in the gorgeous temple-worship of the National Church. I see them with wives and children, either in humble conveyances or on foot, in search of objects of interest, in close company in the same road with the noblest

and the highest. They are at Peterhoff, at the Islands, and I found one, yes, apparently a poor man, in the Treasury of Moscow, and in its palaces, in the midst of riches, splendour, beauty, art, science, of which the American at home has no notion, and which it is utterly impossible for him, at home, ever to have. Said a friend, "These things are done for the people. You could not have such power concentrated in a single head, heart, hand, unless it were used for something else than itself. It cannot act for itself, without reaching to and touching the whole state. This beauty, this wide external agency, is not for the *one*. It is for the *all*. It proceeded from them, and daily and hourly returns to them; yes, returns to them with an interest compounded, of all that has been done by such investments of a nation's wealth, and by the added value which time, of itself, brings with it." This doctrine then, of *compensation*, comes to him who stands in the midst of the works, the accomplishments of kings, of all great and powerful men, with a force which he may have never understood or felt before. Seen from a distance, his whole mind is supposed to have been occupied with the mere personal uses and results of naked power. You see only the external, or rather only get some vague, physical notions of such agency. You wonder at the toleration of such power, and of its uses, by large peoples, whole nations, and come to the conclusion, that they are tolerated only for peace, for personal safety, for the kind or degree of protection which the operation of any system of laws, or any forms of government, may secure,—that present despotism is better than possible anarchy. Now, this is not the whole or the true philosophy of such human conditions as these. There is something deeper than all this in the mysterious problem of tolerated abuse. The solution of it is to be found and looked for in the real, the unquestionable agencies and interests which every man, woman and child has, and exerts wherever man and human government are. The king is, after all, but the representative, the

exponent, the complement of the whole state. He is the main spring of the vast machinery which is every moment in action for the most important purposes. He is the life of the state. His is its breath, and in him have they life, motion, being. He is never alone. He never works *for*, for he never works a moment *by* himself. I see yonder a railway stretching through hundreds of miles, almost in a straight line through the Russian steppes. I see it opening up everywhere territory, lands, forests, which, it may be, have never before been seen by man. I see thousands of men miserably clad indeed, and miserably fed and sheltered, labouring in the hot sun through most of the nightless day of the north, to complete, make safe and lasting that which has cost millions of money, and has used millions of lives. I ask why is all this done? Why connect, through such means, these remote parts of this wide and unused empire? I am answered, "This road is for the extension and perpetuity of power. It is a military highway, along which armies are to be carried with the wind's flight, anywhere and everywhere that the extension and exercise of power may demand. It had no public good in its birth, nor will it have any in its uses." To me a fallacy runs through the whole of such reasoning. That road must secure social intercourse. It must reveal individual local interests. It is to make men who never before heard, it may be, of each other, neighbours,—friends. The intercourse of life, the vast exchange, the currency of which is true sentiment,—interest in each other,—brotherhood, this and these are established, or are to be established, by that road; and so that which, as you say, had its source, its being, only in the personal, and for personal advantage, comes to be a sure means of the widest national good. We, in America, it is said, look at, and labour for the widest liberty. We check the general government, or in wiser language, the supreme head and power of the state, in everything. We compress within the narrowest limits its whole authority. We deny

the theory of supreme government, and never reach to the fact. We are safe in our distances from each other, and in the fierce pursuit of personal interests, individualism increases every day. Party is beginning to feel its power in disintegrations, *splits*, unknown before to our political history. This begun, who can foresee its end. Power necessarily becomes weaker and weaker, for as it falls more and more into different hands, its precise uses become more and more questionable, and confusion is everywhere. At length every party, or every man even, becomes the country, and the country nobody. The result of the whole is seen every day. It declares itself most in the extremest jealousy, lest one part of the nation, some one State, may get an advantage from the government, which, in the same way, cannot be enjoyed by another. *Internal improvements* are the daily and hourly terrors of the people; as if it were possible in a great state, a true nation, that any improvement, by any possibility of chances, could be in any sort or measure limited to the spot in which it has been made, — that anything truly good and great could, by some monstrous law of political optics, be prevented from being reflected elsewhere, and everywhere. I remember well that the subject of Internal Improvements occupied the mind of the profoundest statesman of the land, the late Hon. Daniel Webster. His opponents, the nation, for a majority makes it what, for the time, it may be, found their argument in the want of a constitutional provision for such improvements, as if a constitution was bound to contain the detail of general principles or provisions. All that is wanted in the constitution is there. Among the powers of Congress is a provision "to regulate commerce among the several States," and what more constitutional authority can be demanded? The old jealousy remains. When Congress has used its legitimate power by passing a bill for such Improvements, the executive steps in with, I had almost said, its impertinent *veto*, and stops with a dash of a pen, or by not using one, what would have blessed the State.

This fact in our political history, — this national jealousy and fear, that some one State may get the advantage of all others, by an exercise of the supreme power, — prevents all such large and comprehensive public arrangements, in which the whole would find a common interest, and from which, as a centre, there would proceed an influence which would bless the whole. There, perhaps, is not under heaven a nation which is so little national as America. There are, indeed, narrow local interests everywhere, around and in behalf of which, cluster the popular feeling of neighbourhood. But such never enlarge thought, or lead to important action. To satisfy a hundred or a thousand, may be something. But the very satisfaction of such conditions becomes necessarily the limit of individual or of sectional power, and true national progress ceases.

Let the people then give the government the power to act on the largest, the most comprehensive scale. Let the American nation set at once and seriously about it, that it will be the efficient patron of its own intellect, — of its own best powers. Let collections of interest of every kind be made; yes, in the national and State capitals, and so furnish to the whole mind here the means of the best culture. There can be no fear of the abuse of such a power, for the very culture it secures is ever the surest means of the truest safety, and best growth. We have men who, away from us, are doing noble works, and are daily adding to the means of all Europe for its education and best civilization. Why should not the works of such men belong to their own country, or enough of them, to say to the ages forever that they were ours? Why should such men leave us, and forever, in the earliest manifestations of their great powers, these exiles of genius, and find their home, their fortune, their fame, among strangers, — yes, from Kings, Emperors, Queens, upon whom the republic looks as upon the enemies of intellectual progress; despots, who, in their so called personal, selfish pleasure, find, and have the motive of that

very patronage which we have so long withheld, and which we seem resolved forever to withhold. It is ridiculous to say we are young, and can do no better than we do. We are not young,— we were never young. The Pilgrim was a man. He was a soldier,—a gentleman, a scholar, a Christian. In his voluntary exile he brought with him all that was truly his at home. He brought a cultivated intellect, a brave heart, a good conscience. He came here to exercise all these, and in their highest uses, to lay here the foundation of a great State. He began his work. He formed a government. He made laws. He established schools. He founded a college. He brought here the memory of his home,— of his altar, of his fireside. He had generously given all up, to carry forward what he had begun here, and which he foresaw would never die. The spirit of a noble sacrifice was in the Pilgrim, and he withheld nothing which that spirit demanded. Not like the current benevolence which carefully avoids trenching upon its own means, lest it should feel some of that want which it professes to relieve: the Pilgrim's service to state, and to individual, necessarily involved sacrifice, and he cheerfully made it. I say again, we are not, and we never were, a young people. The colony made itself free, and in dependence and the republic was proclaimed. In what period of our history have there been greater and better than those who did that work. Washington, Jay, Hamilton, Jefferson, Franklin, Madison, Adams,— were not these men? And who in history have greater honour? They were true to their origin, and preserved, and added to their great inheritance. Who have done better than these? Are not their names as household words? Do we not delight to give them to our children, as if this might be an incentive to follow their steps? If this be, what some effect to call it, "Young America," it can only be the second childhood of a once noble state; and it is only with the distant future to tell what its second manhood may be.

YOUNG AMERICA.—What is Young America? I am told it is the “embodiment of the energy, *go-aheadedness*, of the young men of the States.” “And what does it?” “It subdues primeval forests, wildernesses. It builds cities in prairies, and on the edges of vast lakes, and mighty water-courses. It founds colleges, churches, schools; makes governments, &c. &c.” But these things are doing, and have been done in every moment of the country’s history. But never was this done by the youthful. The Pilgrim, of whom we have just spoken, but cannot say too much, a full grown man, not only subdued primeval forests and wildernesses, but he subdued the wild beasts, and wilder savages, who lived in them. He came here to New England in 1620, cleared land, built villages; and towns; established churches and schools. He founded Harvard College in 1638, just eighteen years after his winter landing upon the rock of Plymouth. The Pilgrim was not a wanderer, a man of uncertain purpose. He put down his foot upon that rock, and firmer than was it, made here an everlasting place for kindred men, for kindred hearts, and minds. Look at the birth place and birth day of New England, and at what it now is, and say who have been its heroes. It was in moral power, and its Christian development and energy, that the Pilgrim accomplished his divine purposes, and made reverend and holy their lofty accomplishment. If the young men of this day and country mean to follow such a lead, let them in generous, true, and wise moral culture, and development, prepare themselves in manhood to labour with their might to subdue the moral wilderness which has replaced the material, and which the Pilgrim subdued. Let them in the strength of moral power, which finds in the understanding only its nearest instrument, be the teachers of the nation. Let them in the midst of the restlessness and love of change in everything belonging to public and private life, teach the great lesson that a man may be contented with what he *has*, but never with what he *is*,—

"that the life is more than meat, and the body than raiment," — that outward prosperity may have beneath it a moral corruption which is fatal alike to individual and life, and to national character. To such a Young America, every lover of his country and race may say, GOD SPEED.

In Europe, in one of its noblest states, had we our and our fathers had their birth place, and patronage, and England dates from the Cæsars. With present England we have a common origin, a common language, a common literature. We have inherited her laws, her customs, and hers are our interests. We should feel all this, and cease to live upon the second-hand and second-rate of Europe. We should keep our best at home, and command pilgrimages homeward, instead of yearly and hourly sending our own and best on pilgrimages elsewhere. A true state is the patron of its own genius. Why then should we neglect a duty which we are able to perform?

I am aware of the nature of our governments, for we have many. I know that such governments are unfavourable to such centralization as shall secure the public interest to objects, or to an object, however important. Still, with this admission, there is no necessary obstacle in the way to any such effort. This country, like the individual, fails solely because it wants purpose, — will. It does not want power. It secures to useful, mechanic art, that which has placed in its hands the fortunes, not only of the individual, but of the nation. To be sure such patronage is in itself individual, and a reward for what is mainly physical. It secures to the discoverer his whole interests in his discovery, and leaves it with him to say precisely upon what terms it shall benefit the state. Genius, on the other hand, is a republic in its whole life. It makes him who has it a sovereign indeed; whose throne may never be disturbed. But all that it accomplishes is ultimately for the public benefit, culture, pleasure. It admits everybody into the closest communion with itself through its works; and has its exceeding reward

in the pleasure, the civilization it so widely promotes and dispenses. It asks of the state protection, patronage, that it may do what shall command both. It asks that its works may be collected in permanent homes,— that it may come into the presence of its own best; and more especially of the best of all others. It asks that the state would in this way preserve the most valuable contributions to its own history, for through them will ever speak the public heart, and the public mind. Refinement and growth, sentiment and principle, are the expression of genius,— the language which it utters. Thorwaldsen has made his own birth-place and nation, the residuary legatee of his great genius. His native city, Copenhagen, the capital of a state numbering only two millions, has a name and a place with the largest, in his gift of so many of his works to it; and who that has any love of the highest and the best in human works, will not stop on his way through the stormy Baltic, to give a day or an hour to see, to admire, and to be made better, by works of such transcendent excellence and power so reverentially, so lovingly placed there? We are to begin this great national duty some time. We are to enter seriously and wisely upon these labours. We are to find our name and our place in God's universe, by what we may do to illustrate its highest human manifestation, human power. We are to do it by the external indeed, but it must not be an external which ministers only or mainly to the physical. Dante knew the daily misery of ascending another man's stairs for bread. But genius will ever make the sacrifices, which its highest exercises may demand. It will, however, only do it when in prophetic vision of the deep reverence and love of the coming ages, it sees beforehand, that, if it now want bread, it is sure of immortality.

I have spoken of Peterhoff as it appears to you in driving through its broad avenues, its shady by-ways, its long and seemingly endless roads. Great skill has been used in giving to its surface as much of variety, as such a place

demands, and yet to leave the impression that the whole is as it was originally made, and that art has only been used to unfold its treasures, simply by allowing itself to tell its own story. Now the truth is, that the whole region, Peterhoff as it is, is the product of art. It was once a morass, a dead level, which was utterly worthless. And it has been made what it is by creating hills here, and leaving lakes there. The useless soil has been scooped clean out, and carried where a hill was thought to be wanted. And there a dyke has been made and a large reservoir left by the removal of the earth by which it has been constructed, and which reservoir shows now as a fair lake. You see by this just what Peterhoff is. And whether the hill is in a good place or not, can hardly be well argued, seeing that groves and forests, and all sorts of additions in buildings, &c., have been just so interposed everywhere, as to leave but little chance of your doing other than admire, or at least to be satisfied with them. There is St. Petersburg, once on a fair level with Peterhoff, before there was a Peter; and who now would dream that it was once as nothing when compared with its present magnificence? It is now a great city of five hundred thousand inhabitants or more, and is full of famous palaces and great houses, of hospitals, churches, markets, everything, in short, designed for important purposes, and everything accomplishing its design. In 1824, Nov. 7, the river rose suddenly so as to submerge the city everywhere, in some places to the height of twelve feet. Great was the destruction of life, fifteen thousand, and of all sorts of property, and especially of the destructible means of living. So great was this that the Emperor Alexander allowed for a year full and free importation of all articles of consumption which had been destroyed by the flood, and thus was greatly diminished a most threatening evil. The Neva is one of the rapid rivers of Europe. The Rhine comes rushing down from its Alpine home, passing unmixed through the waters of a lake, and keeps unchecked

till it finds its way into the waters of the wide sea. I have stood upon the banks of this mighty stream, not waiting for it to pass by indeed, but on account of the deep interest which such rapid rushes, almost gushes, of great masses of water always produce. I sometimes ask what might be the effect of this river in its terrible power carrying everything for the moment before it, — yes, bodily seizing upon, and destroying that which, for an instant, obstructed its headlong progress, and carrying away houses, soil, tree, everything away with it. The Neva has its power in its quantity as well as in its rapid motion. And this latter you judge of, more by the motion of things on its surface, vessels and boats, than by the apparent movement of its waters. The Rhine, and so to the Elbe, at least when I was upon them, were discoloured by the mud which was mixed so largely with them. This discolouration with the broken or uneven surface of the chafed rivers, enabled you, in some sense, to measure their rapidity. The Neva has its source in a large lake, the Ladoga, a lake of many, many miles in breadth, and the river is about fifty miles in length, before it passes St. Petersburg. It is perfectly clear, and its dark, heavy waters become resplendent beneath the bright, hot sun. Its rapidity depends on a series of falls about half way between Ladoga and St. Petersburg. The river grows rapidly wider below the city, and passes Peterhoff in grand masses. It rushes on and far into the Baltic, as fresh as when it entered it, until it is lost in the salt sea. You cannot but be struck, deeply impressed with such histories, and feel glad that you have stood upon fair land, and in populous cities, where once, and that not long ago, a great lake, and a wide rapid river had at will, free, and wide passage, and full play.

Speaking of water here, is of all things the most natural, when the subject is Peterhoff. This place owes its power to land and water, and different observers will apportion the amount of power between them differently. The water, I think, will carry the palm with the million, as what it does

in the scene before us is so obvious, and so beautiful, that its demand is made too distinctly to be neglected. This water, in its amount truly vast, is brought about twenty miles in enormous pipes from hills which are high enough to give it in the lowlands of Peterhoff great head or power. And this is set forth in every variety of manner. Rome was called the city of fountains, and numbered more than three thousand. Peterhoff may be also called a place of fountains, whose number, who can tell? You pass along whole reaches, the sides of which are streaming with water from the never-ending fountains. Lakes are formed, and from different parts of them, fountains gush from all sorts of sources, animal, mineral, and what not, at least in form and appearance, with as little regard to source as possible. There is a gigantic Samson, in full gilding, forcing open the tremendous jaws of a golden lion, and from which springs a fountain high in the air. And yonder, as you walk in a grove, or sit down on a bench under a tree for shade, and for rest, in an instant the tree becomes a fountain from every twig and leaf of it, and covers you with its cloud of misty spray. You feel yourself in a fairy land, over which the fair Undine has empire, and true to her nature and her gift, she dispenses her blessings, her smiles, and her tears, on every side. The water sometimes has other forms. It comes rushing down rocks over wide and deep marble steps laid in large squares of black and white. Now it tumbles as a fall, and now rising as a pyramid of exquisite form and fair size, it is broken into a dense but silvery white cloud, and in its perfect silence, asks for your passing regard. The occasional grotesqueness incident to water appropriations or uses, are here in abundance, and may sometimes be questionable as matters of severe, rigorous taste. But when we come into such regions, we may safely dispense with rules, for awhile, and laugh and be serious to the occasion. Here are arrangements for the interests of childhood, and of infancy. Ducks and other water things, are floating about, making all sorts

of imitations by means of their structure, and the movements of water in and out of them, of their natural voices or languages.

Peterhoff is the product of a single mind, but suited to sorts of minds, tastes, ages, whims, to give pleasure to great numbers; in short, is large, various, and full enough to meet the whole demand. It is of such great extent that fêtes are given here, which the whole people may witness. Here are illuminations of water courses so intense and perfect, that the discordant elements of fire and water seem to have forgotten their old ways, and flow, and gleam, and burn in close and harmonious company. One of these fêtes will "come off" 13th of July, and I am sorry that I shall not be able to witness it. I have stood on the very spot where this part of the great drama of show will be acted, and could understand somewhat of the effects produced here by fire and water. To me, as I have said before, much of the interest of this and the like arrangements for the personal, the individual, is derived from the equally well established fact, that all may partake in the same. A public carriage, a drosky, for instance, without company may not be admitted into the gates. But the passenger so far sanctifies it, and no matter who that passenger may be, that so ordinary mode of conveyance is admitted without question. Nay, private families, who hire a house for the summer, are as much at home at Peterhoff, as the descendants of him who has piled it up out of the waters. This is all right. It leaves men in the enjoyment of the air and of the light, the water too, and which are the common property of all. If the spectator is in perfect sympathy with that which is around him, it becomes his own property, and he may have a deeper interest in it, a truer possession, than has he, who has it from ancestry, and by the tenure of a written or unwritten law. I have no details to give of places, or of objects. I write to give form and place to that which has been produced within me by such portions of the outer

world here, as had in them anything more or less to impress my higher nature. I was in the midst of a beautiful world, and looked round to see what had been done with it by man, to give to the divine in that nature the better part of the human.

A rapid drive brought me to the hospitable house of my new-made friends, and so pleasant was the time, and so light the evening, it was, to my extreme surprise, past midnight when we reached St. Petersburg ; and to my dismay, the bridge's draw was up for the night, for the passage of the river craft, which is not allowed to pass it any other time through the twenty-four hours. I was utterly tired out by walking and driving, and to foot it seemed the only way to get to the other side of the Neva ; namely, by a distant bridge higher up. But I went *down* the river, and at length took a boat which ferried me across. A long street was before me, and the *English Hotel* seemed at an interminable distance. I, however, arrived safely, and about *sunrise* went to bed. I spoke just now of the light of the evening I passed in Peterhoff. This light of the Russian summer-night never more strongly impressed me. The moon was full and in mid-heaven, when, on the bank of the Neva, I looked at it. But so brilliant was the twilight, reaching to and illuminating the sky over head quite as much as the horizon,—a striking peculiarity to the Northern summer,—that the moon had lost its brightness. It cast no shadow, and looked as a round white spot in the mid-heaven.

*Sunday, June 27.*—Sufficiently fatigued with yesterday's experiences, I rested to-day. I called on Sir James Wiley to thank him for his letters to Moscow, and for the exceeding kindness and courtesy to which they had introduced me, and learned from his servant, his porter, I suppose, for he has many servants, that Sir James did not receive calls *that* morning. I kept within doors till five, and then walked with Charles to the Minister's, with whom I had engaged to

dine that day. It was a party of four, himself, Secretary of Legation, Major —, Chief Engineer of the Moscow and St. Petersburg Railroad, and myself, and I had a most pleasant time.

HERMITAGE. *Monday, June 28th.* — Everybody goes to the Hermitage. A note from me to the Director, "most respectfully asking permission" to visit it, procured me this privilege, which is as freely accorded to all. A dress-coat is an indispensable condition of this visit. The Hermitage is strictly a *show-place*. He or she who has the most plentiful supply of curiosity is pretty sure to see the most. Now I think I can have but a small portion of this mental quality, so necessary to make a good traveller. It is always an effort for me to go sight-seeing. I feel under great obligations to many friendly persons I have met with for their kind solicitings, that I would join their parties to the curious, the beautiful, the sublime. In this way I have seen some things, which otherwise I might never have known anything of. My courier has travelled, and for years, and with nobles and gentry, at least so say his letters of recommendation, the authenticity of which I have never questioned, — my courier cannot understand me, that I should be so slow in my search for the wonderful. He has often to entice me out "of mine inn," as with a pitchfork, and comes as near right down scolding as becomes his years and his position; so if I do not tell you the exact history of every spot of wide Europe I have trodden, do not, I pray you, charge it upon my faithful guide, the courier.

The Hermitage is in immediate proximity to the Winter Palace, and whenever the Emperor is absent from St. Petersburg, they may be seen together. His banner was "on the outer wall," yesterday, Monday, so I was limited in my explorations to the Hermitage. You go up by splendid marble stairs to the rooms you may visit. Magnificent columns of the granite of Siberia, polished almost to dazzling, are on both sides. You enter rooms filled with pic-

tures, which, in 1839, numbered fifteen hundred, and they have been added to every year since. The rooms are numbered, and contain the works of the various schools of art. Some rooms are filled with the works of one author. Three pictures of Titian, as in my catalogue "marked down," particularly pleased me, and because of their exquisite beauty. They are in the same room, and the subject is the same. They differ mainly in some unimportant details. It was refreshing to pass from the barbarous works of Snyders, his Boar Hunts, &c., to anything approaching the human. And these pictures, whether by Titian or not, were certainly related to that. By one of those coincidences which happen most frequently in the experiences of travellers, in one of my visits the day after the Hermitage, I saw, where I was visiting, a woman who so nearly resembled the person in the three pictures, that I was almost startled at my first glance at her, and I was careful in the rest of my visit, or when opportunity served, to ascertain how correct was my first impression, and the evidence was not diminished by after observation. This business of tracing likenesses in distant countries between the well known and the latest seen,— the foreign, and the home, is a very common one. I remember in my first visit to London, forty-three years since, being not unfrequently occupied in this way, and very often was I surprised by the result of my explorations.

In the Hermitage, I was in the presence of pictures numbered by thousands, and claiming not only to be of certain schools, but set down as questionless works of the best artists the world has ever seen. Here were Raphaels, Clauses, Correggios, Salvators, Titians, Murillos, Poussins, &c., as common as household words; and then Teniers, Rembrandt, Rubens, Wouvermans, Vanderveldt, Ostade, H. Potter, would seem only to have painted for the Hermitage. There were here besides pictures, things of great interest. Here were splendid vases of most precious stones worked after a manner to give you form and material, in their fine

expression. Malachite, jasper, porphyry, granite, how rich, how exquisitely beautiful were they. I was almost as much moved by the vastness, — the great size of these, — as by their beauty. Nature seemed to have brought forth in almost wasteful profusion, that which in its rarity in other regions, and the smallness of its masses, acquires such value, as to be the possession of a few only, and which is preserved with a care which few other things know. What can surpass the Mosaics in wood and in mineral, which are here beneath your feet, and on every hand? The Palace Halls, which have been made to receive and preserve such treasures, are in size fitting their important office, and of this you may have some apprehension. There has often been, indeed, too little care in the arrangement of light for pictures. The pictures are for the most part in long rooms on one side, and the staring, level windows are directly opposite, making it sometimes next to impossible to see the pictures at all. But the increase of paintings has forced a compensation by which the later additions may be seen. This consists in an alcove arrangement, which allows the light to fall equally on the pictures on both sides of the projections which form the alcoves, and by a little adjustment of position you may see somewhat. Why a picture gallery of such extent, containing so many admirable works, should have been so constructed as often to leave it a matter of indifference, whether you see the canvas at all, must be left for the thought of future travellers. To some lovers of art, the want of a catalogue may be a grievance, but as such an accommodation would shed no *light* on its subjects, it is hardly worth the missing. Suppose for a moment, that the portion of the Hermitage devoted to art had been thrown into one vast gallery, with its light coming fresh into it from above, — a light from heaven, revealing the divine of human work, how surpassing had been the beauty, and into what good and happy hearts would it not have found its way? All men may have the apprehension of the true, of the

beautiful. How easy is it to hide it all? What can be more vexatious than this carelessness in the construction of picture galleries? In such, you are in the conflict of cross lights, and objects come to the eye in all the confusion which such a battle, by the sure laws of optics, must inevitably produce. And then you are dazzled by the strong and swift reflection; not a ray is absorbed, but each and all come back with an increment from the wild investment, which is absolutely fatal to vision, — nothing but loss to the beholder. You are in pursuit of some point of a painting, for you can see it only by instalments; you twist your head hither and thither, thinking now you have caught a head, when it will turn out you have only a nose, or an eyebrow, and after you have worked the longest and tried your best, you may have the satisfaction of learning that you have got nothing but a crick in the neck. It is bad taste to ornament a picture gallery, to cover its walls and ceilings with rich hanging, or elaborate architecture. Green baize or broad cloth answers best, for they reflect no light. Never polish the floors. Let everything be in the strictest subser-  
vency to art. Let this only have a voice, and its word may always be heard. The Hermitage speaks. Is not Art there well nigh dumb?

MUSEUM OF THE ACADEMY OF SCIENCES. The skeleton of the Siberian Mammoth, before alluded to, which was discovered on the banks of the Lena, is here, and immediately after leaving the Hermitage, I drove to see it. It stands very near to a large elephant, and you are at once struck with its great size as compared with its neighbour. Many other specimens in Natural History are in this Museum, but the object of principal interest is the Siberian Mammoth. Questions have arisen as to the manner of its preservation, how it got where it was found, when it reached its resting place there, whence it came, &c. &c. As to its preservation, there need be but little question, since Russia presents abundant proof constantly

of the preservative power of cold. The market is daily supplied with meats of all kinds in a frozen state. The animals, I was told, were killed and frozen in the first frost, or as early as the cold admits; and are in the market in this state throughout the remainder of the year. The table in the English House (English Quai), kept by Mrs. Benson, is every day supplied with game, &c., which was frozen last autumn, or in early winter. I write July 1st, and can say, that these articles of food form the most important part of the culinary arrangements of this most excellent house. This food was singularly well flavoured, and excellent in all its kinds. Poultry especially had this character, being quite as fat and juicy as the very best of our own winter supplies. Madame B. one day, turning to me said, "Do you find the turkey good, and can you for a moment believe, that it has been killed for months?" Having expressed my entire satisfaction with both turkey and cookery, I was led to ask some account of the manner of preserving the food for a great capital for months, nay a year, after its having been killed. I was told that the killing takes place the first frost, for this is ordinarily sufficiently powerful to freeze thoroughly what is properly exposed to its power. Dead flesh is in the best state for this influence; and it matters not at all what is the bulk and weight of the animal, so that it be duly frozen. An essential condition of its being well preserved, and afterwards fit for the table, is, that it should be frozen as soon as killed, or before it is cold. If otherwise, however well it might seem, and fitted for cookery, it will turn out, upon being thawed and cooked, quite worthless. Again, I was told, that should a thaw ensue after the first frost, and market freezings, and the animals should be thawed, and frozen again, they would be found ruined for the market, passing at once into decomposition upon being again thawed. Thus I heard, that after the autumnal killing, and freezing, a thaw had occurred. The frozen flesh was thawed with other things, but again frozen.

It was found unfit for the market, and the Emperor ordered it to be buried. This was done. It was dug up, frozen again, and again exposed in the market. The Emperor now ordered it to be burned. This was done, and the bad meat appeared no more in the market. I give the statement here just as it was made. I can answer for the excellence of Madame B.'s. table, and when we recollect the vast distances from which food is to be brought to the markets of Russian capitals, and the great heat of the Northern summer, we can see a reason for such a mode of supplying the markets. Especially are we aided by the amount of ice which is made by the long Northern winter, and by the ease with which it may be applied to the purpose above alluded to.

**ALEXANDROSKY.** — A very pleasant dinner party here at Major B.'s, five or six miles from the city. I went with Hon. Mr. Brown, American Minister. Mr. W——, Secretary of Legation, took Mr. Kremer, an *attaché*, with him. Major B., you recollect, succeeded Major Whistler, as Chief Engineer of the Moscow Railroad. The road was opened in November last. Much, however, remains to be done, before it is completed. Major W. died of the cholera, when the road was but half finished. He is said to have been singularly pleasing, of excellent intellect, of peculiarly attractive manner, and of fine person. He was a favourite of the Emperor, and was treated by him with great kindness. Said one to me, "Nobody can succeed Major Whistler." Major Brown is engaged for six years, at twelve thousand dollars a year; has put the road in running order, and is finishing the important parts of that great undertaking. He is very agreeable, well informed, and exceedingly hospitable. I could not easily forget his kindness, and that of his family to me, if I would; and certainly, I have no disposition to do so. Our dinner was excellent, meats and vegetables cooked as at home, and the fruit was as fine as could be wished. There was a guest at table of whom I would speak. Major

B. passes the summer in a house, on this estate, or in a village, in which a great public work is carried on,— the building, and repairing, railway engines and carriages, or cars, which are run on the Moscow railroad. The principal in this great work is Mr. W—, of Baltimore. He has for his use a whole village, numbering between two and three thousand persons. These he employs,— a mixed population of men, women and children,— as they are able to be employed. He supports them, I think. He has a contract with the Emperor for twelve years, and he is to make all the running *materiel* of this great road, about seven hundred versts, or between four and five hundred miles long, and to keep it in repair, making new engines, and carriages, when necessary, so that at the end of the twelve years, everything shall be left as *good as new*. This is called a *remount*. He began, I was told, by borrowing a very large sum to begin with. And now what do you suppose are the terms upon which this amount of outlay in money and work is employed? Mr. W. receives so many *copecks*, less than two cents each, for every mile run by every first class carriage, less for second class, less for a third class, and freight train, and for every carriage in each, in every day. The number of copecks, say ten, if that be the number, for the highest class, and by a gradual reduction coming down, say to five for the lowest, is so small, that I was astonished at the contract. And yet, I was told, it is producing a fair revenue to the contractor. A road is building, or to be begun, to Warsaw, and I was told that Mr. W. has already, or will have, the contract for the running apparatus for that. I have also heard that a second or night train was to be, or is started, on the Moscow road. It was not, however, begun when I passed last over it. Mr. W. has now carried on this work since November last, when the road was opened, and the result thus far shows that his contract was a safe one.

This system of *remounting* exists in the Cavalry service of

Russia. The Colonel of a regiment finds horses, keeps them in perfect health and discipline, replaces sick or dead ones, for a limited time, six years, and when the time of the contract is up, the horses are to be in good health, and capable of all service. This is done for a certain amount, paid at specified times for every horse, in health, and for his service. Suppose a horse dies at the end of five years. The Colonel buys a new one, but if he is perfectly well when the term of the *remount* is up, and the contract is not renewed to him, then one year only of the health or life of the animal belongs to the service, his value for the five other years is to be made good to him. Mr. W. wore a decoration, or a Cross of Honour, from the Emperor, at his button hole, and good evidence is this of the friendly disposition of the Emperor towards him.

After dinner we walked about the grounds. Mrs. B——, a townswoman of mine, talked with me a long time of the old Newport life, in which we bore somewhat a part. She was daughter of a very excellent physician in that town. Mrs. B—— had lived there many years after I left it, and had much novel matter to talk of. I had a really good old-fashioned time. We stayed late, though it was as light as day almost, and when Mr. Brown, the Minister, and I, were getting into his carriage, he told his Jehu, — for he drove like one, as do all St. Petersburg drivers, — he told him he would get out before reaching his residence for a walk, and that he must drive me home before taking the carriage to his place. Off we went. But the driver knew, or recollect- ed nothing of my residence, and went galloping about town to his heart's content, and to my dismay. I looked for nothing less nor more, than to be made up into a Peter Rugg, and to go galloping about Russia to the end of time. He stopped at a door at last; it was not mine. I drew the string and told him where to go. He understood not a word, and talked in good round Russian about as fast as I did, or could, in my vernacular. So amid the general

screaming, somebody hard by heard me say *Galerney*, the name of a street parallel to the English Quai. He screamed out what he had heard me say. The coachman heard, understood, turned fairly round, and galloped me home. I assure you it was no joke for me; for the creature would not let me leave the coach to walk home, but made me sit still through his drivership's pleasure. He was rejoiced to leave me safe, for his place depends entirely on his faithful attendance to his duty.

**HOSPITALS.** *Tuesday, June 29.* — I visited three military, one civil, and one maternité, establishments. These visits were highly gratifying. Two of the military were Regimental Hospitals. A regiment contains three thousand men, all included, and to one such, a hospital is often, or for the most part, devoted, and contains about one hundred and twenty beds. One hospital was for two regiments, or six thousand men, and the number of beds was about two hundred and fifty. There is attached to each hospital a church. I visited some of these. They are exceedingly well adapted for their purposes. Of ample size, simple but noble architecture, and upon the whole, I think, altogether in better taste than some similar buildings in the metropolis. I was desired to pass across the chancel of one of these churches, and across the altar to the rear, and my way was through a gate. Said my most friendly and obliging attendant, a Surgeon Major of his regiment, with the rank of Colonel, "a woman is never permitted to pass beyond, or through that gate." On what this prohibition depends I know not; but I have heard of, or met with the same rule in other churches, I think. Beside the churches which are in the neighbourhood of the hospitals, there is in all of them a chapel, which the patients attend, if too ill to go to the church. In this way every necessary opportunity is afforded for very important offices, — the service of the church-worship, — and in circumstances when religious instruction and consolation are most useful, and most sought. I know of no

such institution in American hospitals. The hospitals are perfectly clean. The air is pure. That unpleasant odour so often perceived in such houses, is wanting in these. The general plan is a long corridor with large windows at each end. The wards on each side have windows looking outward, with ventilators in both corridors and wards. I was struck with one thing. In every ward is a fire in one of the large, very thick Russian stoves, and the fire is kept up the whole year. The stove-door is large and kept open, and so ventilation is farther provided for, and dampness prevented, without any increase of heat. The air is probably cooler by this arrangement. Floors, walls, ceilings, bed-stands, furniture, are perfectly clean and neat. Soldiers wear in hospital an outer garment, a *caftan*, like that they wear ordinarily abroad,—a light, loose woollen over-dress, of a grayish colour. If well enough, when the surgeon enters a ward, the patients rise and stand erect at the foot of the bedstead, as if on parade, in their long wrappers. They are quite fine looking men, being selected from other regiments, and form the Guards. Their sick diet is good, being adapted to diseases and their stages. The bread is white, and sweet. I saw and eat enough of this to learn these important facts in its history. As soon as convalescence begins, the men ask for the black bread, which forms their principal food in health,—their national food. There are two meals a day, except in cases in which liquid or mixed diet is used, when it is given as often as it is required. Three pounds of black bread, I was told, form the day's supply in health, and are taken in such portions as are desired. The sick and convalescent diet embraces all the articles ordinarily used,—gruels, meat, soups, puddings, &c. The bathing establishment is very well provided. I counted six large, nicely painted tubs in one bathing room. Patients, upon admission, are bathed, and thoroughly cleaned, and clean clothing substituted for that which they wore in. The arrangements relating to the hospital history,

so to speak, of the patients,— the card at the head of the bed, — with name of patient, disease, time of entrance, prescription, &c., resemble the forms used at the Mass. Gen. Hospital. On each bed, at its foot, was a report, written in Latin, of what had occurred the preceding day, or since the last visit; an excellent mode of presenting daily all the facts to the attending medical officer, without any talking.

There is attached to each hospital a *corps* of young men, students, who fill the place of our house medical and surgical officers. They enter almost boys, only knowing how to read. They are taught the common school matters, including Latin, and go round regularly to attend on the sick, until they have learned enough, and are old enough for more important trusts. Some of them may, and do, in this way rise to the highest posts in the service. There is a *corps* of nurses, — men, — in the hospitals, who perform all the offices of such in civil institutions. In the Moscow Hospital, Dr. Pfæhl showed me an instrument he got in Paris, for exhausting the air in a box in which a limb might be received, and which was used to increase the circulation in the extremities, in cases of congestions in remote organs, and in which blood-letting might not be indicated or admissible. Dr. Pfæhl told me he had used this boot-shaped instrument, with its apparatus for exhausting the air, and with much benefit in many cases.

I next visited a Maternité Hospital, under the direction of Dr. Schmidt, who is also a lecturer. He was just leaving the house, when I, on the steps, was introduced to him by Dr. B——, as a medical man from Boston, America, &c. He returned immediately, begging me to follow, and, with great courtesy, offered to show me the establishment. Everything was in most perfect order. A *corps* of female pupils was introduced to me, and I could not but be highly pleased at the perfect gracefulness of their manner, and their fine faces. They were from the inferior ranks in society, I was told, and destined to remote country practice. I was

showed into a room filled with presses having glass fronts, and full of the whitest linen for the patients. The glass doors prevent dust, and keep the articles within from getting yellow, a colour which dark closets so often produce, at least as I was told. I saw here an anatomical specimen in plaster, of great rarity and interest. Also an ingenious apparatus contrived to preserve a uniform temperature for new-born, feeble, or premature infants. It is made of brass, double all round, and at bottom, and into the space between the two walls of which, hot water may be poured, by which the desired warmth may be communicated to the infant lying in it. There was a new-born infant in the apparatus when I made my visit. It was of a full red colour, its skin warm and soft, and seemed as comfortable as any one of his hours could well be.

This is a small hospital, making up fifty beds or more. I have said I have been much pleased with the Russian hospitals. This one gave me unmixed pleasure. The matron, the nurses, the pupils,—all females,—showed in their dress, their manners,—the animation discovered in all they did,—in other words, the obvious desire to do everything well, gave an assurance that the patients were wisely and kindly provided for. There was no stint discovered in anything. Everything was on a generous, liberal footing, and showed how much to be valued there was in both the theory and the practice of this institution. Except in times of epidemics the health of the hospital was excellent. My visit was a most agreeable and useful one, and will always be remembered with pleasure.

I next went to a large Civil Hospital, corresponding to our Almshouse. We entered a room for out-patients, whose cases were here examined and prescribed for. The director or superintendent gave us leave to visit the wards. In the military hospitals Dr. —— had free admittance, having rank in the army. To visit the Civil Hospital he was obliged to ask permission, as any other person would do. This hos-

pital has two distinct establishments, one for summer, and one for winter. The patients were in very large numbers at the time of my visit. The winter house was empty, undergoing repairs, thorough cleaning, painting, &c., within; and outside, the plaster which had been much disturbed by the intense winter's cold, was getting renewed.

I examined the condition of the patients in this immense establishment, with great interest. The state of the military hospitals, both in Moscow and St. Petersburg, was such as to command admiration. They were perfect in their kind. You may say all this care, and arrangement, and accurate management, is easily explained. A despotism depending on the military, having its very being and life in the army, must of course do everything to secure the utmost efficiency. The health of the soldier is the first thing to be provided for, as there can be no difficulty in determining his action. The Russian discipline is as strict, as perfect, as entire obedience can make it. But I was now visiting an establishment for the poor, the sick, the aged. It was with great pleasure I saw in this Civil Hospital, the same attention to the wants of its subjects, as was observed in the military. The ventilation was perfect, and so was the neatness, — the arrangements for comfort, and may I not add, for luxury? Near to the bed of a patient, a feeble, emaciated, suffering woman, was a little table, and upon it a large basin, with ice in it, cut up in small bits, within her easy reach. How short the narrative, but how touching, how beautiful the fact. In an Empire having within its limits a fifth of the surface of the habitable globe, and counting from sixty to seventy millions of inhabitants, that sick poor woman was cared for, as if she were the only one in all those millions who needed human sympathy. In other things was a like care. The summer hospital, which is in the same enclosure as the winter one, is surrounded with thick shrubberies, and lofty trees. Among these are walks. The dress of the patients is a uniform. A long white robe or caftan, reaching from the neck to the

feet, with a turban or cap of perfectly white linen or cotton, with long pendants flowing below the shoulders, is the outside dress of all the patients; and as you saw those who could leave the wards, strolling alone in the deep shade of the trees, their appearance was striking indeed. They looked to me like ghosts, and I asked Dr. —— what all this meant. He explained the matter, and as we approached the walks, I understood what had at first puzzled me. The furniture of the wards was white, and the floors were kept nearly of the same colour. The bedsteads were of iron. The food was exactly adapted to the disease and condition of the sick. The amount paid for medicine, for quinine, of which vast quantities, I was told, were used, was enormous. To show still further, in an example, how generous is the provision for the sick, I may instance the epidemick cholera of 1842? In that invasion thirty thousand died in St. Petersburg. In two days six thousand died. The Emperor, Nicholas, made every arrangement in his power to check the progress of the disease, and at the same time provided for the best care of the sick. He had hospitals, — small hospitals, — opened everywhere, where needed. Even in the Exchange, a room was prepared to receive immediately those who might be suddenly struck down by the disease, and physicians and nurses were constantly at hand, to minister to those who might be attacked. Nor only so. The Emperor visited these hospitals himself, all of them, and of course such as were filled by the poorest, the most abject of his subjects. He made his visits at all hours, by night and by day, leaving his Palace at Peterhoff at all times to make these visits. When his ministers suggested that it might be advisable that a *cordon sanitaire* should be placed around the Royal Palace at Peterhoff, Nicholas said, no. I will use no such means of personal safety. Where I am, there may my people be. In this and kindred ways did this remarkable man show himself above fear, sacrificing personal comfort, and constantly incurring hazard,

even of life, rather than be ignorant of anything relative to the condition and treatment of the subjects of that fearful epidemick. Are not these most interesting facts in such a life, and do they not serve to show that the care of Nicholas of his subjects does not proceed from personal consideration, and that when occasion arises, his whole people become objects of his direct, personal care? I write in the English House on the English Quai, in the early dawn which has had no night, and within hearing of the drum on the parade ground, where the Emperor is reviewing his troops, and record what I have heard of him, and of his deeds.

I went from the Civil to a very large,—one of the largest Military hospitals in the Empire. There was nothing to distinguish this from others. In Moscow I had visited one, it may be, larger than this, and this seemed its repetition in another city. I was told that the Emperor, about two months before my visit, drove to this hospital, and arrived at an earlier hour than usual, and when he was not expected. It was in the morning, and the usual preparations for the day had not been completed. He saw everything at once, and expressed his dissatisfaction at the disorder which he witnessed, adding that it must not exist again. There was, doubtless, reason for the apparent neglect; at least in his Majesty's view of the matter. My visit was made early, but the most perfect order prevailed everywhere. I was carried into the kitchen, and was asked to eat of the bread and of the soup which was serving out to the nurses for the sick, and found them both very good. I could not but remark, when looking round upon this vast establishment, and bringing to mind the interest taken by the Emperor in the whole detail of government, how vast must be the amount of labour, physical and intellectual, performed daily by this extraordinary man. He was represented to me as exceedingly methodical in everything he does. He rises very early; sees his ministers, then walks, drives, rides, reviews troops; comes some miles from his summer resi-

dence, Peterhoff, to the capital, requiring of him constant activity to be where he is wanted. He visits different parts of his empire, naval and military stations, — his brother monarchs, — has all sorts of fêtes; is everywhere, and does everything. He is in perfect health; sleeps on a leather couch on an iron bedstead, with a hard straw pillow. Dresses simply, and in his privacy wears a worn out pair of slippers, worked years ago by the Empress, and as plain and as old a dressing gown, as is worn by any tolerably careful subject. Lives, in regard to diet, simply. From every quarter I heard only of his untiring energy, his interest in detail, his knowledge of everything which transpires in his immense dominions. Said a long resident in —, to me one day, “A man cannot put a bridge across a gutter for his personal convenience, or for his dog to pass over upon, without first petitioning the Emperor.” This was meant, of course, as an extreme illustration only of the personal knowledge of the Emperor of everything proposed, or done in the Empire, which has anything of novelty in its purpose, plan, or accomplishment. His power, as must ever be the case in such a government, is supreme. An autocrat is a governor by himself, and perhaps in no part of the civilized world is he more absolute than in Russia. Many instances of the exercise of this power were related to me. An officer in a very important situation failed in his duty. He was called into the presence of Nicholas, and charged with high offence, and ordered to leave St. Petersburg, and never visit it or Moscow again. So wholly overcome was he by this sentence, that he fell dead upon the floor. Another high officer had committed a breach of trust under circumstances peculiarly aggravated. He was degraded to the gallies, and for life. I saw a man in the stern sheets of the boat of the guard-ship on the Baltic, which boarded us, scarcely better dressed than the sailors who rowed the boat. There was, however, something in his expression and manner which attracted my attention, as I leaned over the steamer’s side.

"That man," said a fellow passenger to me, "whom you are observing there, and is steering the boat, was in a very respectable public station. He violated law, and was degraded to the rank of the sailor's in this roughest service, and there will he remain as long as he lives!" It is this sudden, this immediate exercise of supreme power which is felt everywhere. Men are arrested, I was told, and sent to the Sparrow Hills, where are collected the exiles for Siberia, without knowing with what crime they are charged, and without the least chance of defending themselves.

The Emperor of Russia stands, in relation to subjects, as does a father to children who are under age. As these are bound to questionless submission, as their services are due to the parent, as they cannot leave his presence and control, without his consent, so does the Czar claim, hold, and exert similar power over his people. The subject of Russia is in an important sense never of age. The noble cannot leave the Empire but by permission of the Emperor, and for a certain time only, say a year or more, and by a license which costs hundreds or thousands of dollars for himself and family. If he do not return, his estates become the property of the state. Neither can a stranger enter Russia without leave. He must report himself to the police at once. He must give notice how long he means to stay, and advertise his purpose in three papers. His hotel keeper reports him to the police as soon as he has taken his lodgings. Suppose he visits Moscow or other places in Russia, he must get permission to do so,—get passports, and report himself to the authorities as soon as he gets there. Notwithstanding, then, he is still in the Empire, he cannot pass from one of its Governments to another, without repeating all he did when he first entered it, namely, comply with the laws which apply to strangers. He must get a passport, pay fees, and submit to many forms, and some inconveniences. Let him never forget, when he enters a railway station, always to take off his hat, at the door, and not to put it on

again until he is fairly out of it. Now, as I went of my own accord to Russia,— was allowed to go everywhere, and see everything,— was protected by its laws, and most hospitably entertained,— I was quite willing to do what form demanded, and which was equally demanded of the subject and stranger. An *employé* of the government in the railway service, told me one day, that he was required to get a passport, as was every one else; that the rule applied to the subject, no matter what his rank. I entered Russia voluntarily then, became for the time its subject, obeyed its laws. The English traveller who refused to take his hat off as he passed through the Holy Gate of the Kremlin, and got it knocked off for his pains, asserted his folly, more than his independence. You see in these statements what is the character of the government here. It is the possession and exercise of supreme power by the individual for the benefit and control of the subject, who is not judged capable of taking care of, or governing himself. We have seen that a similar government exists perfectly in the parental relation. It is precisely this in Russia. The people are as minors, children,— the vast majority being supposed unfit to direct themselves, or to manage their own affairs. In some ancient state the father had the power of life and death in his own family. The power exercised by government in Russia is conceded, and exercised; and so far as I saw, a very strict and well-regulated family is this vast Empire. These facts, real or imaginary, in personal history, and in the administration of this vast empire, were gathered in conversations at which I was present, or stated to me directly by others. They are given here as illustrations of character, and of modes of government of a people. They show relations of the Emperor to his subjects, which the circumstances in which both are placed, give rise to. You feel that such a government is permanent. As to a revolution, the elements of such an event do not exist here. The political idea of free-

dom has hardly place in Russia. Absolute submission is the law. To be free would not seem to have yet entered the Russian mind.

I have never had the problem of government so distinctly presented to me as since I left America, and especially as it shows itself in the Empire of the Czar. At this great distance from home, I have been tempted to look at America as something remote ; and then to see it as placed side by side with this, in which I this day dwell. America is to me far, far away yonder, beyond, and behind the great waters, — a *history*, not a *fact*. I see America as a whole, within its vast, measureless boundaries, as detached from everything else, — where great events have been, not are. I know nothing of what, at this moment, it is. I seem to know it only as it was. A revolution may have swept over it, and made it I know not what. I feel no such relations to it as the present has ever in its idea, and fact. I take it all in as at a glance, and as having been. I look at it, I handle it, I annihilate space, and bring it here and compare it with Russia. It is here in its complexity of systems, by the side of this vast Empire which is simplicity itself, — a unit, compared with all the numbers. Distance does for me what time has done with the past. I am a wanderer. I have no home. This everlasting day, which knows no night ! Is it not another world ? Have I not reached another planet ?

Nobody can feel the absolute difference, the immense antagonism between America and Russia, who has not looked at them thus placed side by side with each other. The difference is so absolute, that they admit of no comparison. They are, both of them, positive in everything which makes them just what they are, and so infinitely unlike each other. In America, the theory is, that the State which is least governed is the best governed, — in which government touches nobody, — can hardly be said to be felt at all. In

Russia, the whole opposite is the case, for here government reaches everywhere, and touches everything and everybody, — is seen and *felt* on all sides, and by everybody. What is the best government of a people? This depends on the precise development, — the whole condition of a people. If the people be cultivated, — if the idea and the fact of duty be familiar, — if the citizen or subject, have self-control, and can manage his own affairs, then the American idea of government is for it the true one. In such a State, the people are, in a certain sense, their own law. They are their own law-makers, and may approach to the best, at least the best for them. Right conduct may be the rule, so far as conduct, the expression of character, is concerned; for we have nothing to do with motives, and a simple code will meet the exigencies of the exceptions.

Now, the fact is, in America it would almost seem that the principal business of the people is to make for themselves laws. The country is flooded with the literary products of legislation. Almost everybody who is related to legislation feels himself bound either to put some bill through, which is a law; or what to him, in his relation to party, is quite as important, to make a speech, or write one, and get it in type before it is in voice, that the very next day's or hour's mail may speed it to his whole constituency. Some States, to get rid of the serious infliction of law-making, have replaced it by a code which is as unchangeable, *while in present force*, as are the laws of the *Maids* and *Prussians*, as set forth in the travels of the Dodd Family, one of the cleverest of the latest works in its kind. In other States, the intervals of legislative sittings are filled up by preparing "Revised Statutes;" and to such an extent, that the *revised* will soon be a *revision*. I have absolutely been told that one in an important position in —, declared that he rarely read new laws or revised statutes. Were he to do more, he would have little time for anything else.

Now, in Russia, where apparently so little has been done

for culture, or where, we are told, the best endeavours have resulted no other, we have almost a different race from the American to deal with. It seems almost at first sight, of no use to provide for education, so little has come of the attempt. Yet here the provision exists, and doubtless progress is constantly made. There are schools of all kinds,— Lancastrian and others,— public and private,— supported by government, and by individuals. There are schools in the churches, and as all sects are tolerated, all classes may find schools for their children. The people are profoundly skilled in the ceremonial of the Greek Church, and I have never seen such devotion, such faithful performance of worship. I have heard, however, that the Emperor, while he encourages education for the masses, is not very friendly to the universities. I was told the University in St. Petersburg, which has had eight hundred students, has now only three hundred, and this in consequence of an order of the Emperor. On the other hand, in a recent work on Russia, which I found in the library of the Victoria, on the Baltic, and which deeply interested me, I see that in one of the southern governments, or departments, there were in one university, ninety professors. This account might lead one to inquire if there may not be some special reason for the reported special legislation concerning the St. Petersburg University, if such have really been adopted. We know that recent investigations of the management of the endowments of Oxford University,— its colleges, or some of them,— have showed a condition of things entirely different from, and opposed to, those provided for by the founders of professorships, or colleges, and more especially in regard to the numbers and condition of those for whom those endowments were especially designed, namely, *poor boys*; or those whose only chances of culture could be secured by such foundations. A neglect, a violation of a sacred duty, is thus said to exist in highly cultivated, civilized England, and which it will take the whole power of the government

to correct,— the crown only being able to restore those foundations to their original position and purposes ; and the present patronage of the crown growing out of an alleged perversion of sacred trusts, is thought too important an item in the exercise of power, to be yielded to what some regard as demands of questionless justice. The Parliamentary statements by committees of the present condition, the perversion of the endowments referred to, are both curious, and interesting. They show as distinctly, as does anything in Russia, that what has long been, however in itself wrong, has for its continuance the authority of usage, or precedent, and that to disturb such a tenure, might involve some of the most important related interests of the Empire. Again, in England, some time since, Sir James Graham brought a bill into the Commons, called the " Education, or Educational Bill." It contained a system of universal culture, which would embrace the children of the whole nation. It was lost, because it provided that the Book of Common Prayer should be used in the schools. The Dissenters defeated a bill which proposed the profoundest national reform, and defeated it because popular ignorance was felt to be better than the possible extension of a form of worship,— of belief,— of faith,— whose friends and defenders have been amongst the greatest, and most venerated minds in England. In Prussia, where, as we have seen, education has received the aid and wisest patronage of a prince, whose nearest companion and friend is Humboldt,— in Prussia, the boy must leave the kingdom by stealth, or by direct royal permission, if he or his parents prefer a foreign education to that provided for the subject at home. Again, it was remarked above, that government may and does get its character from the popular culture, and America was referred to as an example. But it would appear that education or the extent and perfection of its means, is not always the measure of the character of a government, especially in regard to the liberty of the subject. In Austria, Prussia,

Denmark, and in the greater part, if not the whole of Germany, education is not only provided for by government, but, as we have seen, is absolutely forced upon the people, and the whole people. There is a penalty to be paid by the parent for not sending children to school. But where is military despotism more absolute than in Prussia, where most has been done for popular culture?

We have heard of the division of the Scotch Church which has within a few years occurred, and the cause, viz., the presentation of a person of bad habits to a living, which the seceders petitioned Parliament to annul. Parliament could not, it dare not, lay the weight of a finger upon this tremendous abuse of the power of presentation in the Old Kirk. We read in the English papers of the vices of the clergy, — drunkenness, horse-racing, or what not. But for these and like offences, there is no remedy. The delinquent may be suspended from office, — in other words, get his rates without service.

But what are all these facts? They may be exceptions to the rule, but seen from a distance, for instance in America, and under a totally different point of view from that under which they are seen at home, they are regarded as monstrous; and amazement breaks forth that any nation, having only a tolerable sense of public character, can tolerate such abuse for an instant. In other words, the exception becomes the rule, and judgment is recorded accordingly. In Europe, systems of whatever kind, are not changed in a minute. Permanency is the rule. The old works well enough; and if the pressure is too outrageous, — too heavy to be borne, — Secession happens, as in Scotland, or revolution, as elsewhere. The obnoxious incumbent may have a thin church, but his benefice is worth to him just what it was before. Russia modifies its educational patronage.

You cannot tell how strongly impressed was I with the differences between Europe and America, under whatever

aspect they were viewed. They have no sort of resemblance. Conduct, which Mackintosh so wisely calls the "expression of character," — and manner, which, though of a humbler source, is one of the pleasantest, most felicitous of conventions, — how different are these in the two Continents. We, indeed, wear the French bonnet, and read the English book; but the American mind is not the English; nor is the American face the French, though both are covered with the same bonnet. The difference is in conduct and manner. I do not mean so much in the greater social moralities, as in all those nameless and so-called lesser qualities, and their manifestations, which make up so much of life, — its comfort, its luxury, and its attraction. You can tell a Frenchman, before he says a word; and the Anglo-Saxon has only to speak, to show that he is not the Anglo-American. The reason is not in my "philosophy."

The most extraordinary personage I saw abroad was the serf. He certainly is a man without his accidents. "Modern degeneracy has not yet reached him." He is just where he has always been, and may always be. He is small in stature, thin, sharp in feature, with blue eyes, and yellowish light hair. This colour may come of the Russian dust, for it is certain that a serf never combs or brushes his hair. The hair is very thick, and cut square off, all round. There is no fine work here. On his head he has a very small cap, and as mysterious to me, as to the keeping on, as was that of the London Blue-coat boy. Sometimes the want of size in the cap is increased by the loss of it. But the most important part of a serf's costume is the *schube*. This, as was said, is of sheepskin, dressed with the wool on, the wool being next to the skin. Now the mode of wearing the *schube* is not influenced at all by season. The summer, and the winter, both make it welcome. The lower dress of the serfs is anything, or nothing, as the case may be. What the state of things may be underneath the national costume,

seeing that the government does not encourage washing, I may guess, but hardly dare say. Speaking of washing, I was talking with my courier of what I had heard of the serfs' ablutions, and which I had witnessed. It consists in filling the mouth with water. After retaining it there a short time, it is received from the mouth into the hollow made by holding the hands together at their lower edges, and swelling the backs out; and lastly the face is washed by this same water as clean as circumstances allow. The drying is not provided for. When I had finished my description to the courier, who is a Dane, he smiled, and said that that was the mode of face-washing at his home when a boy. The same indifference about costume prevails beyond the serf. The serf is a slave. He is owned by another. He belongs to the soil. He goes with it. Not long ago he was sold off of the land, as is the present fact in regard to the slave in America, the Republic. In scarce any other state in the world, whether barbarous or civilized, is this traffick in men, women, and children allowed, except amongst ourselves, and under no possible arrangement could slavery be more surely perpetuated than by this. A worn-out Slave State becomes a breeder of slaves for the market, and thousands are produced in this way, merely to supply the demand. To this is owing the extension of slavery. The new soil introduced into the Republic, under the names of Territories, or States, has been made into Slave States, wherever the slave can be used. In Russia this traffick has been abolished by law. The serf is not desirous of liberty. He will neither buy it, nor take it. He is a privileged man. As long as he is a serf he must be supported by his owner in sickness, infirmity, and old age. He knows all this, and governs himself accordingly. I was told he might work on his own account, and pay as a sort of rent of himself, a certain amount of his earnings to his owner. He may even get rich. In the Nevskoi Prospect, a grand street in St. Peters-

burg, are shops owned and occupied by serfs. Their owners are rich, and live in great style.\*

I was once looking out of a window in my hotel in —, and seeing a labourer in a wagon, dressed in a very clean white and blue striped shirt, I made some remark upon it to Mr. —, who kept the house. Said he, "That is his only shirt, and he will not change it till it is worn out. In my neighbour's yard many men work, — they are called yard-men. Two of them have two shirts apiece, and are thought to be excessively particular in regard to clean linen." This utter recklessness in these orders about dress, — personal neatness, influences deeply domestic concerns. A noble family comes to a city to pass the winter. It contains a crowd of serfs. The number of servants determines style. A great many rooms are taken. Comfort is the object, and eating the business. Hence cooking makes the principal concern of the family. Regularity as to hours is a minor moral. The consequence is the gradual accumulation of much it were better to remove; until, when the spring

\* The privileges of serfdom are seriously questioned. The Czar has talked of the emancipation of the serfs. The successor of Nicholas, it is said, has proposed this. The nobles, I hear, oppose it. Now, if such a plan or purpose is in the Emperor's heart and mind, it will as surely be accomplished as the sun shines in July in St. Petersburg. It will be a curious fact, will it not, if Russia gets the start of us, — the despotism be in advance of the Republic, — in the race of freedom? Think of it, that in that uncivilized, barbarous, warlike, for so they call the Russian people, the near denizen of the Pole, — think of the dark, benighted Russian, abolishing slavery before America, the U. S. A. If that day come, it will be darker for us, than is the Russian winter, for its people. We shall be alone among the nations, which are nations. Why, the Ottoman has abolished, and so have all the states of Barbary. We shall be alone. Do you think that any American President will ever have the rashness to recommend, in an inaugural address, what the Czar has begun to talk about, and will surely accomplish? But the nobles object. Yes. But do you for a moment think they can prevent so divine a purpose? Other nobles of other lands might. But they of Russia never will even think of doing so.

comes, and with it a general and special thawing out, few things can exceed or equal the *reliquiae* of that noble house-keeping. Painting, papering, washing, &c., are the processes which immediately follow its departure.

While travelling in Russia, I met with a very nice English lady, who was my fellow-traveller for several days. She had been about one thousand miles from St. Petersburg, as a governess to a noble Russian family,—a teacher of one little girl. She spoke of the strong contrasts between domestic life there and England,—of the carelessness in regard to matters about which the rule of English life is so severe. She had been in Russia two years. The place was perfectly beautiful. The grounds were in the highest state of cultivation, with hot-houses for all sorts of fruits,—in short, having everything to make the place a paradise. She said she always called it one. And yet, with all this external care, the national in-door customs were to her in most extraordinary contrast. This lady had been highly pleased with the family; had been most kindly treated, and what she said expressed surprise more than censure. There was a little romance in the story. Miss —— was alone. She had made a journey of two thousand miles from her home to her Russian residence, exposed to all sorts of chances, but sustaining herself perfectly,—adapting herself to whatever occurred with admirable facility. She was handsome, and of excellent manners. I had much conversation with the people about me, for they differed from many groups which have fallen in my way abroad, some of whom were so wholly disagreeable and repulsive, though apparently of good birth and culture, that you shrank intuitively from them, as hardly belonging to the race, and who gave you no desire to study the new variety or species. A man can make himself the most disagreeable creature beneath God's heavens. With my present party was sufficient variety, but very attractive elements; and this young

lady especially ministered to the current pleasure. I talked to her often, and always found her very cultivated, and very happy in expressing both knowledge and thought. But the romance. I learned she left England on account of an attachment which was not agreeable at home, and had been in the heart of Russia for repose, for useful occupation, and its products. She had been absent two years, but had not forgotten what she had left at home. She was now returning with a settled purpose to be married. I learned this from a lady fellow-traveller; and it was pretty clear from the distinctness with which her companion communicated her purpose to her, that the sentiment which two Russian winters could not freeze out, would have its way, though that way might not be smooth. So goes the world. Such is life everywhere.

Few things arrested my attention more in Russia, than the extent of the Church, the provision for worship, and the power of the priesthood. The high priest is the Emperor himself, — the head of the Church, as of everything else in his Empire. The position of the Emperor to the Church, or his power in regard to its administration, may be inferred from this historical fact: The patriarchal dignity of Moscow having been abused, and a new patriarch being about to be chosen, after the death of Adria, 1702, Peter the Great presented himself with the words, "I am your Patriarch," and in 1721 the whole church government was intrusted to a college of bishops and secular clergy, called the Holy Synod, first at Moscow, now at St. Petersburg. Under such a system it can hardly be otherwise but that the priesthood should yield to the Emperor. I was again and again told that this was the case, and that the submission is as perfect as is that of the serf, or the soldier. He rules as by divine right. When the people petitioned him not to build the Moscow and St. Petersburg Railway, as it would seriously affect their intercourse in the interior, and their settled

business on the old roads, his answer, as reported to me, was, "God makes the railway," and all objections were withdrawn. What is the best government in such a state? Is it not just that which now exists? Does not the universal condition it has produced, and maintains, require it? Is not such a controul necessary, where no other exists? Are not the people of Russia children in *fact*, as well as in *law*? And must they not be treated as such? The man would laugh at the punishment which the child keenly feels. He must be restrained by physical force, and punished with comparatively a terrible severity. Capital punishment is abolished in Russia. A bad government is felt to be such, the moment a better one is demanded. The present government,—this supreme despotism,—may be the best now. The time of a better one will declare itself, whenever is the sure progress of civilization.

The censorship is very rigidly enforced. You have a book in your trunk, a road-book, or other. It may be taken from you as soon as found, and sent to the censor. He examines it. If it contain nothing which by any construction can be regarded as dangerous to the Empire, it is returned. If any question arise, it will be kept till you leave the country. Now it is well known that the Emperor, unlike Frederick the Great, who, we have seen, took counsel of nobody,—an autocrat in the severest sense of the word,—the Czar collects around him the most distinguished men he can find. He fosters, honours such. He is himself highly cultivated, and remarkable for his intellectual powers, and for their wise uses. He knows the value of the means of self-culture. Yet with all this, he keeps books under the strictest watch. He questions what they may contain, or what they may suggest; and this, notwithstanding a popular ignorance, said to be wholly unparalleled, and notwithstanding the large means in use for the higher classes of liberal culture. There is an almost equal jealousy of foreigners. They are, after all, living books, and are read without the

authority of the censorship. This jealousy shows itself in inconvenient forms. I have given an example in the Russian passport system.

When I entered Russia, I was told to leave politics behind me. It was a contraband article, and must neither be entered, nor uttered. I was told that somebody would watch me wherever I went, and report at court what I might say in the street; that walls would speak, and a bird in the air would tell the matter. Now all this seemed very strange to me, and I took early and special pains to inquire into the subject, and of those who might be supposed to know most concerning it. From them I learned that nothing more was expected in Russia from visitors, than the safety and courtesy of nations everywhere demanded; that it would be in very bad taste to go about to abuse a government concerning matters of which a stranger might be wholly ignorant; and that a state which protected the foreigner, admitted him to the first social intercourse, opened to him its institutions for learning, for art, for every important human interest, deserved not only courtesy, but gratitude, from him, and from those who were so generously provided for. I certainly received nothing but kindness. I was not robbed in the streets, nor on the railway, hotel, nor in the crowded assembly, though other guide boards caution the traveller specially concerning these. I saw no staring notices, in large capitals, to beware of "pickpockets," &c., in these places of public resort. I went out, and came in, with as much freedom from all fear, as at home. I am free, however, to confess, that I did sometimes feel under a restraint which was not always agreeable. I did feel as if more than common prudence was sometimes necessary in the freedom and confidence of social intercourse, to prevent one from saying that which, by a forced construction, might involve him in trouble, — and I am free to confess, that I breathed rather more freely on the broad Baltic, than on the Neva. Letter writing had its cautions. My correspondence,

which was rare on the Continent, was mainly done in banking houses. When I wanted money, I drew on Messrs. Baring & Co., London, and left with the banker in St. Petersburg, or elsewhere, a letter to my agent in America, giving him notice of the draft, together with a word of my whereabouts, and health to my family, with a request that my letter should go with the draft to the London house. Thus were the claims of business and of the family answered at the same time, and as comprehensive a correspondence sustained, as might well be carried on, and without the least adulteration of foreign affairs. I sometimes met with social annoyances. Thus a person I sat with every day at table, — — —, used to address and talk with me in French. Nothing but the apparent kindness of this, my *vis-à-vis*, would have led me to attempt to talk with him at all. A gentleman, with whom I had become acquainted, having seen my embarrassment, said, "That person who talks to you in French, and apparently to your annoyance, is an Englishman, and talks French for some reason best known to himself. I would take the liberty to advise you to say nothing in his hearing in English, which you are not willing everybody else should understand. From his official position, I would avoid him."

Let me add a little to what I have said of the Emperor. Qualities are universally attributed to him on the Continent, which place him very high in the roll of statesmen. I have this day talked of Russia with one who has had large opportunity, from an official position, to know much of what is going on there. (I am writing in Denmark.) He spoke of the vast executive power of Nicholas, — of his wide knowledge, — of his skill, or tact in seeing what was to be done, and how to do it. He instanced his intervention in the case of Austria and Hungary. He was opposed, he said, and I have heard the same said again by others, — Nicholas was opposed by his ministers, or by those with whom he was in the habit of conferring more or less, as to the part he

meant to take in public affairs. But he went on, and as the person referred to said, he had saved Europe. Austria otherwise would certainly have been overpowered, and a universal war would have desolated the Continent,— a war not for liberty, but for plunder. Then again in the recent pacification of Denmark, by which the succession has been settled, and the Duchies of Holstein and Schleswig have been re-united to Denmark, — in this important measure, Russia had taken a principal part. Prussia was opposed to this arrangement, for she had determined to have made the Duchies its portion of the prey, and because she could in this way get important ports, of which she had great need; and having these, she could at once create a navy. Russia opposed this scheme. She had an hereditary lien upon Denmark, or the Duchies, but was willing to abandon this claim, and so sacrifice the addition of this kingdom forever to her own vast territory, if Prussia agreed to the pacification. This was at length accomplished. By the intervention of Russia in the affairs of Austria and Hungary, a loan of eighty millions rubles silver, became necessary. It was said this was raised to meet the cost of the railway, which exceeded the estimates by that amount. I heard it said again and again, that not a copeck of this loan was used on the road, but was used in the military service referred to. You will complain, I fear, that I am so long and tedious about Nicholas. But I assure you that nobody who passes any time in Russia, and who says anything about it, can fail to say *something* of the Emperor. *He is Russia.* I saw him only in his drosky, as he drove rapidly through the streets of his capital. But I saw him in his works everywhere. He has created his own memorial before he dies. Well may it be said on his monument, “circumspice,” — look around. He receives the astonishing work of *Peter Veliki*, otherwise, the Great, — the magnificent, — a city, created in a marsh; but how added to in all that a great capital of a vast empire demands, and with what success.

I left my account of the labouring class, the *mujiks* before finishing it, and there are some things in their modes of life, character, and amusements in themselves, and in their relations to the government, which may make the sketch more complete. They are as perfect fixtures as the Empire itself. They are always the same. I have seen them in the morning, the noon, the evening, going to their earliest work, and at the close of day, when they were going to their homes. I have seen them in the church. The same carelessness of costume, the same entire leisure in all sorts of labour, the same want of interest in the affairs of others, especially where mutual aid is required. A word of their diet. This knows little or no change, except in the frequent and severe fasts of their church, and these consist in no diet at all. The black, and as it seemed to me, acid bread,—the national bread,—and a drink called *Quas*, form the principal articles of food. The bread has an agreeable aromatic smell, but the taste to me was not enticing. The taste was positive, a quality which makes many things not agreeable at first, exceedingly so by use; the use of which was begun with reluctance, if not disgust, making it absolutely a necessity afterwards. I asked often if this bread was ever thought to produce disease. With us, rye is thought at times to do so, and is known to produce certain medicinal effects. The answer was always in the negative, and long observation of its use had showed that it was the very best bread for the labourer. It is comparatively slow of digestion, and this is regarded an advantage where food is taken at long intervals. At all events, this bread is preferred both by sick and well, to all other; and we have seen that among the first marks of convalescence from disease, is the strong desire to return to the common diet, to the abandonment of the white bread, and other delicacies of the hospital.

The national drink is *Quas*. It is the product of the fermentation of grain, and is of a very taking colour. It is

made by the people everywhere. It is as much relished as is the bread, and, it may be, for the same reason. It is said to be cooling, quenches thirst, is nutritious, and in no quantities intoxicating. Having heard so much of *Quas*, I was desirous to try it, and on the railway to Moscow I had an excellent chance for the indulgence. Wherever the train stopped, whatever else might be wanting for refreshment, *Quas* never was. It was brought out in bucket fulls, and sold for almost nothing. I took a glass full, as did most of my fellow travellers, and attempted to drink it, but the experiment failed entirely. It hardly reached so far from my lips as my teeth, when as by a functional instinct, it rushed back again, and escaped to the ground, to my exceeding joy. A Russian gentleman who partook largely of this luxury, and commended it most strongly to me, was not a little amused at the result of my trial of his national beverage.

*Quas* was said not to be intoxicating. I have seen but one drunken person in Russia. This fact is explained by another. Drinking, brandy drinking, for the popular intoxicating drink, is called brandy, — is in some sort periodical. The labourer will work the whole week. On Saturday evenings he will go to the drinking places in the outskirts of the city, and there drink, it may be, all night. He may do the same other nights, but for the day, I saw but one instance of this frequent result elsewhere of the practice. This drink called brandy, is, I believe, a whiskey, a distillation from grain, and to increase its pungency, a small, dark reddish, or greenish pepper is added to it when drank. I saw large quantities of these peppers in the bazars where groceries were sold. Whiskey drinking has a large financial, or political bearing. A vast revenue is derived from it. I think I was told, if memory serve, seventy or eighty millions rubles silver is the excise on the distillation in first hands. Then comes the retail excise. You see how important is this drinking custom to government. Its revenue, I was told, exceeded that from any other source. There is not

least check to it by government. The license is largely  
ed, and cheerfully paid for. Russia is not alone in the  
venue it derives directly from national customs, involving  
tional vices. England is another example. The Gin  
lace is, in London, everywhere, and its customers are of  
classes, from the half-clad, squalid beggar, to the best  
essed of its frequenters. It stands open on Sundays,  
ile the bread shop next to it is closed and locked; for the  
v makes food-selling a violation of the Lord's day, while  
sanctions the Gin Palace, and its terrible, infamous traffick.  
first debases men to the army, drunkenness being the  
rest incentive to enlistment, and then supplies the funds  
r the soldiers' wretched pay. I saw no drunkenness on the  
ontinent of Europe. In England I saw it in its most dis-  
tinct expression,—for instance, a woman with her face  
eeding, her clothes torn to rags, roaring curses, in the  
ugh hands of the police, on her way to prison. I saw  
is from my window at the Waterloo in Liverpool. I have  
remembered drunkenness in England, which I saw to-  
ards half a century ago, when a student in London. I  
ean what I saw on Sunday evenings in my strolls to the  
utskirts of the city, and was among the crowds who were  
oming from the gardens, and other places of resort in the  
uburban surroundings. Nothing could go beyond that  
egradation. What effect the discovery of the Gin Palace has  
ad in diminishing the popularity of the old resort, I cannot  
ay. It is a modern invention, but I have not learned that  
has contributed to that uprightness in which we are told  
an was created.

In France they manage this better. The popular drinking  
akes place outside the barrier. And this, because wine  
nd its congeners can be drank at an expense less the duty,  
ne *octroi*, which is paid for all food and drink which enters  
Paris. There is drinking enough there, and men must be  
obered again, I think, before they return to the city, for I  
ertainly saw no drunkenness in Paris.

I have been constantly struck with the social dispositions, and with their expression on the Continent, and have referred to it before. The lower classes, so called, in Russia have their meetings. These are as simple in their preparation as they can well be. They have for eating a sweet substance contained in black pods, or hollow canes, and which is very cheap. I knew it as soon as I saw it. We boys used to get it in Newport, my native place, from vessels in the tropical trade, and we prized it highly. It is a black, adhesive substance, and very tasteful, called *Locust*. This with *Quas*, whiskey, and bread, forms the entertainment of these simple people. I was in one of the public walks of a Sunday evening, in Moscow, where were men and women selling various things, and saw upon a table, and then on many, my old friend the *Locust*. I bought some of it, and carefully stowed it in my luggage for you. I have spoken of the places of congregation for pleasure in the outskirts of St. Petersburg. In its neighbourhood, are the Summer Islands, so called, to which resort fashion, and unfashion, in coach, on horse, on foot, for evening entertainments. In Russia, the perpetual day, much favours these entertainments. It attracts the American much, this endless system of public amusement in foreign countries. We have no such thing; nothing approaching to it. I have sometimes wondered how the people abroad are able to give so much time and money to such objects. I should say that Sundays, and other holidays, the latter of which are very frequent in the Greek Church, are specially devoted to amusements, after worship or Mass is over, by the labourer; while the nobility and gentry devote other days also to the same objects. The roads at such times are full. The public houses and grounds are crowded. But no noise, no riot, but real downright enjoyment. I sometimes pitied the little children dragging along the dusty roads, and the mothers too, who were carrying their babes in their arms. But it was a lost grief, all seemed contented, and all seemed happy.

You know that I always look with interest at industry, which is work, to an end. I have been a worker all my life, and many times have I lamented that I had not chosen a mechanic trade, instead of physic. This old predilection was in full blast in Europe, and whenever there was chance, I have seen men at work. I say chance, for you know that women do most of the out-door, as well as in-door work, in this Old World. But the Russian labourer. He is of all men the most moderate, quiet, noiseless man in the world. You are reminded by him of the builders of Solomon's Temple, in which the noise of the hammer or saw was not heard. The Russian is never in a hurry. He is driving a horse in a cart or wagon, loaded or not. He goes on his way with most commendable moderation. The pleasure driver is a very Jehu; the streets are too wide for easy collision, and he who sins by injurious contact, has to pay a most heavy penalty. I had fair opportunity to watch work in which absence of excitement was remarkable. The Russian carpenter, so far as I saw, uses but one tool, a broadaxe. With this he cuts and shapes his work, — smooths, mortices, dovetails it. In short he does everything with it which his mystery demands, and I have never seen better work done than with this one tool. What he may have in his shop beside, I know not. He may have all tools. I only speak of what I see. I have seen houses in progress, and you cannot tell how accurate are the joints, — how symmetrical is the product. I have heard and read that interpolations have been made on the old apparatus, or tools. But I chronicle just what I have seen. The street cleaner uses a wooden shovel.

There was on the road to Moscow an incident which attracted me, and of which I meant to have made special record. We stopped for a few moments for refreshments. On the platform was a lady, dressed with much care, and really very handsome, who found her refreshment in smoking a cigar, — not a *cigarette*, but a veritable good-sized, and

very dark coloured cigar. She wore the whitest kid gloves, and the contrast between these and the black cigar was indeed most noticeable. The lady had left her bonnet in the carriage, and was as much at home in the open air as if in her parlour.

I have thus put down for your edification some things which come before me, or were heard, concerning Russian life; and some of the thoughts of which my observations have been father. How imperfect seems individual and national development. Russia reposes in and upon the past. Its latest progress has often been made by foreigners. Americans have been most liberally employed. American engineers built the Moscow and St. Petersburg Railway, and they have made the vast material for running it. Nay, they are permanently employed for keeping everything in repair, or for making the new. The late Major Whistler, who begun the railway, and made vast progress towards completing it, but who, in the midst of his labours, was cut off by the cholera, — Major Whistler was the personal friend of Nicholas, and upon the most intimate terms with him. The splendid bridge which crowns the Neva in the city, was finished by an American engineer, at least, so was I told in St. Petersburg. I have since learned that the material only was furnished for finishing the bridge, by an American; if my memory serve, Mr. Harrison, of Baltimore. Progress or change among the people, or by its head, however, is very slowly made. I said that responsible men had offered to the Emperor to bring water by pipes into the city from the Neva, which passes through it; and that others had proposed to introduce gas, and to distribute both everywhere, and upon reasonable terms. The Emperor declined the proposal at once. I asked why? I was told that the novelty of the scheme seemed the only objection to it. The Russian has always dipped his water out of the Neva, and there ran the river; and hands, arms, buckets and barrels, remained for use unto the present day. And as to the gas

matter, oil was as abundant and as pure as ever. If it were sometimes frozen up in the lamps in the long cold night of winter, the gas might fail too; and as to the serfs stealing the oil out of the lamps to drink, a use to which I heard alleged it was occasionally put; why, the police must look to that. So that, as it was with the fathers, so is it now with the children.

But this relates to the physical. How is it with the moral, the intellectual, the religious? Its philosophy is fatalism. Its faith is predestination. The product of their union is religious repose. Peter the Great died in the twenty-fifth year of his reign. The monarchs, I was told, since Peter, down to Nicholas I., the reigning Emperor, have all died at a like time from their accession; at least no one has exceeded it. The same fate, it is said, awaits successors.

One cannot leave such a country unmoved. Its history, — the slow, but steady growth which the annexation of empires has so faithfully fostered, — the fusion of continents, of nations, of races, into one, — the universal order, the product of a government which never rests, and never tires, — the general aspect of content, — its exhaustless resources, — the hatred of change, the only tolerated one being the addition of new territory, — the wide popular ignorance, and the apparent national indifference concerning it, — the patronage of art and science, — the indigenous, as well as that of foreign lands, — serfdom tolerated without a murmur; nay, nay, held to, because securing an old age of comfort, for the youth, and manhood, of toil: look where we may, — study the problem of Russian life as earnestly, and as wisely as we may, we must come from our study astonished at a present which is a continuous past, and for which the future seems to have nothing to bestow. But the time of a truer, a wider civilization, is coming, and may be now at the door. Humanity asks in prayer, that its advent may be in peace, and its consummation a nation's felicity.

**DENMARK.** *Thursday, July 1st.* — Left St. Petersburg for Copenhagen about one p. m., in the English steamer Victoria, of Hull, England, Captain Kreuger. Having a little time on hand at Cronstadt, I, with a fellow passenger, left the boat, took a drosky, and drove about the place. This is an immense naval depot, and its docks are crowded with large ships of war, rotting at their wharves, it taking, as I was told, about five years to complete that process for the largest three-decker, of which I saw many. Merchant vessels abound from all nations, but much fewer from America than formerly; say twenty-five, where there were a hundred. The defences of Cronstadt, within itself and neighbourhood, are of the most imposing appearance. There is a large granite structure of immense strength, four stories high, with holes in each, each occupied by a largest size cannon. This is in the yard itself. Then, in the sea, the Baltic has fortresses on every island near Cronstadt, built or building, having the same character of strength, which is in the Navy Station. Activity is everywhere, and from the universal evidence of preparation, the thought will come, that some great movement must be at the door. There is an establishment here for the education of young men, cadets, for the navy. Masts are here, with spars and rigging, for practice, with other appliances for learning and for practising the wild trade of war. But the world is at peace all the while, and has been so for forty years. Why such notes of preparation? Cronstadt has the feature, and expression, of such regions. Short jackets and tarpaulins, are everywhere, while business seemed the only order of the time. In our drive we called on the Episcopal clergyman, an acquaintance of my friend, and found a beautiful parsonage, but Mr. — out, and Mrs. — not visible. We proceeded to the naval region. We went quietly into the grounds upon a fine road, congratulating each other at our good fortune in getting along so well. The felicity, however, was short; for in very simple Russian, which may com-

union well understood, an orderly *enticed* us off of the bad-way by a milder method than by a *pitchfork*. We on learned that the drosky was the offender, and that we might *walk* where we pleased. So on we went, and examined things at our will. In the construction of a new dock which we visited, tools used in digging were found deep down in the earth, and of which no one living knew the story. Upon examining some old records, it was discovered that Peter the Great had attempted to make a dock-yard in this very spot, and that these were the tools with which he, and his men, worked. We passed an hour or more walking and driving round, and returned in a Cronstadt water-boat to the steamer. After some difficulties and delay from a head wind and crowded neighbourhood, we got under weigh, and rushed into the then rough and stormy Baltic. The voyage was short, though with a head wind and turbulent sea, and accompanied by as much sea-ickness as you would see on a summer's four days.

You must go to sea if you would know a word, a syllable, letter, about life and character, as you must go to Russia to know all about men. Sometimes I was less sick. Not at others. There was no true sympathy in this matter. The 4th came, the "glorious fourth." It happened on a Sunday, and I was to have given an oration all about *union*, and like trifles; but I could not utter a word, though very little "stuck in my throat." I could not even do so much as touch my glass of water with my next neighbour's glass or something else. My companions were mixed as to tongues, manners, opinions, &c. But as no man of taste ever frets, or any man at sea ever does anything which is not for the general joy, our differences produced no severe antagonisms, and we all kept along with the steamer.

*Monday, July 5th.*—To-day we reached Copenhagen, the capital of Denmark. It was a warm, bright day, and I rejoiced in it, for cold enough had it been at sea. What with wind, rain, nausea, and often something worse, I had

suffered with cold. But here was rest and warmth, and the prospect of a bed-room in which you might sneeze, cough, &c., without disturbing the equanimity of a neighbour, by leading him to suppose that you had done it or those things, with a special purpose to annoy him. Now there were in the Victoria's cabin seven such neighbours, surrounding a space just three feet by seven. To prevent inextricable confusion, such as thrusting one of your legs into a leg of another man's nether adornments, while he was appropriating the other to his own use, — to prevent such *malapropos*, as far as possible, we agreed to dress by instalments, the curtains being closely drawn, as by protocol of the five high and great contracting powers, and with as little splashing of water in our ablutions, and other sacrifices to the graces, as possible. I soon tired of the whole horror, and so, except one night, I slept sofa-wise in the general cabin or saloon. Go to sea for human nature; but tarry on land forever for yourself.

You cannot imagine my thoughts or guess my experiences in my first moments in Copenhagen. I felt as if I had all at once got among a new race, so different was the general and particular aspect of what I had just left, from all I now saw. That was perfect in its kind from the extreme of its magnificence, down through all its stages, to its lowest. This, too, was perfect in its kind. Here was a people in its own costume, every one of them. Not a beard, nor moustache, nor whisker. It seemed as if the everlasting Sabbath had come, and clean faces, clean clothes, &c. &c., were the order of the day. I thought I had been years north instead of days; and the change was greater, as such crowds of events met with in Russia now seemed to have required so much time for their enactment, for in their extreme interest they had replaced all others. My courier is a perfect hand-book here, his "native land," — as he is everywhere else. We passed along through the streets. "There," said he, "lives the English Ambassador, — he

has been here thirty years. There lives the Russian. That is the Governor's house. This is Prince —, and that the King's," &c. &c. I did now take courage, as did the Apostle when he saw the Three Taverns. So we drove to the Hotel Royal, opposite the Christiansburg Palace, and in a very nice place have I now my present abode.

I have said nothing of our leave-taking on the deck of the Victoria,— a queenly steamer indeed. I am sure, laugh as you may "at this life's weaknesses," this going touched me. With some of the passengers I had passed most of my Russian life, which seemed so long. In strange lands, strangers are nearer than others when at home; and I felt that I owed these friends much. Then the captain had done his whole duty in storm, and in some peril. I had been so much pleased with him, that I wrote him a note in which to say that which might not have been otherwise said so well. I felt sorry to leave so many in whom I had found so much kind feeling, and which, in its expression, had done so much to make me feel that I was cared for. But the parting is over, and I can do no more, and could have done no less, than to make record of what, at the time, so much pleased me, and which I shall not forget.

The table d'hote at the Royal was at three, and a very good dinner did I get,— the more relished, it may be, for my recent Baltic sea-sick experiences. We had lobster soup, boiled fish, pigeon pie, roast veal, &c., and among those things which followed were the finest strawberries I have ever seen. The manner of eating strawberries was new. A soup, or deep dessert-plate is taken, and more than half filled with the delicious fruit. Then finely powdered sugar,— and the northern sugar is the best in the world,— this sugar is sifted over the berries, and then the plate is taken in charge, and strongly shaken by both hands, until the sugar so completely covers the fruit, that the red is "one white." Then cream, which *is* cream, bathes the whole in its unstinted abundance. This incor-

poration of the three makes one of the most delicious *tertium quids* in the world, and I recommend the manner of it to the thought and deed of every true fancier of the best in eating. Dinner dispatched, I started with my man Friday for the Palace. The objects of my special interest were the collections of Northern Antiquities, and the Museum of Thorwaldsen. Under the guidance of Prof. Thompson, whose departments are history, antiquities, and related matters, I went through the cabinets and halls of Scandinavian remains; and admirable and curious are they in relation to the subjects which their contents illustrate. These collections have been made, — and are daily added to, — because of their immediate connection with Danish history, and are arranged after a manner to trace this from the earliest to the present day. They embrace a period of three thousand years, and are arranged under three periods. The first contains the specimens which belong to the Pagan period of the state. The second, such as characterize the Catholic. The third, the Protestant. It is utterly impossible for me to give you any notion of the perfect illustration of important historical periods which is furnished by this method of arrangement of such vast and admirably preserved materials, and which may be studied with entire ease, and real pleasure. They form, and are, a history of a nation, traced through ages after ages, in permanent records, — the used material of every-day life. Nothing can be clearer than the steps of that progress by which Denmark is just what she is. Most striking harmonies are traced among the different periods of this history everywhere. You have all sorts of tools, — implements of industry, — of war, — articles pertaining to the table furniture, — to dress, especially its ornamental departments, as rings, bracelets, combs, &c. They have all their characteristic forms, but modified as taste advances. Especially is the material changed. At first, we have stone, — especially for tools of industry, war, &c. Then metal, — as copper, silver, gold. Last comes

iron, the most useful of all, but the least often found native, and the most difficult to be made malleable. The swords of the first period are of copper. They are very small, are without hilts, and the handle so small, so short, as to lead one to suppose that the race which used them was of much smaller stature, or had much smaller hands than its successors. Tools bear a remarkable resemblance to those now in use, — and so do stirrups, bridle bits, spurs, showing, as do the exhumations in Pompeii and Herculaneum, how completely has the present been anticipated, by or in, the long past. Ornamental articles are of gold, — solid gold. I saw one massive golden collar, made of two rings, one within the other, and moveable, large enough to go over the head, — and so coming together as to present the two rings as one, round the neck. They were truly splendid, and as bright as when made, and were dug from some of the earliest Scandinavian tumuli. What is of special interest in these collections, to me at least, is the fact that explorations are constantly in hand, and new things are every day, — yes, this day, brought to light. These were particularly pointed out. Now this collection is not the product of national curiosity, or worser, of national vanity. Its objects are sought for and preserved as portions of national history, which is ultimately the history of the race, and so belongs to all times, to all historical periods, — revealing the moral, — the intellectual, — the progress of civilization, from its starting point, and reaching in an unbroken series down to the latest times. Rarely have I been more satisfied, and taught, too, in my wanderings, than by the hours I passed in these halls of the long and great unknown.

When I said taught, just now, I had vividly in memory my obligations to Prof. Thompson. We were all obliged to him. Visitors were constantly arriving, women and children, among the rest. I went some time earlier than others, and could see and observe most. The Professor spoke English well, with an accent, indeed, but always with

perfect distinctness. And so he did other languages, and adapted himself to his audiences as soon as he learned that his own language was not understood. Every new party was an object of interest to him, and he would repeat again and again what he said, in order to gratify everybody. Nothing was kept locked up, or omitted, which could please his large auditory. He said to me, "Professor, now see, — I show dis for de shild, — and see, they will like it." And again, " I show dis for the womens, and look at dem when I show dese." The effect was always produced. Interest was excited, and gratified. He looked to produce impressions which might be permanent and useful. Perhaps some of the agency was in the kindly, original, and very distinct manner in which he expressed himself. He took me alone, when he was at leisure, and showed me objects of special interest, — but in the great amount he spoke to all, and for all. He showed me, in a room devoted to the subject, antiquities of American aborigines, with specimens of existing works of art amongst them. What most please the traveller whose time allows him little room for particulars, however important, is the exhibition of character they present, — of national character. Here were most rare and curious specimens, in various arts, of a remote peoples, existing under various circumstances, — theologies, — arts, — sciences, — governments, — held in trust for the people, with a man of great and various learning placed over the whole, to secure to it the best possible arrangement, and security, and to present it freely to the whole people. Such means of popular culture cannot be otherwise than useful. In no part of Europe I have visited, and in no part of America, is the obligation of education so enforced, so despotically, I may say, insisted upon, as in Denmark. This is a small state, not more than two millions, and from this very cause is it the more able to see the requirements of government practically obeyed. But, with all this provision for elementary learning, great collections in various

nds are made, of what will interest and enlighten, — yes, elevate the public mind and heart, and to these the whole public, — men, women, and children, — may freely come. The royal patronage of science has been extended to America, and the gold medal for astronomical discoveries, has been recently awarded by the King of Denmark to a daughter of Massachusetts, Miss Maria Mitchell, of Nantucket, — the only living lady, so far as I know, who has, through Royal hands, received the more than regal testimonial of a science, which she has done so much to add to, and to illustrate.

I begged Prof. T. to come to America, and showed him how easily it could be done. He laid his hand upon his abundant locks, and alluding to the silver among the brown, said, "Ah! this says, no." I laughed, and asked his age. "Why, children, he was but a boy to this aged friend of ours, standing here in a Danish Palace, thousands of miles from his home. I said Prof. T. is a learned man, but is as simple, and playful as a child. He reminded me of the late Dr. Bowditch, and of Prof. Agassiz, in his hearty, warm, living, playful manner. Some men can afford to play. Their moral and intellectual wealth is too large, and so generously used, to allow the most perfect naturalness, simplicity, yes, playfulness, to lessen either our affection, or our respect. Do they not add to both?

I had given to Prof. T. at my entrance, my name and country, and it turned out not long afterward, that my name had been heard of before, for a gentleman stepped up to me, at a moment when I was unoccupied, and said he had me give my name, and begged to ask if I were the Mr. Channing whose works he had read with so much interest. I told him I was not, that he was my brother, and that he had been dead several years. As he was turning from me, I asked his address, saying it would give me pleasure to call on him, or to see him at my hotel. He now came very near me, and in a low voice and confused manner, said something as a reason for not answering me,

and asked where I stopped. I told him; when he said he was at the same hotel. As he was about to leave me, he said in a voice perfectly distinct and loud, "How is Norton?" I said I left him well; and the stranger was lost in the crowd which surrounded us. This affair impressed me much, and I have often thought of it since. This person had evidently read your uncle's writings with much interest. Yet he knew not of his death. He wanted to hear of him, and I was just so situated as to give him the information he seemed to desire. But I have not seen him since. Why his question about Mr. Norton, so emphatically put, as if he had been intimate with him, and as if he supposed that I was? You cannot tell how natural, how simple was the question. But coming in such a place, in such a region, so far from the object of its regard, that it startled me not a little, and led me strongly to desire to know the person who so distinctly put it. His whole appearance and manner attracted me. He was pale, thin, of excellent face and person. You would have pronounced him an invalid, and still deeply interested in what was about him. He said he had been in the country thirty years, and for reason; and Prof. T. seemed very intimate with him. His manner was of a retired, shut-up student. Though he was quite communicative, his manner said, if he had a secret, he could keep it.

*Tuesday, July 6th.* — Awake and up at four, or earlier. Toilet soon dispatched. I go to writing to keep things somewhat square. Notes by the way are taken, and used in making up the record of the preceding day. It is amusing to me to observe, how with a mile stone, or so, — the slightest hint, — we can get on quite comfortably, without which we should be constantly liable to get astray. Your diary writers do some service when they are faithful to note and memory; for what day's work in any life, is done, a true account of which would not be worth something?

Up then at four, A. M., and at work. At seven, looking out

of my window, at a short distance opposite on the right, I saw a long line of women sitting, dressed in white cape bonnets, and white aprons, busily engaged about something. Across the street, and farther to the right, other women in considerable numbers are moving about. As I am desirous to be something other than a sentimental traveller, I took hat and gloves, and sallied out. I at once found myself among a multitude of most respectable, nice looking, and nicely dressed women. Before each was-a broad, shallow basket filled with live fish, and eels, flapping and squirming about at their pleasure. The women were nicely accommodated on chairs, each had her own place, and though in near contact, and each desirous to sell, yet every one was as quiet, and as comfortable as could be wished. I had seen fish women elsewhere, but these seemed of quite a different race. The fish were all new to me, if I except the haddock, with the print of the Saint's thumb on either side, and I may have been mistaken concerning its identity after all. The flounders were numerous, and various. Some were of a greenish, or yellow green colour, with bright red spots here and there. Some of different colours without spots. Crabs and shrimps were in abundance, and all alive. The Danes like sweet fish. I wandered about among these fishes, and these nice looking, well behaved fish women, for some time. They never looked at me, nor apparently at anybody else. I was so struck with this social feature or fact, — this apparent indifference among people sitting together in the streets, that I spoke of it to a friend here. "Everybody," said he, "takes care of himself, but meddles not in the affairs of others."

A canal comes up to, and runs along the street in which are the fish women, and in it were many boats with masts and sails. This canal runs entirely round the Christiansburg Palace, making it an island. In these boats were many women, younger looking than the fish merchants, and at a work I did not at first understand. I soon found they were

getting out of confusion the fishing lines which had been used in the preceding day's cruise, and clearing the hooks of fragments of bait. The process was this. Two sticks as large as the finger, and a foot or so long, were stuck up on the boats' decks, or gunwales, and each hook was passed down one stick to the one before it, while the line was brought out between the sticks, so keeping lines and hooks distinct, and ready for use. The number of lines and hooks was great indeed, and large was the number of girls and men at work. But the women beat the men in hook cleaning and line clearing.

I crossed the street beyond the fish women, and came at once to a long square, or market, so called, devoted to the sale of flowers, fruits, and vegetables. This was thus managed. The women come to town in carts in the early morning,—I heard them on their way before I was up,—and take their places in lines, standing at the tail of the cart, and there arrange their commodities. I was much pleased with all this, so much variety, and still so much harmony. A still, low hum as if at school. Here were the fruits of the early summer,—here cherries and strawberries were in abundance, and of the choicest kinds. All sorts of vegetables, milk, and cream, and flowers in profusion, and of all colours and varieties. It was truly a busy, pleasant, beautiful scene. I wandered almost everywhere, examined everything, and was no more noticed than if I had been in America. I did not disturb the busy merchants. Next, I went to a large market, or place for the sale of meat. It is a long building divided off into distinct rows or stalls, and in each was a woman, or were women, selling meat. Women are the merchants here, as in the other departments of the provision business. I examined the meat. Veal is very large, the calf not being killed the day after it is born, as in some countries of which we have knowledge. There is a curious passage in our sanitary legislation concerning veal. A bill was brought in setting forth that calves were killed

soon after birth, that they might not be regarded as unthrifful, or luxurious. Much debate followed. To meet various difficulties involved in the passage or disposal of the bill, a sensible old farmer moved that no calves should be born until they were *six weeks old*. The farther consideration of the bill was postponed till the next legislature. Lamb and mutton, and beef, are small compared with the English or American, and more like those of Scotland. When customers are absent, the women sew or knit. Thus, in these important branches of business, women are solely engaged, and so have I found it elsewhere on the Continent. The men are in the army, the navy, in trade, and commerce, and in the mechanic arts and trades, in various agricultural pursuits. Men go fishing, the women stay at home with their families, or come to the market. The men raise and kill the animals, women sell the meat. All this seems to me to be well. It is a division of labour just where it is practicable, and useful. I have not seen so many persons together, giving more important social service, and looking, and behaving better, than I have seen in the markets of the Continent, and these persons are women. I see women everywhere in shops, selling all sorts of things, and after a manner so pleasing, so wholly satisfactory, that when you get among men at counters, and in all sorts of womanly work, she shrinks from the occasions of going to shops at all. I bought one day a pair of gaiters which the shop person, a woman, desired to try on me. She was of the largest, full-figured European specimen. I declined the service, but down she went to the floor, and accomplished her purpose. I could not but think of Gibbon's love passage, when she attempted to rise.

Breakfast over, I went again across the street to the Museum of Thorwaldsen. A palace embracing a quadrangle has been built for his works. On its outer walls are frescoes presenting the various arrangements made for his reception when he last came to Copenhagen. Every occupation is

here showed; every employment of masses of the citizens, — what could in any way show the public feeling, is faithfully and permanently recorded. It was a triumph decreed by a whole people to one who had made his country illustrious over the world, and who had now come home again after a long absence to live over again his childhood, and early manhood, with those who started in the race with him, and whom he had never forgotten. He lies in the deepest place of his country's heart. He is the object of perpetual thought, and of its expression. His works are repeated in every degree of reduction, and of cost, that the whole people may have some memorial of what he did. I have met with few things which have been more present to me, or in more various ways, than is this interest in Thorwaldsen.

His works fill a Palace built and arranged for them. The catalogue, before me, of his works, contains what had been collected and placed there in 1850. Additions are constantly made to them. In passing from room to room, you are impressed more and more with the amount of these works, accomplished in one life. Especially is one impressed by this when we remember what was Thorwaldsen's early life, and the difficulties he had to surmount in prosecuting his designs concerning art. He was born in 1770, in Copenhagen. His father, a poor stone-cutter and carver, was a native of Iceland. He early showed the direction of his mind in regard to the use he would make of it, and his father, in order to develope his power, put him to the school of design in the Academy of Fine Arts at Copenhagen, where he got the first prize. This was of great importance to him, as it enabled him, by a small pension connected with it, to prosecute his studies in Rome for four years. So destitute was he beyond this pension, that he proceeded to Rome in a Danish frigate by way of Gibraltar, Algiers, Malta, and Naples, and remained there thirty-three years. After this pension ceased, he was greatly straightened for the means of

iving. But a friend appeared, Zoëga, at a moment when a friend is most wanted. Thorwaldsen made a model of Jason. This met with universal applause. Hope, of Amsterdam, commissioned the artist to execute this colossal figure in marble. This was the beginning of a career which, in its progress, has produced the works it was my great privilege now to see. I have had for years a desire to see these works.

I had read sketches of the life of their author, and many criticisms of his works. He was presented to my mind as an object of the deepest interest,— as a man having the inheritance of genius, and nobly and wisely using his vast possession. Murillo, more than any other artist, had affected me in the same way; and Madrid and Copenhagen, where I might see them "at home," as I expressed it to myself, were among the places I proposed to visit when abroad. Upon entering this fitting abode of Thorwaldsen's genius, so magnificently appropriated by his native city, I was impressed with the varied magnificence of his style, its size, its vastness. Everything you see impresses you with the great thought which sought to be delivered in a language as solemn, as grand, as itself; and spoke through the everlasting marble, that its voice might be heard forever. And then, in the exquisite beauty before us, we have the smaller, the delicate, which shrinks before its own expression, and would gather round it that which might conceal some of its beauty. Everywhere, in everything, do you feel that in Thorwaldsen was the purity of nature herself. He could create infinite beauty, and in its virgin nakedness, look upon it with the childlike love and purity, with which nature regards her own works. Look where you will upon these works, and the feeling ever comes that you are among thoughts, not things. You must array yourself with the wings of Psyche, and, a winged soul, live and move, and have your being in this vast treasury of the soul's best accomplishments. We are made better by the daily, the hourly teachings of such works. We have the revelation of true beauty in ourselves, when

we see and love the same which has come out of our own nature in another. The world is made better by such works, as by the blessed sun, the pure air, the vast, the ever new ministries of nature. Let us then come to Thorwaldsen's works, as to Thorwaldsen's very soul, — his heart of heart. Let us with a pure mind, and holy step, enter into the great, the venerable, the sacred place.

It is no part of my purpose to give any account of the contents of the Museum of Thorwaldsen. The attempt would be absurd. We have finished works, — models in relief, — working models, — casts. They are in their different stages of progress, admirable teachers for the young artist of the steps by which great works have been done. Some have been carried forward by others, and finished by himself. Some are entirely his own work. They fill thirty-four cabinets, or rooms, and many long corridors, and line the broad stairs. They are now colossal, and arrest your regard by the space they occupy ; and then detain you by the demand they make on your fixed attention. But the smallest have their claims, and will not let you go until they have blessed you. In such scenes is the argument to the American for foreign travel. By it he escapes from the tyranny of expensive copy, to the free life of the original. He has faith in what he sees, for it is the true ; and its love, and its worship, can only elevate him, — bring him into direct sympathy with the questionless works of the highest genius, — revealing to him the whole consciousness of his own relations to the manifestations of the highest human power. I certainly have never known what it was to feel the capacities of my own nature, as in these the latest experiences of my life, in the midst and presence of such works as these of Thorwaldsen, and of kindred minds. Scarcely a day passes in which there is not something to mark that day, and make me grateful for it. Would that I could move others to enter into such labours, — to love them, and so make their own, what they always bring with

them. Who would not stop on his way through the rough and stormy Baltic to visit the shrine of Thorwaldsen,—that double shrine which contains his silent body, and the ever living, ever speaking accomplishments of his exalted genius?

Besides the works of Thorwaldsen, the Museum contains others in art, and in all its kinds, which in his faithful life he had collected. His books are here. They belonged to him. They fill eight large cabinets, and are of great interest. These had been his companions,—his teachers,—his intimate friends. But in themselves they have earnest claims to regard, and the visitor to Thorwaldsen must not neglect what was so truly his.

I visited Thorwaldsen's grave. If his works deserve a Palace for their preservation, what more appropriate place of sepulture for his mortal remains, than the privileged precincts of royalty? His body lies in the quadrangle of the Palace of Art, and nothing else is there than absolutely belongs to the single purpose to which the place is devoted. The whole space is covered with stone, so smooth and so accurately fitted, as almost to seem one piece. Surrounding that spot beneath which the body lies, and of shape corresponding to the tomb, the earth is covered with black stone. Just over the body is an enclosure with granite sides and ends a few inches high, on which are slightly cut the following words:—

BERTHEL THORWALDSEN :

F. Den 19 Nov. 1770.

D. Den 24 March, 1844.

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Born 19 Nov. 1770.

Died 24 March, 1844.

The space thus enclosed is filled with flowers, in full bloom, kept the whole season fresh by the care daily bestowed upon them. The walls of the Palace forming the

quadrangle, are covered with frescoes of Thorwaldsen's works, not for ornament, but showing that the enclosure which they form, is the everlasting resting place of their author. Here, in this broad space, beneath the unobstructed light of heaven, are the remains of a master-spirit of the age in which he lived; and there, around him, within those walls, rest safely his works, in the freshness of imperishable marble, and in the promises of immortality. How simple, — how sublime, — how grand is this place. I remember no such intensity of stillness in the broad day as was there. I moved with the lightest tread, lest I should disturb the deep repose. Nothing was alive here but those beautiful flowers, — the fitting coronation, — was it not? of such a genius, and of such a life.

I soon after left the Museum, but have not yet left Thorwaldsen. My next visit was to the new Cathedral of Copenhagen. This speaks most eloquently for the genius of her son. In the tympanum of the pediment is a St. John in basso-relievo, preaching in the wilderness. In the niches of the vestibules, are the greater prophets. In the frieze, Christ bearing the cross. In the interior of the church are the twelve Apostles. In the high altar, Christ himself. I had seen their models in the Museum, yesterday. I was now to see them as finished, in marble, by Thorwaldsen himself. It was because of what I had heard before leaving home, that I stopped on my voyage on the Baltic, to see these renowned figures. The figure of Christ is the centre of attraction in this wonderful group. He is in the chancel, colossal in size, with his head gently bent forward, and his arms extended. The expression of the figure, that of his countenance, form, and action, is that of earnest invitation, of entreaty, — along with the deepest sympathy for its objects. It fills the whole chancel with its divine presence. The chancel had nothing in it but the Christ. With singular good taste, a true feeling of the subject, this whole large portion at the end of the church was left without any-

ing which could, for a moment, attract the attention from the sole figure there. There was nobody in the church but myself and the guide, — nothing to break the deep silence and solemnity of the time. The church is very large. You are impressed with the extent of space embraced by its walls, — and the harmony between it and what it contains, and which so fills it as to prevent any sentiment of vacancy. There is no glaring light, an impertinence so often encountered in places for public assemblings. The light is in the subject before you. In it is embodied the idea of the mission of Christ, — his mission of love, — and you read in the whole, one word, "COME." The disciples are on each side of the Christ, in front of as many niches. John stands at the head of the right side of the Cathedral, and is of surpassing beauty. Mathew also struck me as singularly beautiful. The bag, in which he had collected custom, lies at his feet. The martyrs of this great company have the instruments of their death by them. Christ differs from all the rest in losing the individual in the possession of the universal. There is nothing, so to speak, distinctive, or which separates him from his divine office, — his life, — his death, — his resurrection, — his ascension. The kingdom of heaven is the idea which fill men, and his word is, —

#### COME UNTO ME.

I next called to see Mr. R., the American Consul here, and the only agent of the government. I called to pay to him my respects. He received me with courtesy and kindness, offering to serve me in any way in his power, — in short, gave me great pleasure, and much information on subjects of interest, making my call a very pleasant and useful one.

Another call was on — — —, to whom Mr. — gave me a letter of introduction. My call was soon returned. I hardly know how to express myself about this visit. It was so hearty, so cordial, — so just as you would always

have such a visit to be. Mr. —— was delighted to hear of his old friend again, and from one who knew him, and who had so lately seen him. He endeavoured to express how much he was indebted to me for bringing back again, in so much freshness, the old and happy times of his early life, when he and “—— —— lived together.” “This was more than thirty years ago,” he said, “in ——, in which more than semi-barbarous corner of Africa we both held official stations. The plague came, and we went into the country, took a house, shut ourselves up, as is the practice during the plague, and alternately kept house month by month. In —— ——’s month he had supreme, and questionless controul. Then came my month, to play the despot; and he was not to say a word about my rule, and we were as happy as we could be. I cannot tell you how happy we were, and how happy you make me by bringing it all so freshly to mind. Do tell me how I can serve you. Come and dine with us at four. I know not what we may have, but you shall have just what we can give you. I want to show you —— ——’s letters, which I have kept for years. After dinner we will drive into the country, — to Palace, and to garden, — to Tivoli, — to the Cemetery, and to the Battle-Field, — anywhere, — everywhere. I am glad to see you, and only tell me what you want to see and to do, and I will do all I can to make Copenhagen pleasant to you.”

I went at the hour, and was introduced to Mrs. —— ——, after which Mr. —— continued to say everything to make me feel perfectly at home, and to reassure me of his strong desire to make my visit to his native city both useful and agreeable. Now, here was something, was it not much? for memory. Out of a good and honest heart had come things which I shall not forget. Thorwaldsen had filled me with thought, the deepest, the purest, the best. Here was living kindness, genuine courtesy, pouring itself out in streams so clear, so true, that I could not but feel the deep refresh-

ment. Here was true feeling, and if there is anything welcome to the human soul, it is that which comes to it in far off lands, and when and where everything else tells you how truly a stranger you are. Here was a man speaking to me in my mother tongue, — and from the high rank he held in his own country, giving to my position there, just what rendered to me important facilities in carrying out my objects.

At four, then, I went to Mr. — —'s, where the pleasure of my first introduction was increased by making the acquaintance of his daughter, a highly pleasing young lady, whose husband is an officer in the Danish navy, and at sea, but daily expected home, and to Mr. — —'s son, a very agreeable looking, well informed, pleasant young man. My friend Mr. — —'s letters had been collected, and Mr. — — looked them over, pointed out passages to me, and talked again of the long past, in the same fresh, happy manner as in the morning. Dinner was announced. I gave my arm to his very handsome daughter, who talks excellent English, with a nice Danish accent, which adds to rather than hurts it, and we took our seats at table. I tell the whole story. No notice had been given that a guest from a foreign country had been invited, and the family dinner was just as it had been arranged in the morning. And this was all the more welcomed by me. Soup came first, of course, as well as in course. These soups we know little of. They are made with apparently very little meat, but with many vegetables. They are perfectly clear, transparent, and slightly coloured yellow, are served very hot, and, though novel to the stranger, are very acceptable. Next came round a dish, with something arranged in overlapping slices, the length of the dish, with the silver fork with which each helps himself, or herself. This is the true way of serving a dinner, — the only way. You take what you want and no more, or nod your negative. There is no asking about this or that, — white meat, or dark, — wing, leg, &c., through

the whole anatomy, — no useless calling. When you have finished, there is the end of it. You lay your knife and fork upon your plate, and it disappears. We borrow all sorts of fashions, ridiculous, or other, from the Old World; why not some of their eating customs? It would, on the score of ease and real comfort, make all the difference in the world. But of the dish over my left shoulder. The servant tires. I took the fork, turned over two or three slices. They were moist, red, slippery, and firm. The custom abroad is, if you do not like, or have a question concerning such matters, to put the fork into its place, and look steadily for an instant or so, at your empty plate. In other words, do nothing. But I felt so much at home there, away in Denmark, — had been made so truly, if not technically, at home, in that most hospitable and honoured state, and especially in this most excellent city of Copenhagen, — and still more especially in the family, — every member of it, which I was that moment visiting, — that I almost unconsciously asked, if the dish at my side was not salmon, and if it had been cooked. The question was expletory. The answer, it was salmon, and uncooked. I was troubled, for I had been told what the dinner would *not* be, — one prepared for me, — and I had agreed to eat it, whatever it might be. I was troubled, for I was obliged to decline the salmon. In the Baltic steamer, uncooked, but pickled herrings, were served at breakfast. I was asked to eat of them, and was told they had been preserved in salt water, and were excellent. I knew herrings lived in salt water. I tried, but it was no go, — or the fish would not go. I got no encouragement from remembered smoked beef, — smoked salmon, — salt fish, — nor even Westphalia hams, which, at their home, I was told, are never boiled. To me the herring mouthful was odious. The salmon I could not try. What, in the name of all eating, is more terrible than to find something at table, at a strange table, in a strange land, and to fill your mouth with it, and which you find you can-

t possibly swallow? A young lady, not of the "land of olive," but still from "Down East," was one evening at our table, on which were olives, and she saw with what relish and praises they were eaten. Being asked to partake, she did, but, not knowing the nature of the fruit, she took more than *one* into her mouth at once. Never was mouth, unaccustomed to such contents, put to such strange resources to dispose of them. Much beauty was lost in the conflict which ensued. At length the luxury was swallowed, stones and all, and I shall always have question if this lady ever ventured upon such eating again. Three, you know, make the *sesame* of olive eating. Of the number in my fair friend's experiment, I am not informed. I said I was troubled. I was grieved, and the whole table was grieved. We soon, however, all of us, laughed intensely, and a merrier dinner-table I have not often seen. I quietly eat German bread, while my friends enjoyed the uncooked fish.

Another event. "Wine! Will you drink wine, Sir?" This, I saw, was hard. Another salmon.

I simply answered, "No." Just as I had done a thousand times before.

Up went hands, and out poured words of heartfelt astonishment. "Not drink wine! You will, of course, drink cogniac," — the word here for brandy.

I said, "No!" again.

"Not brandy! Why! you neither eat nor drink. What do you do?"

In the meantime, Mrs. — left the table, and returned bringing some sliced meat, not as hot as the soup, indeed, but very good. Peas, and roasted pigeons followed, and who could have asked for more? Most delicious strawberries, with nice cream, and sugar, made the dessert. And so the dinner ended; glasses, mine filled with water or wine, were touched, healths drank, and we rose from the table.

Oh, how you would have groaned in spirit had you been

with me in Copenhagen, and at that dinner! The rainbow would have faded before the intensity and variety of your colours,—and how, in going home to the Royal, would your exclamations have waked the echoes of Denmark!

Now, to me, this dinner was of the deepest interest. Every fact in it was a whole chapter of domestic life under every possible phase of variety and difference, to what was native to me. What should I have learned had I been invited four days before to dine at 7, P. M., with the fashionable world of this grand old city? I should have learned nothing to be compared with the simple truth, the undisguised hospitality and confidence of this family of true men and women,—true friends. It is of the best remembered, and the best valued of any dinner I have eaten in Europe. It is side by side with that Moscow dinner at Prof. Fischer's, for, though there was more form in the latter, it spoke for old Russia, yes, hospitable old Russia, as did this for the true, every-day life of Denmark.

The carriage was now called. I was furnished with a nice warm overcoat, a protection from the day's dust, and for the evening's cold, and forth we started for the country. My friend rejoices in fine horses, and liveried coachmen and footmen,—silver lace for hat, &c. It was a barouche, we drove in, thrown entirely open. Mr. —— seemed to know every gentleman and lady we met or passed, in coach or on foot. His knowledge was not a sinecure, for to every one he knew, he raised his hat, not touching it merely, but taking it fairly off his head, and with a graceful sweep carrying it off at arms length. It was done with great ease, but it seemed to me more of a toil than pleasure, and that it was a custom much to the benefit of the hat-maker. It is a custom which prevails all over the Continent. With us in America, and it is much the same in England, a jerk of the head forward, backward, or laterally, is the measure of our street courtesy of recognition. If we stop, we shake hands,

and say, *Ou ar yu*,—uttered in a single syllable,—*Anglice*, How are you? I shall never forget how an Italian artist, and scholar, was confounded by this word. He tried hard to get it, but had not succeeded when I last saw him. It was not in the dictionary, and he never could dig or drag it out of his mouth. We of the West shake hands. The East and the North folk kiss,—men and women. I once offered my hand to a lady at parting, she shrank away utterly ignorant of what I meant. With Shakespeare somewhat altered, we may say:—

Hands at the East give hats.

But our West heraldry is hands, not hats.

Our drive was full of novelty to me, and so, full of interest. I saw on every hand more than I can tell. The country is fine, and everywhere cultivated. A vast deal of grain is grown, and has its market in England. Water is everywhere, and bridges innumerable. This gives to the summer field and forest, the richest, fullest green. The grass is as rich as it is in damp England. Water is distributed everywhere, where natural irrigation is wanting. We stopped at the principal cemetery. The arrangements for the dead are simple, and to my mind, more appropriate than the elaborateness, and large displays we so often meet with elsewhere. The nature of the country determines, somewhat, the character of these places. It is very flat, and what surface might do for the picturesque, if such be desirable, is much wanting here. Mourners are seen on all sides at the graves of friends, to renew flowers, or to dress the growing ones,—and strangers are here, like myself, to look for customs and observances in foreign lands. My friends took me to the place prepared for their final home, and where had been gathered together those whom they had honoured, and loved, and lost. If such, as they are, or have been to me, do they not deserve both reverence and love,—an everlasting memory, and ever coming flowers? We visited the battle grounds of the armies not long since gathered here to settle

important national questions. A decaying, uninhabited palace was an object of interest. A Dowager Queen had lately died in it, and the moveables had been sold at auction. The question was entertained of using the palace for a hospital, but I believe is abandoned. I saw on the grounds, near the old palace, a number of wooden houses, — two uprights with a connecting beam, — and asked what was their use. They did not look ornamental. I was told they were used to hang out to air the palace beds and bedding. This brought to mind that I had seen a precisely similar contrivance, and in active use too, across the way from the Cathedral in Copenhagen, as I stood upon the steps of the church waiting for the guide to come to show me the sculptures of Thorwaldsen. I liked this custom very much, and we might introduce it with much benefit; especially into some hotels, where we are told the traveller sometimes sleeps not only on the same bed, but under the same bedding, which a few hours before may have wrapped some weary predecessor. The grounds about this old palace are magnificent, — hill, valley, rocks, water, old forests as green as if not over half a century grown, — the grass, the richest velvet. Everything strong and grand as from the most generous hands of nature, and more striking from its neighbouring human desolation and decay.

“Age shakes Athena’s tower, but spares gray Marathon.”

How true is poetry to the whole story of fact! There was one thing in these grounds for whose beauty as well as use I was specially grateful. This was a spring at the mouth of a cell in the side of a hill, everlastingly shaded by the dense forest trees and overhanging rocks, and from which I drank with the zest of the holiest hermit of them all. I spoke of the number of people in the streets, as we drove along. So it was with the road. Walkers, riders, drivers, — rich and poor, men, women and children, were all aiming at the same point. We reached, on our return from the

Palace, the objects of such general attraction. These were public gardens,— with slight, but very nice buildings for those who wished the accommodations; and every out-door means of amusement and relaxation. What most attracted me were the numbers of persons selling strawberries, not in half pint, or so called pint boxes, and small at that, with a dozen or two large berries atop. But large baskets were on all sides, full of splendid fruit clear through, and at a price which everybody could easily, cheerfully pay. My friends bought a large specimen of the very finest, which the footman put into the carriage for our evening meal. Here they are bought at first hand, and are always fresh. I was among the people here, and it did my heart good to see such ample provision for the public amusement. Here toil was at rest, and here some of its products were used to give tone and health, and cheerfulness for the succeeding labour. There may have been excess with some, but the general character was of good humour,— a diffused pleasure, which is the mere antagonism to individual uneasiness. There is giving and taking in such social reunions; and where these are, in close company with them are generosity, liberality, kindness. We in America have got to learn something about all this. Work! work!! work!!! is the everlasting rule with us. There is not enough real, downright genuine play for an exception. Some reformer, it is to be hoped, will one day arise and take the people with him, and teach them what is joy, what is play, and how they may get its means, and truly use them. I have spoken of this before, but it will bear repetition.

We got back to Copenhagen in the long twilight, and had tea with our freightage of delicious fruit. Mrs. —, the daughter of my friend, had promised to sing and play in the evening. She played Danish music, sang national songs, waltzes, &c., and to my mind admirably well. She sang one song which was exquisitely beautiful. It was a song of home, and I have never listened to anything more touching.

She told me she would get for me a copy of it in the morning, and send it to you, and I feel sure she will not disappoint me. This portion of my day's visit to this most excellent family, lost none of its interest to me in its lengthened hours. At ten I left these friends, and soon reached my now very dull, solitary hotel.

The course of things at the hotel is to dine at the table d'hôte, if we please; breakfast, alone in your parlour; and as to tea, with me, to eat in the same quarters, fruit. I very soon tire of this life. It is made tolerable by writing about what I have seen or heard in the day, generally in the very early morning. It is not etiquette to speak at table to one's side or opposite neighbours, unless spoken to, and who, ever in such an arrangement, is to speak first? I have not literally said a single word at table, except to a servant, and for the most part he does not understand a word I say. I do not believe I should say a word if I lived at the Royal a year. The dinner is for any, and for everybody,—not at all confined to the household. It is, therefore, a *moveable feast* in more senses than one. People come and go at pleasure, and so are never the same. To eat then, and this generously, and to drink much wine, is the order of the feast. Now as I do nothing, to speak, at this last, I have less *amusement* than the rest. The effect of wine declares itself, for you know the phrase, “when wine is *in*, wit is, or comes, *out*. The liberty of speech is certainly enlarged then. What is said, of course I know not. But there is laugh in it. My French is very small, and my Danish is very nothing; so I get on if not positively stupid, certainly not very luminously gay.

*Wednesday, July.*—Mr. R.'s son called on me at half past 7, A. M., to visit some hospitals, to the heads of which I received introductory letters from his father. It was a long walk, and Copenhagen is not famed for smooth sidewalks. Hard, hard, are the pavings of the streets. But there is a curb stone about a foot wide, which is very at-

active. But you must not set your foot upon it, unless it falls to your share by the strict law which regulates street walking. A stranger does not readily fall into any course of locomotion to which he is unaccustomed. He is ignorant, it may be, of the rule. In England the rule is to walk and to drive to the *left*. In America, to the *right*. So strict is the law in Copenhagen, that Majesty itself, I was told, must conform to it. I generally walked with my courier, who is a Dane, "and to the manner born," but had as much as he could do to keep me within the street rule. As I went through — Square, some fire companies were out with their engines and hose, for exercise. I have never seen such apologies for fire apparatus in all my wanderings. The engines were very small. The hose in proportion, and the height to which the water was thrown, did not begin to reach the roofs of houses experimented upon. There was this comfort, however, in the case. There is so much brick and mortar, and stone, and so little wood in the Danish house architecture, that I defy a fire to get beyond the easy reach of the fire companies.

The first hospital I visited, has Prof. T. at its head. This is a large institution, and its wards were occupied with many patients. I went through the medical wards, and found their arrangements good, securing comfort to the sick, and faithful medical regard. Prof. T., with his family, reside in the hospital. This is the case in other hospitals on the Continent I have visited, and has its advantages.

My next visit was to a Maternité Hospital, under the care of Dr. Lever, if I spell his name correctly. This hospital entirely pleased me, and he must be fastidious indeed, who is not wholly satisfied with it. I have seen no approach to it in all I have seen of hospitals in all their kinds. There has been much fatal fever in this house, and successful measures have been adopted to prevent its recurrence. The building is a grand one. It was grateful to be permitted to visit it, — to examine it, and to learn the results of treat-

ment in it. For three years not a case of fever has occurred. How has this been brought about?

The hospital is so large, and so arranged, that *one-half* of it only is used at a time, viz., for six months. The patients, at the end of this period, pass into the other half which has been purified for half a year. Not only so. There are more rooms in the *occupied part* than are commonly used. If occasion require, a patient may be placed in one of these rooms, and the room thus left empty, may be thoroughly cleansed for another patient. Every patient has a room, not a small, cell-like affair, but a lofty, large sized apartment to herself. No patient ever sleeps on a bed which has just been used by another. It is taken to pieces, picked over, washed, as is the sacking, &c., as soon as the patient is discharged. The bedsteads are made of iron.

Beside all this provision for the safety of patients, ventilation is made as perfect as possible. Each room has a ventilator at the top of the room. This is large, and has direct reference to the size of the apartment. Very often the opening for the escape of the air, is made with so little regard to cubic contents, the size of the room, that the air is imperfectly changed. The process in these cases is so slow, that the impure air is so blended with the pure, which I should have said is admitted near the floor, as to be more or less unfit for healthful respiration. In the Copenhagen system, which I believe is Reed's of London, the foul air passes by the ventilating opening into a tube which ends in a foul-air chamber in the top of the building. From this it passes by a free, direct chimney, down into a room in the cellar, in the centre of which is a furnace, in which is kept a fire through the whole year. It is kept in full blast all the time by the air from the foul-air chamber above. In this way this air is sure to be consumed, as there is no other source of air to keep up the fire; all other draft being cut off by the insulation of the furnace chamber. Dr. L. asked me if I did not feel a current of air on my head, my hat

being off. I said yes, for this was evident enough. In this way is ventilation secured. But whatever the philosophy, the effect is certain. There has been no fever in the hospital since this, and the rest of the system for health, have been adopted. Is it not a noble work to save from so much disaster as has so often occurred in these institutions? And what class of patients deserve more, more faithful use of means to prevent a disease which so often produces death? Few visits have I made which have given me so much pleasure as has this one, and to Dr. L. how great are my obligations.

In describing the Russian hospitals, it was said that in the wards, fires are constantly kept in the stove. The construction of this stove prevents its getting heated by the amount of fire necessary to secure ventilation. The American furnace prevents the use of this means of ventilation. This furnace supplies the ward with heat by the hot air which passes out of the registers. This would be intolerable in summer. There are no fire places, as the heat in winter would be wasted by the draft which would be produced to, or in them. The ventilation in such wards is by ventilators in doors, or in the cornices, for ordinarily there is not air enough any way in hot weather to produce currents, and as the outward air, at night for instance, is cooler than that in the wards, the draft is downwards, towards the ward through the ventilator, and the foul air from the sick, especially in surgical wards, is rather accumulated than driven off. Again there is not always such due proportion between the cubic feet of space enclosed by the walls of the ward, and the size of the ventilating holes, as will secure thorough changes in the air. This is another source of mischief from our modes of ventilation. What the effect may be of all this in prolonging disease, or preventing recovery, I have no means of judging. The motives for the present method, are safety, convenience, and economy. These may be admitted in private houses, the inmates of which are for the

most part in health ; but the question may be entertained if they should have much or any influence when the well-being of great public charities may be involved.

This was my last day in this ancient city. I called on my friends to say farewell. The music and the song of Home, promised the day before, were all ready, and directed to you. Those friends remained to me as when I first saw them. Had arranged parties for me to-day and for to-morrow, and other drives. But the traveller's lot is mine, — to make friends and to leave them. I shall never forget these. At 2, p. m., I take the steamer Schleswig for Kiel.

A moment more to Denmark. The soil and culture here tells their own story. I have rarely seen on the Continent anything which compares with these things here. The barley is very productive, — rye is good, — buckwheat excellent. This last particularly belongs, as far as I have seen, to Holstein. The fields are beautiful with the red stem, and the white flower of this plant. As soon as, and wherever you catch the land in this part of the Baltic, and are sufficiently near it, you have its evidences of productivity, and the beauty of its natural arrangements. I saw in the early morning exquisite reaches of forest and grove, — and long vistas lying between these, and neighbouring hills, — the deep green of grain, grass, and leaf, making space and height as beautiful as it has been my lot to look upon. It was now deep shade, and now the level morning sun was piercing the deep reaches referred to, and new beauties were revealed. You wanted to stop the steamer to land, to build, and live, and move, and have your being, in these scenes of beauty and of peace. I thought I was looking upon the wide acres of some rich English lord, and that I should hear the rustling of the deer in the coves, and under-growths around. This scenery continued quite till we were in Kiel.

I was everywhere impressed with the simplicity of living in Denmark. It was my good fortune to travel with one

thoroughly acquainted with it, and in steamer, and on railway, I met with others who made me their debtor by their gentlemanly bearing, and the information communicated. Said one, "We have few very rich. Our means are moderate, but possessed by many. We have but few paupers. You see no drunkards. Our government is simple. We have a King,—a written constitution, a wide, if not universal suffrage,—an army of about thirty thousand,—a compulsory system of education, which allows, indeed, those to pay for instruction who please; but all others must send their children to school, or pay the penalty of truancy. The King is rarely mentioned, and is not a frequent visitor to the metropolis;—is about forty; has been twice married, and been divorced twice, his present being a questionable wife. He has had no children by any of his wives; and as there seems to be something uncertain in the state of Denmark, certain high contracting powers have recently disposed of succession elsewhere,—in more protocol phrase, have 'settled it.'"

In my way to the steamer my attention was attracted by a number of hulks of ships of the line, and others, whitening in the hot sun. I was carried back in less than an instant of time, to the destruction of the Danish fleet by Nelson, lest it should be used by France against England. These hulks seem all like the ghosts of the old fleet, risen to shame that act, of what some thought an unnecessary, wanton exercise of brute force. Then came Nelson's demand for *wax*, instead of an offered wafer, to seal his despatch to the Danish government, which informed that government, "that his *Troy* was half destroyed," as if the "Majesty of Denmark" wanted the knowledge, or would ascribe to hurry, or any cause, the use of a wafer. And then came pressing upon the memory the arrival into America of a British Minister, named Jackson, who, from some connection with the Copenhagen affair, had got, by our haters of England, and lovers of Bonaparte, the eupho-

nious sobriquet of "Copenhagen Jackson." The British government, indeed, had endeavoured to mollify the republic, by sending its Minister in a ship called the *Rose*, as if a ship by any other name, as *Defiance*, *Vengeance*, *Spitfire*, — would not have smelt as sweet. I remembered Mr. Jackson, how a Federalist friend of mine had of him a portrait by Stuart, and how I had dined with that Minister at that friend's house, and how the burning of the old Exchange, disturbed the "order of our going" from that dinner table. There's nothing like foreign travel to set the mind to work about home matters, of no matter what date or nature. I have passed hours in London streets in tracing resemblances between the people driving on foot and carriage, through the streets, as mad; and the people at home. Hartley, you know, makes Association one of the two foundation principles in the Nature of Man. With me its activity produces very curious results, by showing relations which it is not always convenient to declare. I sometimes thought that the doctrine of Original Sin might have its illustration, if not cause, in this principle.

*Thursday, July.* — A most beautiful trip was it to Kiel. The sea was like glass. The steamer excellent, — accommodations unusually good. The cabin was warm, and I adjourned to a sofa in the dining saloon, where I slept till half past two, A. M., when I went on deck, and staid till five, when we reached Kiel. I made an acquaintance, a young Dane, who knew everything about the country, and told me a great deal about Denmark, — the Baltic, Islands, &c. About seventy miles from Copenhagen is an island named Möhen. Its front, like some great promontory, rises perpendicularly out of the sea, and to a commanding height. As you approach, it becomes constantly more striking, and at length you see the whole side surface presenting a mural elevation as white as snow, and closely resembling the Cliffs of Dover. Still nearer, lines are seen crossing it obliquely from top to bottom, which are formed of dwarf shrubs,

evergreens, growing in their direction. At length the horizon, that outline which seemed quite level, is found to be regular, — castellated formations in one point, rounded on the top, like the crater of an extinct volcano, while pointed minarets shoot above their neighbours. You cannot tell how varied and how beautiful everything here is. The sun was large, — the sky bounding it above, and at the projecting bluff, while the wide Baltic washed the bases of these seeming rocky-mountains. When nearer, the outline is found to be made by fir trees, of the deepest green, forming a crown for that upon which they grew, the setting sun shedding its light over all. At length we rounded the promontory. My Danish companion said he had frequently visited the island with guides, for pleasure, and pointed out spots of more special beauty; and that with much relish they had drank their champagne there.

Kiel is beautifully situated on a bay of the Baltic, in the duchy of Holstein. It has 14,000 inhabitants, a University, in which, in 1832, the students were two hundred and fifty, in 1846, one hundred and ninety-one, — a library of 10,000 volumes or more, an observatory, a public garden, a hospital, a royal palace, — and among other churches, that of St. Nicholas, which has special regard. I hope you will kindly thank me for this long drain upon the authorities, for though I am "ill at these numbers," I, seriously, have studied accuracy about Kiel. There has been steadily a disposition to avoid, in these sketches of foreign travel, the appearance even of sentimentalism, and if there be a departure, in any sense or degree, from this purpose, it is hoped it will be pardoned, or regarded as an exception, which you now is necessary for the sustentation of any rule. Let me give an anecdote. I was detained in Kiel, only while the locomotive was *fired up*. While sitting on the piazza of the hotel, something happened illustrative of the genius and industry of the burghers of this ancient city. It solved the problem of how many men are necessary to drag and drive

a cow, which cow has a very long tail. There were two men engaged. One held in his hand a rope of much length; its other end was fastened to the cow's horns. The other man had the tail in one hand, and a fragment of a board in the other. The action. If they both pulled *together* in a straight line, which could only be in *opposite directions*, and which, in their zeal, they unconsciously did, and equally, it is clear there would be an equilibrium of forces, and the cow, the body to be moved, would be at rest. If they drew in different directions, and alternately, there would be a decomposition of forces, and the direction of the moving body, the cow again, would be a diagonal. The enticements of the bit of board, and the violent shakings of the tail, which were constantly in practice, produced a confusion which none of the philosophies can explain. Now under these various appliances the cow was set in motion, and described as fine a zigzag as any Virginia fence maker could have desired. Do not these men of Kiel deserve a medal from his majesty of Denmark, their ruler, for so illustrious a discovery in science? It is a great matter to solve a problem, let it be what it may; and we leave it with the king to settle what the medal shall be. This experiment, and its success, was the more pleasing, as it stirred the risibles of those who were with me on the piazza. The dullest looking Dane of them all really smiled, audibly almost, when they saw the success of the experiment. But the train was ready, and I left Kiel, seeing no more in that early morning hour, except one woman, two men, three dogs asleep on a sidewalk, and a flock of tame ducks in a pond, and, on Saturday, July 10th, at 7 A. M., having disposed of the sentimental, I take up my parable.

In the train one day, was a family party in excellent spirits, and in German kept up a very animated, and, I doubt not, agreeable conversation. I asked in French and English, if any one spoke either of these tongues. The general answer was, no. At length a young lady of pleasing face and man-

her, said, in a voice which singularly contrasted with the rough, loud German around, that she could speak some English. I thanked her for the announcement, and we talked some time. After a pause the young lady began again, and the following dialogue passed between us:

“Where, do, you, live?” The commas indicate the manner of enunciation.

In the Universe.

“Where?”

In the Universe, — in that part of it called Germany, — here, — in this carriage.

“Where, were, you, born?”

I cannot precisely say. I was very young at the time, and know only by report where it happened, and common report being a common story-teller, I must decline an answer.

“Have, you, any, family?”

O, yes.

“Where?”

In this carriage. Your friends, and you, Miss, make up my present family, and very pleasantly am I situated.

“What, is, your, name?”

I handed my card, begging her to say to one I took to be her mother, and who seemed much interested in our dialogue, that there was nothing important meant in the offer.

Here the catechism ended.

This to me was quite a curious affair. It was perfectly pleasant. But my fair friend, I observed, translated all I said, to her party, and they looked at us with great interest as the dialogue proceeded. I had with me a small volume of verses, which I had recently printed for friends, and offered it to her. She received it most kindly, and I looked around upon the rich, level, but noble country.

Do not say that I was discourteous to my fair catechist. I had certainly no reason to be so. But the first day on the Continent, a fellow traveller, a man, put to me many

questions, which I, without thought, answered, and some which I might have quite as well been silent about. I then determined, that under no circumstances whatever, would I submit to the like. One hardly knows what use may be made of apparently the simplest communications. It was in recollection of a former experience, that I answered as I above stated, in this "second lesson in questioning."

It was midsummer, and the fruits of the season, especially strawberries and cherries, were in their perfectness. At the stations, fruit and other refreshments, with flowers, are offered for sale in profusion, and at very small cost. I have never before seen such strawberries. They are the very Anaks of the strawberry. They are offered on the stems of the plant, tied together, and with the finely marked deep green leaves, show splendidly. Before leaving home, I had a travelling coat made, with many pockets. And of much use was the structure. One pocket was devoted to lumps of sugar, put up in nice paper, and used with water and fruit. These were in demand this fine Saturday, and my fellow passengers had free use of them with their strawberries, a small piece of sugar being bitten from the lump as occasion required. I have heard that in Russia the same mode is adopted in drinking tea. I can only say I saw nothing of this custom there. Different peoples do the same thing differently. I have seen strawberries eaten in Denmark, as already described. Now, I can answer for it, that the Danish is an excellent mode of arranging strawberries, sugar, and cream. Their union is delicious. Speaking of sugar. The sugar beet is extensively cultivated on the Continent. I passed vast fields, entirely covered with the sugar beet, in the most vigorous growth. I did not know what these monstrous crops could be used for. A very nice and intelligent companion told me all about it. It is, said he, for sugar-making,—that a hundred pounds of beet would make ten pounds of sugar,—and that so large was the product, as seriously to affect the price of foreign sugar.

I have spoken of manners and customs. There is one I have often noticed, but much more distinctly to-day than before. I mean leave-taking among families and friends,—public leave-taking. It cannot be that it is a great, or rare event, for people to leave home here, any more than in other countries, but from Moscow to Germany, I have witnessed this ceremony. More women than men enter into it. The whole family circle, no matter how large, compose it. Such a talking, laughing,—such fulness of utterances, before the final whistle,—and then the forming of lines along the railing of the station,—and lastly, the kissing of hands, waving of hats and handkerchiefs, make a scene, of which the Anglo-Saxon races absolutely know nothing. I have generally succeeded in getting a seat next the door of the coupé, and nearest the railing, and there, with my old and constant companion, my eye-glass, I have looked at the long crowd. The carriages, you know, move slowly at first, and give one a fine chance to see the people, and, with a traveller's license, I always did see them. At first, I thought these gatherings were of passengers, and asked my courier if the train would not be crowded. "O, no," said he, "they are friends." The Germans have much manner, and the strongest voices in the world. You cannot tell how annoying this becomes, when the infliction lasts through three and four hundred English miles of travel, in a warm summer day. Recollect you do not understand a word of what is screamed or roared out. It may be very clever, but it is all Greek to you. An extreme annoyance, under such circumstances, are children. Get a restless, pretty, petted boy of four years opposite to you. When he gets tired of everything else, he begins to try his humour on your shins, by sundry kicks of his tough German shoes. I rejoiced in many of these experiences to-day; and was forced to appeal, by natural signs, to his parents, to have the nuisance abated. The American car prevents all this.

We lunched at Wittenburg, where I thought of Hamlet,

— changed carriages and company. The last part of my day was worse than the first. In the new carriage, I had for fellow passengers a very pleasing looking lady and her husband. For a little while we were alone. I found the husband was a Pole, an exile, and living in Magdeburg, on our route. We soon learned that each knew some French, and at it we went, and such a mixture of Polish, and English, with French, may never before have been met with. But there was good feeling, and this helps much in this as in all other embarrassments. The lady had a sweet face, and was in simple, but deep mourning, as was her husband, as if they had lost an only child,— and their native land, too. She was German, but her manner was so quiet, so gentle,— her expression so sweet, that you could not but be happy to be there. But my pleasure was not long. A young mother entered the carriage with a boy, two and half years old, named Herman, and a girl a year older, named Hetwig. By the way, my Polander lady was named Mary. I wish you could hear her pronounce it. The lady and her children, the new passengers, sat opposite to me. Next her was her nursery girl, a somewhat extensive, but not necessarily disagreeable body. Mother took the son, the maid the daughter, thus placing the four opposite me. It was terribly hot. We thought we should have melted, and have left a product which would puzzle even Cuvier to have determined. The train started, and so did the children. The young mother began the training by giving them cherries. It was like the first taste of blood to the tiger. He never forgets it. So did not these the cherries. The drive was ruined. I could not sleep. I could only sweat. I laboured to occupy, and so please, the young immortals. I gave them my gold tooth-pick case, — my keys, — my little ivory rule, — my watch. But it was no go. I saw I had to take it. It came in kicks, — tumbling all over me, — putting both shoes on one of my corns, and, at the same time, — a piling up of shoes, — climbing all over me, with

cherry-stained, and still wet hands. At Magdeburg, I got rid of them from the carriage, but saw them in the station's ladies' saloon, drinking milk, the girl screaming because she could not drink fast enough. You ask if I did not hope it would choke her? I can say I had never seen and felt the like. It were professional to say that I did wonder how the milk and the cherries fared together. From this day's experience I would humanely suggest, that if people mean to carry children when they travel, whether it would be amiss to pack them away among the luggage, or deposit them in the freight train. There would be both economy and comfort in such an arrangement.

MAGDEBURG is a historical name, and the city looks as if time and man had worked successfully in giving to it the questionless evidences of age, and of war. It is one of the most important fortresses of Germany, and, from the time of Charlemagne, has preserved its interest in the commercial and warlike characters which attach to it, and which, with its defences, is regarded as one of the strongest fortresses of Europe. A canal, which connects the Havel and Elbe, connects the latter with the Oder, and so with the Baltic, thus bringing Magdeburg in easy communication with the whole north of Europe. I was at every step struck with the vast and various means employed to make this old city impregnable. You pass through gate after gate,— wall after wall, with portcullises, standing with their enormous teeth of massive iron suspended in mid air, and in readiness to fall, and close shut up the city, or to destroy everything beneath them. Time is impressed upon everything. The black walls are crusted over with the accumulations and deep dyes of ages. The very stones in the narrow streets, are deeply worn by the tread of multitudes who have long passed away; and, as you walk through them, unite with everything else in deep attestation to the surrounding antiquity. The new was nowhere. The Gothic Cathedral

stands high above everything else, and tells the story of ages. In the Napoleon wars this was an object of the deepest interest. I was told on the spot, as I looked upon its grand old tower frowning down upon me, that its surmounting cross was shot off by a treacherous commandant of the city, named Kliest, who afterwards sold the city to the French. But he had small joy of his bargain, for the very money he had received was taken from him as he was leaving Magdeburg. It was in a prison in Magdeburg, that Baron Trenck passed so many years, and from which he at length escaped. The history of this Baron formed an important part of my early day's reading; but which the later literature has replaced by Jack Sheppard, and the like. If time had served, I should certainly have visited the Baron's "prison house."

Prussia you know is as flat as a prairie. The exception is the mountain boundary between it and Belgium, and which I have already commemorated. As you get along on the railway, you see narrow roads passing off from its edges into the country, and parallel roads with their tributaries. At the stations we got cherries in abundance, and very cheap. At Cöethen, pronounced by the natives Cöen, in the shortest possible order, we had a splendid time with the cherries. Women are the merchants. It is a female monopoly. The rights of the sex are unquestioned here. And who would ask for other sellers of such exquisite fruit? They sell them in paper envelopes, wrapped up like cornucopæias, and I was not a little amused to find that my *horn* was made of a broad leaf of four pages, a work of Hippocrates, in Greek, with a Latin translation, very handsomely printed. Here in this obscure, out of the way village of Prussia, is Greek medical literature used to make cherry bags! Doubtless, literature has been put to worse uses. On we drove, and at about nine in the evening, in fair, reading twilight, we ended our journey, of about three hundred miles, having arrived at —

LEIPZIC (properly spelt), in Saxony. — This is a queer old spot. I stopped at the Hotel Barrière, the best in the place, utterly worn out with heat, noisy, restless children, and a steady, solid drive of some hundred miles, to say nothing of dust, smoke, soot, &c., the accompaniments of railway travel. Tea was ordered, — candles were lighted. Going into my parlour, four large wax candles in high silver candlesticks, were found in full blaze for the edification of the furniture, that being the only occupant. They were of course put out. Speaking of candles. These are a heavy charge in a long bill, and to make this charge less, some are in the habit of taking the ends of candles, which, sometimes, are almost the whole article, away with them. At Leipzig, having before heard somewhat of the practice, I thought of adopting it, and told Charles to gather together the things which remained, and which were surely destined to perish. Said he, "Sir, I would not take the candles. Gentlemen never take them." It was clear the courier was greatly troubled, and most anxious for my dignity, and I gave up the thought of burdening him with the wax. Sugar was quite a different thing. I daily pocketed what was left, and found uses for it. A friend once told me, that when half a century or more ago, he was in Paris, he took lessons in French, of an old Abbé. The lesson was given at breakfast, and M. — seeing the remainder sugar daily carried away by the servant, with the breakfast furniture, asked my friend, as it was paid for, to permit him to take away what was left. It was in small, most delicate, imitation sugar loaves. My friend readily granted the request, and the poor Abbé got daily a generous supply for his coffee, and sugar-water. It was in memory of this old anecdote of my friend's foreign life, that I "put the remaining sugar in my pocket." So much for candles and sugar.

*Sunday, July 14.* — Leipzig I said was old. In the tenth century, its site had on it a small Sclavonian village. In the 12th, Leipzig was there, a fortified city, with walls and

ditches. From its present looks I should think it was built all up at once, and is this pleasant summer's day, precisely as it was then. Such a city. I have seen nothing like it, and it is in no part of it like itself. Here are streets, and squares, and churches, and a university with many students, and seventy or more professors. The character of Leipzic is in its architecture, or rather, no architecture. Everybody has built, — nobody builds now, — just as the whim took him, and whim has been the order of the day. A house is four or six stories high. The roof is the largest part of the house. I have counted six and seven stories in one roof, that is, rows of dormant windows to this extent. But this differs perpetually. Houses being as much unlike in this as in other respects, as possible. I asked the use of these strange shaped, and placed rooms. One said they were used to dry clothes in. I could understand this, for in Germany, every housekeeper begins married life, — the woman does, I mean, — by getting together, house, bed, and other linen in quantity sufficient to last the family, that is, and its natural and accidental increments, half a year, — six months, — for it is a custom to wash but twice a year. The drying rooms must be large to accommodate such washes, and this may be found in the rooms in the roof. Another reason for this odd architecture was given. These windows, and the rooms they light and ventilate, are for the accommodation of the thousands who come to the fairs, annually held in Leipzic. These fairs are many. Two a year for books only, and the volumes brought and sold here, are almost numberless; and bookmakers, printers, and vendors, are in proportion. Then there are fairs for horses, peltry, wool, cotton, and cotton fabrics, domestic and foreign, French, English, Turkish, &c., &c. Large accommodations are demanded for these, and the existing amount hardly is enough. But the roofs rejoiced in other things than windows. Out of some projected miniature spires, as of churches. And for what purpose? May they not be for

a sort of chapels of ease, and the partition walls of the rooms used during the fairs being removed, the vast attics may be used as places of worship by those who do not find accommodation elsewhere. How strange is Leipzic, which makes such demands on philosophy, which asks such questions, and which may be so variously answered. I have sometimes thought while looking at these houses, that the builders must have had some concern with the Babel Tower, and meeting after the confusion of tongues, had gone to work without any plan, each one for himself. I looked up and down, side ways, and all ways, upon the things before me, but it was no use. It was all "muddle," as says that most wretched man in Dickens. I said that from one roof came out a miniature church spire. Near it is one which has a tower springing somehow from its gable end, looking more like an observatory than anything else. Then, one man desirous for the extremest architectural antagonism, has made his window sills slanting, instead of horizontal, all askew, and the effect is queer enough. I was getting so twisted and turned by these works of art, that I went home, lest I should get a lee lurch myself, and come home wrong side up. You never saw such a place. I have wandered somewhat, and have seen different peoples, and widely different cities, but never anything like this. Nothing can be like it, for it is wholly unlike itself. Leipzic is built of stones, monstrous large ones, and there are sculptures of all sorts on the corners of buildings, on the tympanum of the pediments of the gables, just as were ornamented the same members of the Greek and Roman public architecture. The stones are black, or brown black, and much worn away, or masses may have been carried from them to build other houses, and could have been spared, and not missed. I thought this very day of sketching some of these houses which are in the square near my hotel. But I abstained as it is Sunday, though as women are selling cherries, and strawberries in the square, I might not have much disturbed

the devotional spirit of the place. I had neither ~~heard~~ mind, nor time, to visit Leipzic sights. It is a sight ~~itself~~ and cannot fail to satisfy the most rampant curiosity. heard there was a sight worth seeing,—a Gallery,—~~and~~ particularly worthy, as in it was a full length of Marie ~~Antoinette~~ on her way to the guillotine; a work by a native artist. You may be surprised that a gallery should be ~~open~~ to-day. But there was consideration in this. It was ~~not~~ opened until the churches had been closed, at noon,—~~and~~ so could be visited when the morning service had been ~~disposed~~ of. It reminded me of the mercantile accommodation formerly granted our burghers by opening the Post-office for an hour after morning church. There was short time to get letters on the *first Sunday* of the month. But all ~~went~~ and had their letters ready for Monday. But we ~~have~~ changed the time of late; we can get our letters before going into church. I went to the Gallery. Among the Turks, you know we must do as the Turkies do. The picture of the Queen is the principal attraction. It is striking. She has been long in prison,—has looked death in the face every day. She has grown pale in darkness. The blessed sun has not blessed her. On the top of her head, down to the neck, the hair is as white as snow, while the heavy curls over the neck and shoulders still have their youthful colour. Hair sometimes becomes white very suddenly. Fear has produced the change. The Queen had never betrayed fear. She has not forgotten that she was,—that she is a Queen. She says that until the

“Long divorce of steel fall on her,”

she will remain a Queen. The eyes are not full open, as if the strong and unaccustomed sunlight, and the scene around were more than the eye, or the mind, could at once bear. In the mouth the expression is the most striking. The lips are closed as by the will,—the long enduring, and still acting will. You see that the pressure of the lips against

each other has a purpose, or is the product of a mental state of unbroken energy. There is no acting in all this. There is only,— and what more is needed? — there is nothing more than entire self-possession, with a sadness too, which comes, it may be, from the memory of the dead,— children,— husband,— sisters,— all killed, and in detail, as if to make her surviving agony heavier by being longer. She stands firmly, — a full length, — in black. Around her, are soldiers, with swords and guns, as if that helpless creature might turn upon, and kill them all. There are wretches with the *bonnet rouge* on their heads, and one more especially, who has hell in his face beforehand. Others are thrusting their hard clenched fists at her. Much of this is in the shade, and no more of it than is sufficient to tell the story.

The queen picture has been here three days, and as a special favor will remain as many more. If an apology or reason, then, were asked for opening the exhibition of a Sunday, perhaps one might be found in this fact. But I hardly believe it. It seems a national custom, a part of that European life, which hardly separates Sunday from the week. The shops, however, were all closed. The people were abroad in their best, and everything spoke of the general comfort. The streets are well paved with stones of the size and shape of very large bricks, and the sidewalks are generally good. The quiet was perfect. Soldiers were about, of course, and in numbers sufficient to restore order should it anywhere be broken.

Speaking of soldiers. Leipzig is as celebrated for its battles as for its fairs. Twice we are told the destinies of Germany have been decided by arms on its plains, viz., September 7, 1631, and October 18, 1813. Another earlier battle, on the 2d of November, 1642, is not without memory. I was told of these battle-fields,— of the places of the dead,— of the victors, and of the vanquished,— and was desired to devote a day to visit them. But I have no curiosity about such places or things,— no desire to see them. I

had been within a short distance of Waterloo. But I knew that nature had covered the desecrated earth there, with green, and with beauty — that she had gently wiped away the evidence of man's terrible insult to herself, and to her God, — and that peace had again its abode there. Why, why, disturb for human memories, such repose? Why, with curious word, and vulgar tramp, arouse the echoes around the buried, — the mouldering, the forgotten? I cared not for Waterloo. I cared not for the Battle-fields of Leipzic.

DRESDEN. *Monday, July 12th.* — I left home May 12th. I am, then, just two months from home. Two months, — and as epochs have a value, this is recorded. \*

It is a fair and fine morning. The sun has power even at his early rising at this time of the year, and a hot day is toward. I am at the Hotel de Rome, — the Stadt Rom, — of the vernacular here. It is a grand place, in front of a noble square. My rooms are engaged for a Grand Duke, of a Grand Duchy, and I am warned, if his highness arrive before I go, I must go up higher. The square is directly in front of my windows, precisely as in Copenhagen, except wanting water, boats, and nice fish women, is a market, and in full activity. This was not to be resisted, so out I went, and was at once in the midst of venders and buyers. Of course the first were women. All sorts of things were for sale, — a curious mixture. Rye bread in enormous circular loaves or masses, two feet or more in diameter, and in proportion thick, — thick crusted, with the peculiar smell, and I have no doubt taste, which are so rejoiced in, in Germany. There were long loaves, looking like a very respectable unsawed log of wood, especially when mounted on the shoulder of the buyer. These solid wheels of bread, or circles, were piled up very high, as you may have seen large cheeses. This bread is very popular. It has its value to the German heart and stomach in the thoroughness of its cookery. It is of the deepest crust. It retains its sweetness comparatively

a long time, and is always fresh. The whole bread of the Continent is thoroughly done. The German wheat flour roll is completely baked. The crust is brown, and crisp,—to tender teeth and gums, a *caution*. I have not these, but having so long eaten uncooked,— everything else but good bread,— that the crispness of the foreign in its novelty was not wholly agreeable. My practice is to take the roll firmly in hand, and with a good squeeze, crush it into something like the accustomed softness. I shall miss this most excellent foreign bread. Then, across the square, were farming and garden tools, and straw, and hay, and seeds, all in large quantities. Next, vegetables and fruit in abundance, and of the nicest quality. Loads of splendid cherries, and grand gooseberries, and something between our huckle and blue berries, also abundant. Next was a market of children's basket wagons; and lastly, butter of exquisite complexion. I like to know how people live. Here were the necessities and many of the luxuries of life in profusion, and so cheap that the motley customers might be all served. Is it not pleasant, does it not speak well for a people to see them in the early morning, in from the country, with its best products, in the open air, and bright sky, and surrounded by the city folk in pleasant chat, disposing of their marketing? Then the perfect neatness of everything. The public gaze is here, everything is seen, and people know that what they buy will be worth having. I delight in, I love this old marketing, so social, so pleasant, so honest, and so satisfactory. I took out my pocket book, as is my wont, to note down what was before me, and some of the folk looked at me this morning. Generally, I have wandered about without exciting the least remark, and am never troubled by solicitations to buy.

In the market I looked at the women to learn something of their position by their persons, manners, dress. There was a striking difference between buyers and sellers. The latter are peasants, the former citizens, mostly women. The

peasant woman shows her position by the effect of constant out-door work, on both complexion and expression. The daily exposure to the long hot days of summer acts surely upon both, until almost feature, certainly beauty, for all are born with beauty, is absolutely burnt out of them. Why, no longer ago than Saturday, I passed a sugar beet field which was boundless in extent,—spreading in every direction as far as the eye could reach, and in it, I counted between seventy and eighty women in a row, a straight row, at work, weeding and turning the earth about the plants. In a neighbouring field was another party of about forty at the same toil. They, or many, wore large hats which could do little more than at high noon keep off the sun's burning heat. There was something picturesque in the exhibition. The German, like all other women, delight in dress, and it was pleasing to see how true is the interest even in the sugar beet field. All sorts of colours entered into the costume, and the bright ribands, and other floating or flying appendages of hat or dress, gave to the women a cheerful as well as gay look. As the train passed, they stood resting on the end of their hoe handles, like soldiers at drill, and with not a little grace, I assure you. Across the square is the *Dom*, the Cathedral,—*Catedral*, as the courier calls it,—in its age, its dark, heavy, time-worn walls,—its vast size,—the silent majesty of material forms, standing there forever, a spiritual guardian, embodied for the salvation of the people. Breakfast dispatched, I passed across the Square to the “Royal Gallery of Dresden,” as sayeth the catalogue. The catalogue is before me. It numbers eighteen hundred and fifty-seven works of art, by several hundred masters and schools, the authors of seventy-seven being unknown. I have just returned from the gallery,—from one of the great interests of Europe. Who has not heard of it, who has ever heard of art? Who does not desire to see it? You have in it the original of works, the copies of which in great and little, painted or engraved, have filled

the world, for adornment, for instruction, or for pleasure. Art has done what it could do to give some notion of what these great and old works are, and to what their production has been owing. The master has sought by pencil, or by tool, — on the canvas, or the marble, to reproduce ideal states, — to reveal his own spiritual being, in its highest activity, — in the hope to make immortal the memory of human greatness, — to reveal the beauties of nature in their influences upon himself, — to strengthen piety, — to give to the affections a more powerful, — a more active life, — and as its final cause to awaken, — to keep alive, reverence toward God, and toward man. He who reveals to me most clearly by whatever means, the moral, the religious, the intellectual, has done for me the best work that man can do. It may be in a cup of cold water, — or in the Consecration of the Bread and the Wine, in the Dresden Gallery, from the hand of its author. As soon as you see the original of this work, you feel that the whole story is told. A copy must be a failure. In the original is embodied the master's mind. Who can copy a mind? Nobody. One day as I looked again upon the "Consecration," an artist was copying it. You saw at once it was a failure. Christ was not there. The story was not told. In the original the bread is *made flesh*, — the wine is *made blood*. You see what, to the *human* in that Divine Being, had been the terrible consciousness before hand of that which was surely to come, — but you see also, how the Divine has replaced the human, and with what, I had almost said, joy, that heart is now visited. I never before saw such an expression in a living mouth. It can never be repeated.

This is my body which is broken for you.

This is my blood which is shed for you.

I declare to you that to weep is so present to me now in this silent, far-off chamber, when I bring that picture in thought before me, that tears from my very heart almost burst from my eyes. I wish I could give to you some idea of

this, to me, wonderful work, — this transfusion of the Divine into the human, and that you could see the Divine triumph there. The tears are dried up. The places they have occupied may still know them, and you may almost think there is still weeping. But the shadow of the vanished grief is only there. I looked at the copy. It is all human. The expression of the mouth and eyes was only common grief, — the simple consciousness of suffering to come. There is Correggio's "Magdalen" lying on the earth, reading a book, with a vessel of holy oil at her side. This was also undergoing the agony of being copied; and how many thousand engravings and painted copies have been made of it. Now, failure here is not so great as in the "Consecration." This is human, — the Magdalen, but purified, — "born again." But here in the copy, you get no true idea of it as a work of art. Correggio is at the head of those artists who have their fame in the beauty of their conception, — in form, — colour, — and the use of these in expression. His flesh is exquisite. It is warmed as with living blood. It is as luminous as if it were the source of its own illumination. There is no failure. It tells its story. I know I am writing about pictures in the near neighbourhood of the MADONNA OF DRESDEN. But I am not at the petty, absurd work of comparing great works which have no likeness; or finding authority, or models, for original works. I am talking of things of, by, and in, themselves, and such study excludes all other related work. I had no idea of Correggio, or of Carlo Dolce, till I saw them in the Gallery across the Square yonder. I had seen efforts to copy them, and beautiful shapes may have been the result. But there is beneath the surface of the originals of such works, that which makes the external just what it is designed to be, — the outward life, or being of underlying form, — the ideal, — which, not being there, in that copy, cannot be revealed by it. There can be no copy of a true painting, — a true work of art. Men may copy, and try and give us size, and shape, and

colour. But they have no more that they can give. A man might as well think of reproducing another man's son.

There is here the world-renowned picture of Raphael, called the Madonna of St. Sixtus, — the Dresden Madonna. It is of great size. It stands by itself. Care has been taken to preserve it from injury, — the action of moisture, dust, &c., and now five hundred years since it was painted, it has the freshness of a recent work. A heavy plate-glass does not in the least obscure it, while it protects it admirably. This picture affects you as a work of art. The highest authorities have pronounced it perfect in its kind. It excites less emotion than other works of its author, or of some other authors. We go to the works of Raphael with profound reverence and love. We mark that day in our lives, in which we have seen one of his works, as an epoch in our moral and intellectual life. I have seen nothing in these works which could for a moment raise a question of their perfect purity. Raphael depends on the truth of detail, and therefore never, for a moment, offends your taste, or disturbs the entire satisfaction and pleasure with which you see his works. You, as by an intuition, — instinct, — go to that for which the painting was made, and which has given it so long life, and find your pleasure in the harmony which subsists between it and your capacity to understand and feel it. We feel more. We are glad that we have had an opportunity to come so near to one who has made himself immortal by his works. We come into his presence, and place ourselves where he only is, as disciples to a master. We make no question of the authenticity of the manner in which a thought may be presented to us by him, because we feel that the thought is there, and has clothed itself, and demands our assent, — yes, entire submission to its own decisions, — to the internal evidence of the whole truth in the work itself. I marked other numbers in the catalogue, for memory and for description, but pass them by.

The same defect in lighting the gallery, which was noticed when speaking of the Hermitage, exists here. The windows are opposite the pictures, to the annoyance of the visitor, and obvious injury to the effect of the pictures. Two paintings of Carlo Dolce had been taken from their places to be copied. The effect was to present them in the true light, and you cannot tell how much is gained to the spectator by the change. There is a large picture by Vandyk,—a Danaæ on her bed, receiving Jupiter metamorphosed into a shower of gold, No. 399. It is most exquisitely coloured, and the drawing is as fine as the colouring. Now, this picture of this great artist is placed thus: A large window is in front of it, and a window on each side of that. They seem to contend which shall do most to prevent the picture being seen; and it is one of those rare cases in which all parties succeed. Now, if there be anything in such a subject, or in its treatment, or in the manner of treating it, which makes it unfit for the public eye, why not put it down cellar at once? I will venture to say that there is more neck-twisting to see that picture, than any other specimen of its kind in the Gallery, and many such there are which enjoy excellent light. If there be no so-called moral considerations in the question, why not put in its place half a dozen, or hundred things, which scarce anybody cares to see, and let this replace them?

I have said nothing of the architecture of this ancient and justly renowned city. It resembles Leipzic, but with a difference. It really has order in it,—is the product of some plan. There are storied roofs, but much less ambitious than in Leipzic. Houses are built of stone, and get old sooner than might otherwise be, by the crumbling away of that of which they are built. I have not seen this explained. Upon asking a cause, I was told it is time. The entrance to the Gallery affords a striking instance of this stone decay, and so does the Cathedral in the same square. It does not occur only on the outside of buildings,

or in parts of them liable to injury or wear. There is some cause in the composition or structure of the stone which predisposes to such decay.

It was a delicious morning, this, upon which, at about six, I left Dresden for Vienna. Our route was on the banks of the Elbe. Railways love such places. The river, at least this portion of it, is narrow, shallow, and sallow, and as lazy as any river need be. But, for its state, it has magnificent scenery. We should hardly call its lateral boundaries first class mountains; but they were of sufficient height to give character to the country. Why is it that mountains so deeply impress us? Is it that in their mysterious heights, the mountain, the unknown, they come to be related to the near present,—the material,—the physical, after a manner which we do not comprehend, or even care to have explained? Several years ago I went to the White Hills, so called, in America. I walked up Mt. Washington, between six and seven thousand feet above the level of the sea. I looked from that "far height," over a vast extent of country. It was noon, and one of the brightest. I saw a line, as of a white ribbon, winding, for miles, away among forests, and hills, and valleys, having a brilliancy like burnished silver. What is that, said I to the guide, "It is the Saco River," said he. Between thirty and forty miles to the south and west, I saw a large bright white spot, on the earth, almost as brilliant as the river. This, I was told, was the Winipiseogee Lake. The noon sun was over them, pouring upon them a torrent of light, every ray of which was returned to the heavens again, and in its way filled my eyes with its brightness. I could not bear to leave a spot which furnished to me so sublime, so beautiful a vision. It seemed as if I should not be happy below again. The mountain had become as a friend. How much pleasure had it not given me? I reached the hotel in the evening. I did not cease to think and to talk of that mountain. It seemed to me the most solitary thing on

the whole earth, which it had left so far beneath it. I felt sad that it was all alone out, and up there, in the cold,—the silence,—the darkness. The sense of solitariness never so deeply affected me before. When I left that mountain-region, I felt a sort of homesick desire to go to it again,—yes, hold communion again with the “everlasting hills.”

How much enters into mountain scenery to make it just what it is. How many parts in the vast whole,—and what perpetual novelty,—the product only of different arrangements of the same parts. A river is among mountains, and one of their creations, follows them wherever they go. Like a loving child, it clings to, and follows the parent. Here we have a source of our interest in such facts in nature. The hour of the day, and the presence of the sun, have much to do with our theme. These are prolific of beauty, and you may create it, or have it created, simply by changing your position with regard to a mountain range; and so make the sun to bear upon it in different directions. The winding of the mountains, or of the river, make all this change of direction for you. The light mist of the morning is a great help to the effects of such scenery. Suppose the sun to have been up an hour or two, and the river follows the deep curves of mountains, as it must. You have every effect of light and shade,—the certain revelation of variety and beauty. At times the sun, behind the angle, or bend in a range, illuminates half of a tree, a tall, noble fir, leaving the other part in the depths of its sad-green, and which no other foliage yields. Sometimes the mist is moving, or the refraction of the light on entering a denser medium than the surrounding atmosphere, gives this effect of motion,—this seeming to be living, and moving, by an effort of the tree itself. At times the colour of the foliage is purple; and then it will present a surface of the lightest down, perfectly white. A cloud may now pass between a portion of it and the sun, the rest of it being full of light. You cannot tell how gorgeous is the contrast,—how mag-

nificent the whole. I was alone. The train went banging along, but I did not heed its noise. And then the shrill whistle spoke, and echo upon echo returned its clear voice. Other effects came from the relative positions, simply of masses; while natural hollows, or deep retreats of hill and wood, gave darkness to aid the power of the celestial light which reigned everywhere else.

The structure of these mountains is rocks, which, lying near the surface everywhere, increase the general effect by their colour, and by an apparently architectural arrangement, as if placed there by art. The first rocks we saw were of a dark cream colour, but becoming lighter and lighter till they were almost white. This, a sandstone, accompanied the Elbe in its course. You may lose it for some time, and then the formation recurs, and you see at once the same rocks you lost miles before. They are stratified. In the first region in which I noticed them, the stratification is horizontal with vertical seams, producing at different distances natural joints. The strata occur of different thicknesses in the same range, and are separated from each other with ease, so that you can get out stones of various thickness and lengths for any purpose for which stones are used, — architecture, or other. The mountains spring from near the river's edges. This allows of a ready and speedy passage of the stones to the water, and to gondolas hard by. An inclined plane, which the mountain's side is, is just smoothed, and the stones slide down it. Between the mountain bases and the Elbe, is a road. The stones stop here, and are easily passed thence to the boat.

One use made of this stone, of itself, and of its formation, is seen in the Königstein, or "Kingstone." This is a mountain fortress on the Elbe, in Saxony, and near Bohemia. It is impregnable. It has never been conquered. It has stood through the long and complicated wars of Germany. No army has overcome it, and no treachery has

betrayed it, the certain evidence of its physical and moral power. "But," says one, "the fortress is of no military importance, as it cannot serve for a rallying point, or point of support for an enemy." The pictures of the Dresden Gallery have been preserved here in times of danger. A well, 1172 feet, is on the top. Supplies can always be produced on the mountain. About six hundred people live on its top. Its cannon command the town below on the Elbe. It stands there in its virgin purity, as it was at first erected, and has this day in itself the sure prophecy of never losing its distinction among the works of nature and of man. The mountain rises in solitary grandeur, fourteen hundred feet perpendicularly from the river; its surface is more than a mile in circumference. It is wholly mural in its elevation. What was necessary for the formation of the fortress? First, to remove the earth, and then strata enough of the sandstone to give smoothness to the surface, and symmetry to the outline. Galleries, embrasures, &c., were easily provided. This fortress in itself, in its beautiful material, the cream-coloured sandstone,—in its position, and relations, in its history,—makes an interesting passage in the travel on the Elbe.

In other parts of the route very different rocks are met with. These are dark, black, with smooth and bright surfaces, which strongly reflect the light. These are everywhere undergoing disintegration, falling off in large or small masses. Sometimes they almost overhang the road, and seem as if they might separate and roll upon the rail, or fall upon the top of the train. The process of disintegration is curious. A rock of some height will have masses small and large come off from its circumference only, producing at length a columnar form, as high as was the original rock. These columns are pointed at top, and resemble a spire, and as if formed by art. The surrounding surface is covered, piled up with the debris,—the product of the disintegration. In form, these detached masses vary, sometimes

appearing cuboidal; in others the disentegration is less perfect, a mass having the character of many pieces still united, and presenting a great variety in shape. While there was this variety in this formation, and made the region so truly picturesque, the opposite side of the river, with its stratified sandstone put to economical purposes, had the same character, but from different sources,—the infinite varieties in size, shape, direction, and position, of mountains,—the varied forest, and other facts in the history, the entire scenery making the day's drive exceedingly agreeable.

Wherever soil exists you have cultivation. The hill sides are sometimes so steep, you can hardly think any one could stand upon them. But grain is seen growing upon them of all kinds, on patches of land of all sorts of shapes, and going in all directions. The appearance of things was striking and beautiful. It was positively pleasurable to track the plough, the hoe, the spade, along and up these steep hill-sides,—to see the variety of crops upon the ground, and to learn how successful is culture under difficulties. At times, and often, the steepness is less, and you see long reaches of excellent land filled with heavy grain, denoting plenty, and associated comfort and contentment. Man is here truly in the midst of his works,—the conqueror of nature.

The cottages are of various sizes and shapes. In some, the roofs are in numbers, 1, 2, 3, &c. They are formed by projecting each roof forward, at certain distances, resembling the projection of a deep cornice, over its neighbours beneath. The windows are curious. They occupy the cornice, or cornices. They are shaped like the human eye, the outline of the lids, and the pupil being precisely like it. At times, there is only one eye, sometimes two, or more. The effect is quite striking. I give you a sketch made on the spot. I have said generous culture denoted human comfort. The cottages are in harmony with their surround-

ings, and we may infer, I think, that their interior arrangements correspond.

As you approach Vienna, the country becomes flatter, and at length, flat; and on every side, and as far as the eye can reach, luxuriant cultivation declares itself. In England, and America, farmers seem to think that the more stone walls or hedges, the better it is for the crops. But it is not so. These subdivisions of land into small fields, or lots, diminish useful surface. The plough is turned often, and at every turn, is loss. Tillage looks ill when so hampered. You see on the Continent here, that the ownership of land may vest in more than one. It may be in many. Different grains, &c., may be grown on it. But there is no fence to separate one portion from another. A narrow foot-path only is between them, and this is sufficient to prevent trespassing. Then the appearance of things is so good,—difference of colour and shape in the varied culture, making beauty,—the beauty of use, and of show; and you rejoice in the human force, the good minds, and good hands which have done so much for the general advantage. We talk in America about the foreign owner,—the lord. Very well. There are owners and lords, but they are the products of all this soil, and culture, just as much as the grains themselves; and the cultivator is no less, and no more. The question, what is the best health, and the truest contentment? The experience of every day's life, everywhere, may answer it.

I met very unexpectedly with an old friend of the fields here. This was our "Indian Corn,"—maize, as they call it abroad. It had the old home freshness and expression, and I was glad to see a native of our Indian land in this far-off world. In its first specimens it seemed hardly at home. But it soon showed its old face, and the best "sweet corn," I have no doubt, was in prospect. Potatoes were growing all along the edges of the cornfields just as in America, and I have no doubt had my sight been better, I should have seen pumpkins, and the genuine

old *crooked necked* squashes, which some new fangled foreign kinds, not half so good as the old, have in America replaced. The Austrian tillage is neater than ours. Women are the farmers, and they have the physical accidents of outdoor work. They aid in preparing the ground for the seed, sow it, have much of the care of it. When ripe, they reap grain, and mow grass, and fit both for their uses. They carry the harvest home. Where required, men are at work with them. The heat of the day they rest. Their children are with them in the shade; and they take their food with them. They do not work hard, but steadily. Nobody, as far as I have seen, works hard on the Continent. The hard workers, men and women, are in Great Britain and America.

On the route a misadventure occurred which annoyed me. My courier got the tickets for the day's drive, and kept them. As I am unacquainted with the language, should question arise, it might be embarrassing, and as he was to-day in the second class, it would not be possible to refer to him. I thought, as there was some inconvenience in this arrangement, that I would keep my tickets for this day's drive. They were examined soon after leaving Dresden, at the first station. They were of some number and of different colours. I was not asked for them again. I observed that fellow-passengers as they left, gave tickets at different stations, and the last one, as they left the train. At a station, the courier came and said to me that when he told the conductor that I had my own tickets, telling him in which carriage I was, he denied that I had any, and if he did not at once buy another set, he would turn him out of the convoy. There was no time for talk, and the new set of tickets was bought. They were endorsed *duplicate*. When we reached Vienna, I was in a profound sleep. The conductor roused me, and asked for my tickets. He took the whole of them, tore them all up except that on which *Wein* was printed, and threw them on the floor.

VIENNA.—We arrived here between eight and nine, A. M., and drove at once to the Erzherzog Carl, — the Archduke Charles, where I found excellent quarters. My courier, soon after, asked me for a note to the head of the Bureau of the Northern Railway, stating the facts about the ticket imposition, as he called it, and to ask for a return of the money. He carried my note, and returned, asking for the tickets which he had given me. I told him what had become of them. He returned to the Bureau, and was told it would be necessary to report this matter to the officer at Praga, before it could be settled, adding, that if I had retained the tickets, which the courier had told him were torn up by the conductor, there would have been no delay about the matter. The giving of checks, or taking tickets at stations, is just what is done on the railways at home. I left the address of my Vienna banker, and stated the affair to the banker also, where, if the money were returned, it would find me. I should have said above that my courier had his *duplicate* tickets, — those endorsed *duplicate*, — when we left the train in Vienna, and on this evidence it was, which he could not have had, were it not that he had purchased the second set, that my complaint at the Bureau was made. But, as the set which I had taken from my courier, as above stated, merely for convenience, had been torn up, and scattered upon the carriage floor, just as I was about to leave it on reaching Vienna, that evidence of three sets having been purchased was wanting, and the question could only be decided by information from Praga. Any one of common sense will see that this evidence was wholly unnecessary, as the *endorsed duplicate set* was still *in possession of my courier*, and was produced at the Bureau. I do not know if the government have any interest in the railway, and if it have, as I am informed the Emperor is a minor, a suit for damages might not lie. But it would have been something, would it not, to have sued a ruler of more than thirty millions? Let it not be forgotten that the

tickets in my possession, as well as those held by my courier, had both been examined at the *first station*, after leaving Dresden, and were pronounced correct. I have stated the facts just as they occurred. Austria owes me many gulden!

Vienna is on the southern bank of the Danube, and fourteen miles in circumference, the oldest city in Germany. It has 487,846 inhabitants. Its general appearance pleased me. It has many places, or squares, which are for public use and for health. The older cities in Europe were very generous in their land appropriations for the general good. The means here of education, intellectual health, are abundant. The libraries are numerous, and are rich in books, manuscripts, works of art, — the materials of popular instruction, and gratification. Colleges, academies, hospitals, museums, abound, adding to the provisions for general benefit. St. Stephen's Church especially attracted my attention. I wandered over it, lost in its immensity, — its unobstructed, free space. I have alluded to this before, when recalling the impressions made upon me abroad. It would seem that the old sacred architecture saw in its vastness some relations with its object, — that the house of God, in its differences from all other human works, — in its exceptional character, should have some correspondence with the universe of which it is a type. This church was surely old enough to show the marks of age, and it certainly did. You saw this at once as you approached it. Time has impressed itself also upon the interior. The stone is crumbling, and men were at work replacing the decayed by the new. I was the more struck with this, as the interior of so vast a pile is secure from changes of temperature, — from rain, wind, moisture, slow, but sure causes of decay, — the decomposition of stones. But the work was going on, and but for the substantial repairs which governments only can make, this magnificent church would surely long before this have been a ruin.

I had come to Vienna, the capital of a great empire, as I had visited every other place, to get some notion of foreign arrangements for the present, in human want, and for human progress. I went into the streets, and to such places as would promote these objects. In short, whatever might form public taste, the perception and enjoyment of the good and the beautiful, — and serve as the bases of everything else which would best promote physical and intellectual health.

I had a letter to Doctor A., whose connections with public charities best fitted him to favour my inquiries. He was not at home. I left my card, and was soon favoured by a call from him. I was at once assured that Doctor A. was the person, of all others, who could, and would most aid me in my objects. His face, expression, form, manner, — the whole man, showed you his character, and what he would do, and how he would do it, to serve you. There is an instinct in this matter, which rarely, if ever, deceives us. Men speak without saying a word. Dr. — makes you at once his friend. You cannot resist such simple, natural eloquence of manner. It makes its silent demand on your confidence, by showing you that it will not be misplaced. I said to Doctor A. that I had come to Vienna to see him. We spoke of Professor Simpson, of Edinburgh. "I have," said Doctor A., "made him a visit lately, of some weeks, and was delighted with him. He did everything in his power to make my visit agreeable, and I shall remember it as among the memorable things of my life." I told him I had long corresponded with Professor Simpson, and, that to see him, was among the motives of my coming abroad.

An arrangement was soon made to visit the Hospital. To a medical man this is one of the attractions of Vienna. We soon reached it, and a great affair is it. It has grounds about it, with trees, shrubberies, walks, for the pleasure and good of convalescents; and for those, too, who have incurable disease, such arrangements, such beneficent provi-

sions, are most acceptable. The extent of the Hospital particularly arrested my attention, and I examined its various departments with entire satisfaction. I was introduced to Doctor B., a resident physician, and found in him the same dispositions to favour my views in visiting the house, as his friend and colleague had manifested. I was carried into all the wards, saw all the arrangements for the whole comfort and well-being of the sick, and could not but be highly gratified at the vast provisions for these objects. The wards were perfectly plain in furniture, and the deep-worn floors showed how much they had been used. The walls and ceilings betrayed questionless marks of age. It was clearly a place of business, and a large business too, and that the interest was in that more than in the show-place, provisions of some other institutions for similar objects. It was for the poor, — and for those who cannot so conveniently pass through sickness at home, as in a public charity, — that it was founded, and I doubt not answers its whole purposes. It is a general hospital, in the fullest sense of the word. It is a national hospital, and it does great honour to the Empire, under the patronage of which it had its broad foundation, and has its continued and important existence. There were questions asked, and cheerfully received and answered. Ventilation was one. This, as it seemed to me, was not much regarded here ; and the heat of the day, and the number in the wards, made this form of neglect the more obvious. Both medical officers, whom I accompanied, agreed that it might be improved ; but, at the same time, both of them stated what had been observed by each of them, namely, that fatal fever had more frequently occurred in the wards which were the best ventilated ; while the patients in other wards, as in that very one in which I had referred to the subject, no fever had occurred. I stated that what I had seen at Copenhagen had furnished different results. Dr. — said he had received the same statements from Doctor L., of the Copen-

hagen Hospital, and of its use in the Westminster Hospital in London, and, that from some cause, Dr. Rigby, of that hospital, had given it up,—viz., the method of Dr. Reed. Having completed my visit, and most grateful am I for such opportunity of seeing so vast, and so important an establishment, I took my leave. Dr. —— could not accompany me, as he was to deliver a lecture to his class, the last of his course. He said he lectured in German, and though it would give him great pleasure to have me present, yet he felt sure that there would be no interest in his lecture to me. I am very sorry, however, that I did not attend it; but, having engagements, I left this distinguished Professor, sincerely grateful for his truly valuable attentions. Both he and Dr. —— speak English, and so perfectly, that you hardly detect the German in a word they say.

I had not been long arrived in Vienna before a person in the costume of the priesthood called on me, and handed me a paper printed in English inviting me to attend a charity meeting. I supposed it was the custom of his order, to visit hotels, find out who had arrived, and to give to them a similar invitation. I am sorry my time did not allow me to accept it. I was mainly occupied in walking and driving about to learn what I might of condition by the external state of things. The public buildings are less attractive than in other great cities, but the compensation was in the general appearance of neatness,—the character of dwellings, of streets, and of people. There are numerous squares, public walks, kept in good order, and great luxuries are they, and for the enjoyment of all. There was often an appearance of freshness, newness, in the houses, which showed attention to important means of comfort. All this was apparent in my long drive to the hotel on entering the city, and in my longer one to the steamer to leave it. I went into shops which were filled with articles of beauty, elegance, taste. Those in which Bohemian glass was collected, were especially attractive. I was showed an order left by

an American for some of the finest specimens of this gorgeous manufacture. I selected a small, but distinctive specimen for myself, it being a custom with me to take some memorial, however slight, of the places I am visiting.

Occupations interest the traveller. I saw very little in Vienna which distinguishes these from the rest of Germany. It has been seen how moderate is effort, however directed. The mechanic, the farmer, the man of all work, each seeks, and successfully too, to avoid fatigue, making labour as little toilsome as possible. Women are most frequently found at work, whether in the field or on the road. Where the country is uneven, they take their loads upon their heads, or in panniers upon donkeys, or what not, and in ordinary roads in wagons or otherwise. Women do all sorts of work in peat or turf fields, — brick-making yards, — ditches, &c. One woman was employed here in a novel way, — tending brick-layers by carrying mortar. To be sure the quantity carried at a time is very small, but this did not mend the matter. The men were repairing a large drain, and a soldier was on guard to protect the public from injury. And this was well. The heat of the day was intense. I never suffered so much from heat. Would that that overworked, wretched looking woman, with her deep bonnet on, as if to hide the shame, had been allowed to leave the scorching, out-door sun that day, and had been permitted to find in domestic offices that employment for which, in her constitution, both physical and moral, she has been designed. When I spoke one day to one on this subject of female employment in Europe, said he, "Men do not work here, women do all the work." Another said, "The strength, the vigour of manhood is given to the army and navy. What would become of the nation if women were not forced into this physical and moral servitude?"

You have not failed to remark again and again in this record, that wherever the military system is severest, the armies are the largest in proportion to the population, and

the younger the conscript, or the drafted. In such, women work the most, — do most of the work of men. There has been always this compensation. The number employed is very great compared with the service, or demand ; and hence the toil, which is so largely divided, is less ; and so is the exhaustion, and the injury to health. You see also, and pray note it, war, or preparation for it, enters into the very heart of society, and tends directly to hurt and debase whole peoples. The war spirit is everywhere. It is ready every moment to declare itself ; and its causes are sought and found in circumstances as ridiculous as they are unprincipled. In an old Scripture is a prophecy that swords shall be turned into ploughshares, and spears into pruning-hooks, and men shall learn war no more. The prophecy is slow in its fulfilment. The swords and the ploughshares go hand in hand, — and as to the *learning*, war is clearly an instinct, and not a lesson.

DANUBE. *July* —. — Left Vienna for Lintz, on the Danube. The day again was among the finest which had dawned upon me in Europe. The Danube is a noble river. Its clear water reflecting the blue of heaven in all its depth and richness, was altogether unlike the Rhine or Elbe. Our voyage was up stream, and but for steam, it had been wearisome indeed. Rafts, and immense boats, were met with constantly. They were dragged along by horses in long lines, in the shallow waters near the shore. The men who drove them were singing in company, and the effect was singularly pleasing. This making canals of rivers I have seen again and again, but never on so large a scale. These boats were large enough to carry thousands of cords of wood, — coal, and lumber, in the same like quantities. We passed two of the largest size lashed together, and came in contact and sharp collision with one of them, or it with us. The effect was disastrous. The cargo was broken up, and covered the river with its ruins. The steamer kept its

way. The number of men on these rafts, sometimes, as I was told, five hundred, will give you some notion of their size.

We were on the Danube one whole day in a fine steamer, and so passed over much of its surface. Its direction is constantly changing. So striking is this that one cannot avoid conjectures concerning its formation. Suppose two ranges of mountains of different heights, shape, size, and direction. Suppose they stand nearly opposite each other, but in their progress bend from their course, wind, and sometimes irregularly, one before the other, and thus, for hundreds of miles, you have a valley formed between two opposite ranges of mountains. Now suppose the level of this valley be not perfect, but has an inclination east or west, north or south, and this is always the case, you have an inclined plane. Suppose, from the highest point or part of this valley a spring breaks forth, it may be in its formation, — the water begins to descend. At first the quantity is small. But from a variety of sources, new springs, rain, the melting of snow and ice, the rapid Danube is produced, or the more rapid Rhine. Sometimes we find the river close to the mountains for various distances, while a broad interval exists between it, and the opposite side. In this case, the bases of the mountains reached by the stream, the interval being wanting, are lower than the opposite, having been washed more away. But sometimes there is a break in the mountain chain on one side, or on both. Still the river keeps within its limits. This we see frequently occurring on the Danube. In this case, the head of the river was originally made as it was between the mountain ranges. It was at first, as we have said, a small stream, and required but little room. It grew deeper by the action of the moving water upon its bottom. As it grew larger, it in like proportion grew deeper by the increased weight, and of course power of water over its bed. The tendency of a moving

body being towards its deepest part, or bed. At times freshets force a river beyond its banks, these being submerged. Yet here its bed is not wider, seeing that it again returns within its original banks when the freshet is over, and this it does because it does not depend upon accident for its existence, but on a certain regular supply, and always must depend upon this. From Mount St. Goatherd, rushes forth the rapid Rhine. It owes its rapidity to the height of its head,— to the contraction of its banks,— permanent supplies from neighbouring mountains, and at certain seasons, as spring, or early summer, from the melting of snow and ice. But it keeps its course. In other rivers, as the Mississippi and Missouri, the channel is constantly changing its course by the accumulation of soil, or by washing away,— by drift wood, &c., producing bars, or a narrowing, embarrassing to the craft which navigates it, or them. Here we have change in direction too; the banks receding on one side and trenching on the other, and so altering or leaving the original bed. For long reaches there are no mountains which immediately influence the course of these rivers. The interval which forms their banks, is the product of overflows which leave deposits of soil, and is constantly becoming higher and higher, and the banks of the river in proportion, deeper and deeper. It is a curious fact that what a river, or sea, or lake, gains in one direction, it loses in another, the opposite. In Ravenna, we have a remarkable instance of this. The Mediterranean has encroached upon the land here; so that ships now float over land to which ships used to be moored, the rings through which the ropes passed being visible at the bottom of the clear sea; or in walls of buildings now submerged. The sea has receded on the other opposite side.

I said, the lordly Danube, and it is so. It takes its broad rise miles and miles away, and rushes on through narrow and broad channels, making islands of sand here, and

washing them away there at its own leisure and pleasure. At times it seems abruptly stopped. The steamer has dead before her a mountain, which approaching towards, seems to touch its opposite neighbour. We keep on without a check to the steam, and when ruin seems inevitable, a way opens, — the mountains gracefully part, swelling away and aloft, as if rejoicing in their own magnificence, and a broad stream is ready to give us free passage out of the seeming danger.

The character and uses of the mountain banks of the Danube depend much upon their aspect. The mountain side against which the sun pours its warmest rays,—the southern aspect, is most cultivated. Not a foot of soil is wasted. Where the slope is very steep, the process is to build terraces, or steps, a stone wall forming the front. They recede from each other, having a surface for cultivation in proportion to the slope. There are pathways between them for the vine-dressers. The whole effect is very pleasing. The height affects the cultivation and product. At the highest points, the vines are least luxuriant. The sun would seem there to have less power than below. Where the slope is gradual, and terraces are unnecessary, the washing of soil, and manure, serves to increase the richness of the lower portions of a vineyard, and the difference between the vines here compared with the higher is striking. Our notion of a grape-vine is of a plant covering a great deal of space, ascending trees, trellises, &c. Here, on the Danube, they appear from the distance seen, to be short, cut in close, so as to have no more wood than will be fruit-bearing. They are planted in rows from below to the top, and are kept perfectly clean, as is our maize. The vine-dressers are women. You see them everywhere, diminishing to the smallest size, and at length, to my imperfect vision, passing into the invisible.

The Danube is full of histories. It is crowded with castles in ruins, with their stories of the stern, semi-barbarous ages in which they were built. They hang over the river

as if designed to be tumbled down upon any who might invade them. Some of them have been repaired, and have become the beautiful and peaceful homes of men, women, and children. Few things attract one more after having passed hundreds, I might almost say, of ruinous domestic fortresses,— the walls only left, and these in places broken into all sorts of shapeless, graceless forms,— few things attract us more than the restoration of one of these castles. You see the lawn with its fine trees, edged with flowers,— children at play, and the curious eyes at the large open windows, watching the approach of the steamer, the only moving thing which breaks the repose of these solitary mountains. Reaches into a valley are here, and here again is culture for ornament, or use. Everything human is alive, and for good. There is no fear, and no appearance of defence.

**FELLOW PASSENGERS.** — Our steamer was the *Austria*. I asked an old officer her name before I had learned it. He said she was the *Astrea*. This was classical at least, and as the name of the Goddess of Justice,— the only member of the family which remained on earth,— I shall retain it. The *Astrea*'s human freightage was great, and its kind various. The boat is both theoretically and practically divided into two parts, by an imaginary line drawn across the deck, immediately abaft the paddle-boxes or houses. The part in front of this line is dedicated to all classes of passengers, except the first, who occupy the hinder division of the deck. This day the *Astrea* rejoiced in having the forward half of her accommodation filled and crowded with men and women of extraordinary appearance and habits. Not a child was amongst them. They were labourers, without doubt, but being dressed better than peasants, I did not make out their specialty, if they had any. They had not been long aboard before they began cooking and eating. The *cuisine* was as heterogeneous as may be well imagined. Every family seemed to have its own peculiar food. They

had all sorts of vessels containing drink, and each seemed pleased with what he or she had. Having satisfied themselves, they went to the water cask on deck, and drank largely of water. All this was done in the forenoon; whether as breakfast or dinner, I did not learn. The last movement was with the water jugs, which each filled from the cask. What next? I was reading a new volume, and I was interested in every new leaf. They now prepared to go to bed. Recollect the time and the hour. They spread all sorts of things on the deck,—a very thick stuff with a shaggy side, in which the wool lay close, an inch in length, was a very general bed. One man made a regular bed. Half of a log split in the middle was the pillow, a jacket the pillow-case, his blanket the bed. Upon these he stretched his remarkable long self, and went to sleep. Variations in beds occurred as materials differed, but to the sleepers, a sufficiently comfortable sort of arrangement was reached. There upon the deck they slept much of the day. They neither snored nor moved. There they were, crowded close together, like animals of more legs, the sun pouring upon them like hot fire, until hands and faces gleamed with intense redness, as if combustion would soon reach them. For a time the hat or cap was put over the face, but it was pretty clear it was a lost labour, so soon was it blown or shaken away. They roused up somewhat at noon, went again to eating and drinking, but soon addressed themselves again to sleep. All night upon the deck, things were arranged much as in the day, with some additional bedding, perhaps. I wandered amongst them till late in the evening, and there they lay asleep in shirt sleeves, or covered, just as chance was. The dew fell heavy upon them, but this was unheeded. They scarcely moved till we reached Lintz the next morning. Now these fellow passengers were not paupers. Not a bit of it. Their whole appearance, and outfit showed better than this. I saw one with a watch, and everybody had his meerschaum, or pipe,

and of course could buy his tobacco. It was an incident in my wanderings, these men and women, and I was glad that what seemed a hard lot, could be borne with so little complaint, or better, and truer, no complaint at all. Was it hard at all? I spoke of the meerschaum. Everybody uses it, and at all times. One in the *Astrea* slept with his in his mouth,—and a great heavy thing is the pipe, and the wonder with me was how he contrived to keep it between his teeth while asleep. But he succeeded. One of this company especially attracted me, and you may add professionally; no matter for the reason. He was suffering from fever and ague,—intermittent fever. This was the day for a paroxysm, and he had it.

“ And when the fit was on him, I did mark  
How he did shake.”

It was a hot day. He got close to the hot smoke pipe, in the burning sun, and still he was cold. His skin was colourless, and shrunk and wrinkled up, as if he had become “instant old.” I spoke to him, but it was in an unknown tongue. I succeeded in getting him covered up, and gave him some hot drink. The spirit in which this was done, it may be, or as you may say, the spirit in, or of the drink, wrought the miracle, for he was soon quiet, and slept with the rest.

We continued on, till the twilight had shut in, say between nine and ten, and then stopped at Grain, to wait for daybreak, which would be between two and three. This was made necessary by the uncertain course of the river, which rendered it utterly impossible to thread our way in the dark. To have upset, or down sunk such a boat load of life, such as it was, was a possibility not to be entertained for a moment. The captain’s judgment was highly approved. As we were to stop here till daylight, an English gentleman whom I had found very agreeable,—another passenger,—and myself, agreed to leave the boat, and to

go into the town. From the landing the ascent was steep, and as we ascended, we saw arches, with garlands, &c., across the way, and learned that a large building on our left, and in which there were lights, was a castle belonging to the Duke of —, and that he was now in it. This explained the arches. We thought it too late for a call on his Grace, and held our way. After some time we reached what seemed a square, and in two houses there were lights. We selected the brightest, and of course the best, and went in. It proved to be a beer house, and in the public room was company of various kinds. There was a billiard table in the centre, and a party of two very well looking young men was playing with three balls; very large, one white, and two red. There were five pieces which looked like large chess men, or very, very small nine-pins. These were placed in the centre of the table, and he who knocked one or more of these down, lost two or more in the count, twenty-four being game. Each was so to play, that neither his own ball, or the one or more of the two other balls he struck by it, should strike one or more of the centre pins. In order to avoid this, most of the strokes were for, or from the cushion. To me the game, which was called the Italian game, was intricate. I watched the party some time with pleasure. It required constantly the making of angles, and this was well managed. They played well. They were quiet, said but little, and made no fuss, but took great interest in what they were about. Other company was present, of different classes, eating, drinking, and smoking. Our party was an observing body, obeying surrounding influences, and not a little occupied with our fellow citizens. There was one feature in the feast which was noticeable, — its abundance. Few things have amused me more, if such a fact have any amusement in it, than the pinching parsimony, and penury of Hotel supplies of food in some parts of Europe. It was sometimes really ridiculous. Again and

again have I rang, and with a will, to learn of the servant, where, upon what part of the table, was the breakfast, or if he supposed a man on his travels could be sustained upon such homeopathic doses of roll and butter before him. But the servant is always true to his place, and to the existing system. Instead of going off in hot haste, and bringing you with a rush, baskets full of rolls, and whole lumps of butter, he would come lumbering up with one roll, and a dollar-sized mass of butter, and put them down as if he had done a good day's work, and satisfied any man's reasonable capacity for food. But here in Grain, what a generous spirit there was ! Bread, cheese, and beer in fullest abundance ; pipes and excellent tobacco for the smoker, and then the service ! These it was which made the night on the banks of the Danube for record, and for memory. The service was very pleasant, — nice, neat servant-maids, with an elder to preserve the balance between service and served. But it was getting late, and the bill was asked for. It was just ten English pence, about the smallest bill for three, we had ever seen. It was paid, and we left for the *Astrea*.

The steamer lay where we left her. We got on board as we could, it being as dark as pitch. There was the heavy load on the forward deck, in death-like sleep, and we knew how crowded must be the cabin. It was matter for debate whether we should pass the short night on deck, or go below. The latter was preferred, and down we went. What a place was it. It was full of men, some sleeping on chairs, one for the legs, — and others on the floor, as chance or necessity demanded, — in full dress. It was a day-boat. A very feeble light was burning, as I passed, or threaded my way through all sorts of personal windings, in an atmosphere alike intolerable for odour, and for heat. I saw stretched out on one side a very white leg, — a stocking-covered leg, as I supposed, but whether it belonged to any one, or to whom, could not be learned, for the rest of the

dress and the person were lost in the general darkness. I was much exercised by this singular vision, for the cabin was for men and women *by day*. But I will not pursue the subject.

I fell asleep, and began, an unwonted thing, to dream. In such an atmosphere, and so closely packed, "thick coming fancies" were to be expected. In the midst of my dream I woke myself by audibly asking "Is anybody here," following the question by this comment, "How ridiculous to ask such a question in such a crowd." My next chair neighbour, my new English acquaintance, told me in the morning that he heard me ask that most strange question in such a crowd. The steamer got under weigh about three, and I at once left my chair, and went upon deck, where I staid till the cabin was emptied and aired, and then went below and rested, from as much fatigue as I have experienced for many a day, or rather night.

LINTZ. *July 15.* — This is on the Danube, and is the capital of Upper Austria. It is of considerable size, and from the stir, would seem to be a place of much business. There are railways, with horse power, in the business streets near the river. It was pleasant to see how so many heavy goods, in various kinds, could be carried from place to place, with very little labour to man or beast. This rail arrangement may exist elsewhere, but I do not remember to have met with it before. I walked about Lintz at my leisure, and, as is my wont, went to the market or square. This is quite a nice affair. The houses and shops are very neat,—some quite handsome. A most elaborate and lofty cross of stone is in the centre of the square. The market is for vegetables, fruits, and flowers. The cherries were large and fine. A basket of apricots quite won my heart. They were larger than I had ever seen, and of delicious flavour. I bought them for two-pence halfpenny a-piece. I went into the shops, and found them well supplied with goods,

and, as I thought, at cheap rates. The views about Lintz are fine. Before you is the river, which divides the town into two parts, which are connected by a bridge four hundred paces long. I was on the left side of the river, reckoning from its head or run. Large hills, or small mountains, rise in all directions, and are exquisitely cultivated. It was full noon, and the sun was shining in his power, presenting in form and colours, — in lights and shades, just such pictures as you would love to sketch. On quite a high hill is a castle, or fortress, of great strength apparently, and at present garrisoned by an artillery corps. Circular forts are seen on various parts of the hill, to aid defence. I spoke of colours as presented by forest and fell, in the beautiful landscapes about Lintz. The variety of culture is very great, as in other parts of Austria, and managed, of course, by women.

The appearance of people in Lintz corresponds well with what is observed elsewhere in Austria. Street-begging, — barefooted, and barelegged women, doing all the work, and getting very little of the pay, — their erect and fine forms, — their self-possessed, graceful manner of walking, are all matters of observation. They carry heavy burdens on their heads, arms, shoulders, and at times you might think they would sink under the weight. I was sitting at a window, when looking up, I saw a girl of pleasing countenance, standing motionless, with the marks of poverty in her whole appearance, not uttering a word, but in her profound silence laying her claim for charity. She received what was offered, and slowly went away. Soldiers abound as usual, and well-built barracks for their accommodation.

I dined at noon, and soon after took the horse railway for Gmoonden. This was a novel afternoon's experience. The train was the most wretched thing ever looked at. Everything was out of order. The cushions, worn out, were as rough as well could be, and were constantly slipping, taking you along with them. The window curtains

were useless. The heat was intolerable, and the dust worse. The carriages loaded with men, women, and children, all doing their worst to get best seats. Rarely have I suffered more. The road had hardly been graded at all. Happily for us we had horse power only, and the drivers did all they could to keep the train on the rails. As a compensation, we stopped often, apparently to accommodate the dwellers on the road side, for women and children were everywhere, with cold water, and cherries and raspberries in abundance for sale, and I assure you the demand was great. Then, by way of change, we were beset by beggars, dwarfs, all sorts of sore, of sick, of mutilated men, women, and children, begging for charity. It seemed like nothing so much as an out-door travelling hospital, or rather almshouse, for these poor creatures were often far away from anything like homes. I should not omit to state that in our train was the whole company of our fellow-passengers in the steamer, who lived so harmoniously by night and by day on her forward deck. We reached the town in safety. I stopped at the Golden Ship,—called Golden, I suppose, because, except in the lettering of the sign, not a particle of gold could be seen. It was a wretched house, but a fitting terminus of such a railway.

The slowness of the train gave excellent opportunity to see the country, and rarely have I been more gratified than by this region of Stiria. Some miles before we reached the lake, a glorious range of mountains was in view. They are now abrupt and solitary, and very high,—and now stand with companions at their side, stretching far away, losing in the distance both height and distinctness. One of the first class especially demanded attention. It rose before me in perfect loneliness and nakedness,—its cold gray granite would have distinguished it from all others had any been in view. The table land, upon which was the rail, rose high before this gigantic mass among mountain rocks, so that its base seemed on the horizon, when in fact it was

far this side of it. It raised its bald head, somewhat bending from the perpendicular, as by its own weight, its age, its infirmity,— it raised its head into the skies, and presented an object as unique as it was grand. Deep channels could be seen at the great distance I was from it, running in deep parallel directions from above, downwards, having the inclination of the mountain itself. This is the Traunstein,— the “mountain of sorrow,”— standing all alone there, mourning that its lofty head has lost its crown. The range just alluded to is the Steiermarker, which gives name to Stiria. It so lay before me, in regard to the sun, that his setting rays swept by it as in perspective, making its irregularities more striking by the lights of the edges, and the shadows of the depressions, in the surface over which they passed. The Traunstein was seen under a similar aspect to the sun. The light which was reflected from its deep cut side, which was before me, was of purple and silver colour, now distinct, and now blended, making the very mountain to glow, as if it were the source of its own light. A slight mist did not obscure, but seemed to make it more distinct. I have seen few things more gorgeous, more sublime. It is before me, now that I am reading my record of it, as if it were near, as if it were seen by me from my room, at this hour, so long before the dawn of the autumnal day. I am sure that no external objects do so deeply impress the mind, as do these vast, but defined masses which make mountain scenery. They sink, by their size and weight, into the very mind, and allow nothing else to disturb them in their deep resting place. I do not know that I have given you any notion of this scene. How heartily do I wish you had seen it with me,— had entered with me into the solemn mysteries of this temple of Nature, and been filled and satisfied with the vision,— the sun, with its subject earth, in concurrent, willing harmony.

I will detain you but a moment in my quarters in the Golden Ship. The hotel was a quadrangle of much size,

my rooms looking into the square space inclosed by its sides, and enormous were they. They seemed modelled upon the plan of the neighbouring mountains. My parlour was a slice, a mounstrous one, cut off from a larger, the partitions not extending by any means to the ceiling, and surmounted by a cornice. The light of my two wax candles hardly lighted its extreme termination. In a neighbouring slice of space, a neighbour dwelt, and his various, and sometimes questionless movements, and noises, were most audibly present to me, in themselves, and seemingly in their echoes. I was bodily jaded out with that recent railway travel, and most welcome would have been an earlier sleep. But I said nothing, and did nothing, though one was almost tempted to throw his boots over that frowning cornice, to quiet the noises behind it, had there been strength enough to have accomplished such a purpose.

Early next morning, up and out. I was rewarded for my sunrise walk. The lake, lying near the house, is exquisitely beautiful. It was somewhat rough, its slight waves broke gently upon the shingle which covered its shore. It was absolutely set in mountains. They interlaced each other as if jealous lest such beauty should be too much exposed, while like a giant guardian rose above all the rest, the Traunstein, the "rock of sorrow." I had looked for hours yesterday upon this mountain far away. But now there was he in his majesty, and solemn nakedness, his neighbours rejoicing in the green foliage which clothed them, and which the giant wanted. After breakfast we took the steamer and passed through the lake. It was a grand morning. The mountains did not desert the lake for an inch of the way. In every spot, however small, upon which anything useful to man or beast can grow, you see the steady and sturdy hand of labour, making its mark, and there, you feel it would never be effaced. I am constantly seeing this in every variety of expression. You can always read the story. Here was the grape growing. There, were

oats, wheat, barley. On a little spot on this small lake was a church. The village around could hardly count ten houses, yet here was industry declaring itself, and apparently on a scale so small that it seemed but child's play. I was told that in the aggregate of such small farmings was found the means sufficient for the hamlet's sustenance. And there was the church, in its solitariness sure of repose in its own creed, and doubtless better and happier for its loneliness. I said :—

“ That if peace were on earth, we might look for it here.”

Dense smoke was driving out of a deep ravine between two mountains. I was told by the engineer that yesterday a fire had been there, and a house had been burned. It was still burning. It was sad that so solitary a household should be driven from their beautiful and comfortable home, but the engineer did not doubt that the people of the church village nearly opposite, would at once turn out, and aid the houseless to replace the old by the new. We landed not far from the place of the fire, and took coach for —

ISCHL.— Our drive was on the bank of the river through a valley made by opposite ranges of mountains upon which snow and ice still were, and would survive the hot summer below. The road was as smooth as any coach-way through a gentleman's grounds; while the transparent river kept its way amid the silence around it. I say the transparent river. I have walked along its banks, and could have seen every pebble over which its deep waters flow. Ischl owes its fame and fortune to the transparency, and softness of its waters, and to its magnificent scenery. Crowds come here for its baths as a luxury, and as a means of health. Ischl is like Gmoonden, set in mountains; as is a picture in a frame. You need go hardly a step before you may begin to ascend, and passing through all climates, come at length where the power of winter is never usurped, or overcome. The mountains approach the place as old guards, to save it from harm.

It is one of the many spots in this region, which have been to me daily objects of the deepest interest.

Ischl is a resort of fashion. The Emperor passes a portion of the summer in this his favourite retreat. This gives character to the place. You have nice shops, nice walks, near the clear water, — shrubberies, and what not. The place has its illustrated guide-book, with very good engravings of mountain, lake, and waterfall, — an excellent aid to memory. The hotel is pleasantly placed, and well managed. I left Ischl July 18th, at five, A. M., in a hired carriage, for Salzburg, a crack place among the mountains in the Austrian Tyrol, and getting to be the most visited of any other portion of this region. It was a beautiful morning. I have rarely known one more so. Mountains, valleys, lakes, these were my "small deer," all day. At times, a range would be suddenly interrupted, as if the last one had been finished, and the work of mountain making had there been stopped. Perhaps half a mountain only has been finished, and there it stands as a mural wall against the sky, a boundary beyond which you were not to pass. You drive along a few miles, and the chain is begun again, and the old rocks, the firs, and the lake are reproduced. I was much attracted by the seeming interruptions, but still continuousness of chains. These mountains had probably common bases, but grew, or were forced up independently, — having different forms, and produce an endless variety of effects. The lakes deserve notice. They are now of the deepest blue, — and now of the richest green. If you are imaginative, you might suppose that the bordering forest had washed in one, and left its colour in the water; and that there in another, the sky had bathed. Streams proceed from these lakes, and take their colours with them, giving beauty and refreshment to the drive along their banks.

We were constantly meeting peasants on the road. They were very neatly dressed in the costume of the place. They walked rapidly after the manner of mountaineers, or as most

people walk here ; with bundles or baskets on their heads, or arms. What it meant I could not tell. Certainly the dress was not like that worn in the market, and many had no burden, but went along swinging their arms with a gait and air of much grace. This was particularly the case with the women. The dress of the men was handsome. The hat is green, with ribands of a another tint. It is low, with a wide brim. Flowers of various kinds are worn in the hat. Some had feathers, or a wild bird's wing, a sign that they were hunters, and looking for employment. For the body, a closely fitting jacket of dark or black colours. Dark or black breeches, fitting close, with ribands at the knee. Green stockings, with gaiters, or short boots. The colours were according to the taste of the wearer. The men were tall, and walked easily, and so gracefully. The women were simpler dressed. They wore a close fitting jacket, or short sac, with a short, and apparently heavy petticoat. For the head, no covering except the hair. This has special care, wherever appearance is studied, and nowhere is it more luxuriant, or finer. A German lady told me that the hair is seldom or never cut in Germany. It is allowed to grow, and gets great length. It is softer and fairer if so managed, and longer preserves its colour. This is more remarkable in the working classes, who, for the most part, carry burdens on the head. Sometimes they have a padded ring which fits the part of the head which supports the weight, and may preserve the hair. I was pleased with the lightness, the ease, and grace of these Tyrolese, and the numbers of both sexes were enough for judgment. Walking was perfectly easy, and though some carried large burdens, they were nothing behind their fellows who did not. They were strong, not fat and clumsy, nor lean, wiry, scraggy. They were in "trim," and there was no doubt of their ability to do what they had to do. They could care for themselves. You saw they were not overworked, or rather did not overwork themselves. They were well-looking.

Their complexion clear, and expression good. By far the greater number were young, and had not yet felt the power of constant out-door labour, to shorten youth, and destroy beauty, which is so commonly the experience of women here.

We drove along, and soon came to a post-house or inn, where we stopped for breakfast. As we approached it we saw a church, a very small building, nearly opposite the inn. A procession was just entering it with banners, but whether a funeral, or a festival, was not apparent. The bells were ringing. "It is Sunday, Sir," said my courier. "Well, it is strange," said I, "but I do not recollect a Sunday for some time." Travelling so constantly, and frequently long distances, and going daily into churches in Catholic States, with the perpetual ringing of bells, had confounded all distinctions of days; and so time in a continuous stream of events went flowing on, carrying you so gently along with it, that you hardly knew the beginning or the ending, certainly not its arbitrary divisions which are so universal, and so indispensable to the busy, working world elsewhere. A perfectly parallel experience was mine, nearly half a century ago. I had, with my friend and fellow pupil, the late Prof. John Revere, been travelling on foot in the Highlands of Scotland. We were entering Callender, the first stage from Loch Katrine, and found the peasantry abroad in unusual numbers, and very carefully dressed. A bell was tolling. We stopped and asked a person what it all meant. He said it was *Sunday*, and the people were going to church.

While our breakfast was in preparation, and our horses were eating theirs, I walked with Charles into this village church. A church and an inn are always found together in these scattered populations. The New Englander adds a school, — the district (often pronounced *deestrict*, you know,) school. The Arabian of old had the mosque, the hospital, the caravansary, and the college. Each in their several ways, meeting the demand existing, or to be, of the people. I like these village churches. They are small, but built in

good taste; simple, but wisely so. They may promise little on the outside. Inside they show the feeling of the people, — their strong desire to make them attractive. They have in them pictures, images, — the Cross. It always seems to me that religion, — worship, — Sunday, — have a meaning here in Europe. I often see, alike in the simplest and in the most gorgeous churches, the most wretched looking beings you can imagine, on their knees, their hands clasped, — their eyes riveted to the Cross, — the whole soul given to the service. At times, tears flow in streams, as if the very heart were breaking in the living presence and suffering of utter poverty, — the remembrance of unforgiven sin, — in the sure prospect of the solemn and sad future, until there is rest in the bosom, and love of Him who is symbolized there. I went into the church. It is called St. Gilden's Church, and surely is it gilded, as in entire correspondence with the name of the Patron Saint. The post-house was full. The earliest morning service was over, and the worshippers were at breakfast. They must have come from a distance. I saw no houses near. There were travellers among them, for I saw coming from among the trees, which skirt and cover much of the lower portions of the mountains, half a dozen or more men carrying long poles with chairs suspended between them. These were guides, and bearers of travellers among the mountains. It was pleasant among these old Stirian mountains to see so much of the life of the dwellers in them. It was an exquisite morning, and the assemblage was probably greater for that. Costume, manners, language, voice, were all before you for observation and thought, and you felt glad for the whole display. I went from the church, and then returned to the inn; and found C. had arranged my breakfast upon the piazza, the surroundings of which were an arbour of hanging vines, making it as nice a spot as could have been desired. Very near were many ringdoves, and a most thriving and beautiful family was it. As soon as I had taken my seat at the table, these feathered friends began to descend upon, and

soon covered it. They were very well behaved birds, and partook of such portions of my abundant meal, as I put before them, sometimes helping themselves. They were perfectly at home, and I hardly know when I have had a pleasanter party. Was there not a lesson in it? You know what Shakespeare says,—

“ — tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,  
Sermons in stones, and good in everything.”

Why not in a breakfast party of ring doves, with their beautiful forms, and gentle note? You know my intercourse with the biped without feathers was never very intimate, nor wide,— and has often been wanted, and this without being missed. The doves were not my only society. A dog was quietly basking in the warm Sabbath sun, and hearing the gentle cooings of my friends, slowly roused himself, and came with wagging tail to join my party. The first news of his advent, was seeing his fore-paws on my nice table-cloth, and then his nose projected between them. His countenance was quite pleasing, and soon told his wants. The doves seemed perfectly acquainted with him, and were not at all disturbed at the extension of my hospitality to our new guest. But the carriage drove to the door, and with refreshed man and beast, we took up our journey for Hoff Church, so called. Our road lay through scenery which was a continuation of that already described,— mountain, valley, and lake, with the variety incident to such formations. The day was warm, but there was too much for pleasure, to make complaint very audible, if expressed at all. He is not far from content who, for the time, has forgotten, or neglected to complain.

We reached Hoff at noon, and halted. The church was opposite the inn, larger than the last, and of better architecture. Its interior arrangements, and appointments, were more imposing, altogether showing the same care which I have so generally found abroad in places of worship. But whence, or where the people? Nothing like a village is to

be seen, and yet it was clear that there was a congregation. The inn was crowded with company. The daughters of the host were nicely dressed, and handsome, with excellent complexion, and of good manner. They did not look as if their lives were passed in the field, or in any more toil than was consistent with the best looks and the best health. The mountain girl who was walking in her Sunday dress, in shoes, stockings, and bright ribands, with a gay handkerchief round the head, a glossy hair, with streaming ends, down the back, — why, the field worker, it may be, is to-day a lady, and with friends, father and mother, is on her way to or from church, passing the interval time at rest, or in pleasure. And who would have stinted her of either? I knew she would pass some of this time in the house of her worship, and then make merry with her friends. I rejoice in such a Sabbath, making preparation for the next week's duties, and peradventure for Heaven. But does not habit destroy the whole effect of such offices? No. If you would have virtue sure, make it habitual. Vice finds its strength and perpetuity in the deep worn tracks of habit. The drunkard was not made one by a single glass, — and the wretched creature who is now poor, and naked, and starved, with millions, might have been once happy with a cent. I have heard of one who said he must retrench, for he had a large sum in the bank which he could not let. He only lent out money on usance. No. If I have learned anything which I had not been so taught before, it is the important, immovable power of habit in regard to that, and those things, the object of which is reverence, — the recognition and love of something higher, and better than one's self. Yes, you say, if accompanied with a purpose, and an effort, to attain to it. I say yes, too. But the service is an aid to the thing itself.

I left the now empty church, to find those for whom it had been opened, for whom it always stands open. Children were playing in the belfry, in their nice Sunday dresses, and

as keen in their play as young life rejoices to be. Who does not love to see these "little beings," as Spurzheim used to call them, with the grace, freedom, and variety of their movement, showing life in its freshness and beauty,— the resurrection of your own happy childhood, and a promise of immortality? Lavater says: "Keep that man at least three yards distance who hates bread, music, and the laugh of a child." I reverence the old aphorist for that. But there were men in the scene. It was dinner time. The hall ran through the middle of the post-house, the door at one end, opening to the road, the other to the yard. It was filled with small tables for one or two, on each side, while adjacent rooms were for families. I passed up and down the hall, and saw there many and various guests at their Sunday dinner. It was simple,— bread, cheese, beer, with some; and more complicated fare with others. Some had got to the dessert, which, for the most part, was a pipe. There was good humour, pleasantry, but nothing boisterous, noisy, disturbing the neighbourhood by its misplaced outbreaks. Some were in the bowling alleys, playing, amusing themselves with the exercise, and the success of skill. Everybody was active. The rest of the Sabbath was not a sleeping rest. There was the earnestness of labour, without the toil,— enjoyment without fatigue. The nation speaks in these its most numerous representatives; and there was refinement in the utterance. I went abroad to see men and women; not kings and lords,— ladies and gentlemen,— for these are common enough, such as they are, everywhere. I went to see men and women at work, and at play,— to see what is Sunday and Monday, and the rest of the week. The Sabbath, as the word imports, is everywhere for rest,— the repose of worship,— and the rest from toil. The remainder of the week is used in Catholic Europe, as it is in the Protestant world,— work, work, work, of some kind, fills it all.

We left for Salzburg, and in good time reached this

important point in recent Continental travel. Salzburg is emphatically a city of mountains. You travel towards it, among these, but of far less height than those you are approaching. On every hand you see them projected into the regions of perpetual winter, with snow for their crowning. The solemnity of the silence of Nature is here. I was glad to have reached the end of my route in this direction. Was it not a fitting closing of so much which had daily given me so much pleasure,—in which, whether I would or no, I had felt elevated by the sublime of the outward world; in which I had, under most favourable circumstances, lived, and moved, and had my being? The mode of travel to such a region was perfect. It was the slow, private coach, in which I could travel hours, without the tedious impertinences of railway crowdings,—and with a vulgar speed, which make it a toil to attempt to see what you are flying by. The old six or eight miles an hour, is your only true speed. Our road winds round a low mountain of rock. It rises perfectly smooth from the ground, and is perpendicular,—a mural rock. On the edges of it, aloft, you see trees and shrubs. This is the “outer wall” of the fortress, and city of Salzburg. There is the gentle Saal, from which is the city named, and here is one of the city’s chief defences. It need hardly be said that it is a city of great natural strength. Its old castle is but a quiet place now. You enter by a gateway, which at once gives you a notion of the thickness of the walls. You pass through an arched passage,—and then another gate,—each with its portcullis, suspended by enormous chains above, just ready to fall as you pass,—another archway, another gate. The outer mountain wall seems to have been the work of art, so smooth, so regular its surface. But it is a single piece, and your error in regard to its construction is at once corrected. There was art and science, too, in the selection of such a spot for a city,

“ . . . . . i’ the olden time,  
Ere human statute purged the gentle weal.”

From the termination of the range, the intervening spaces are occupied by works, which rival in strength the natural walls. It is in the natural, however, that Salzburg has its true attraction. It is in the surrounding scenery it has its true power. I had the very best opportunity, in approaching it, to see the universal majesty. The sun was bright. There was not a cloud. There was no mist upon the mountains. The whole outline of the landscape, — the near and the remote, — was seen, and under every advantage, whether of detail, or of masses. I had never been in such a presence before. On reaching the hotel, I told C. to get an open carriage at once, for, with the long twilight, we had time for some hours' drive among the mountains. Other travellers were leaving the hotel on a like expedition. But before we were ready, clouds had gathered from the four winds, and covered the heavens with a blackness, the like of which I could not remember. Thunder and lightning were on every side, and the echoing mountains repeated the story. Rain soon fell in torrents. It had been a long drought. The electric equilibrium had been gradually disturbed, and the heavy charged batteries were now at successful play. I sat at my window, and enjoyed the scene, while I regretted the sudden and conclusive stop which had been put to a plan which promised so much pleasure. I had been on the road since five, — my only meal through the day was my breakfast with the doves. But I was neither tired nor hungry. The rest of the storm, I did not want. The heat in the close city was intense, and C. advised me to wait till it was cooler. I did, and washed, dressed, and dined. These operations took little time; but it was long enough for the quick thunder storm to declare itself. There was cause for more than content, with arrangements which prevented a further drive, and a thorough soaking. The thunder storm ended in a steady rain. All prospects of a fair day succeeding being at an end, my arrangements were made for leaving next morning. The oldest inhabitant predicted a regu-

lar *weather*, as Dryden has it. C. was directed to get a seat in the coupé, the best seat,—in diligence or by rail, for seeing,—and the only one sure against crowding.

Morning, rain, and darkness. Got away early. C. pointed out the coupé of the carriage he had selected for me. I found the seat covered with cloaks, bags, &c. You know the amount better than I do. But I squeezed in. My progress was, however, soon impeded, by words and pulls from behind, and turning round, a lady was encountered. She told me in plain French to descend; C., in English, to ascend. Whom to mind? Which to do? I concluded to descend, and there stood the husband, intensely French, and fierce of course. He took me for an Englishman,—remembered Waterloo, St. Helena, and sundry other marked places on the Frenchman's map, and spoke and looked accordingly. C., in the meantime, was hunting for the conductor. I expressed regret as far as my French went,—asked pardon of the lady. C. at length appeared,—found he had made a mistake,—had read his ticket wrong,—gave a Danish smile,—pulled his wig,—made no sort of apology,—in short, conducted himself to the French as coolly as the Majesty of Denmark himself would have done. At length I started, having with me in the coupé, which belonged to me, a good stout, and staid looking German lady, and was tolerably sure of a quiet time at least. But at every post, my Frenchman "looked daggers, though he used none." In looking back upon this misadventure, I cannot but think that my courier had been won by the smart appearance which the Frenchman's diligence presented, as seen by daylight, and was willing, as the boys say, to "hook it." He never spoke to me of the affair afterwards.

We were now for miles in the midst of mountains. At times their outlines were well marked. At others, the clouds covered them. Then the east would grow light,—the clouds part, and a ray or two of sunshine would come through the fissure, as if the storm was over; and nothing

can exceed the splendour, the richness of the scene. The light would fall upon a heavy cloud. A moment ago it was perfectly black. Now it was glowing with light, while everything else was in shade. The mountains presented constant variety. It soon settled down into a steady rain. It would have been worse than idle, to have stopped in Salzburg for good weather. I should have only lost my time, when there was none to spare. The Pyrenees were before me, and the distant Escorial. The last rose of summer was in the bud, and I was to be in Liverpool before the sailing of the last September steamer. On! was the word.

We drove quietly along in the slow diligence. My fellow-traveller slept, eat German biscuit, got beer whenever we stopped, and seemed to have a nice time. She talked, but this served only to use her mouth, when not otherwise employed. But she soon learned that she was her own and sole auditor, a discovery quite fatal to eloquence. In the evening we reached Munchen,—Minchen,—Moonshine, as I heard an American call it,—or Munich, in common speech. I soon found myself in very comfortable quarters, in the Hotel Bavaria; and woke next day, early as usual, after an excellent night's rest, ready for the business of the day. Munich is on the *Isar*, as spelt here,—not “the *Iser* rolling rapidly,” for the water is so little, and so slow, that it hardly seemed to roll at all, as I looked down upon it from the bridge which crosses it. It is of the usual yellow colour of such streams in Germany.

MUNICH. *July 20th.*—As soon as the Gallery was open, I was in it. It contains treasures gathered from the whole and wide domain of art. I went through it, catalogue in hand, and devoted my whole time to the works of men of name, and fame, reaching all minds and all hearts which have at all been devoted to such authors. Here are rooms for Rubens alone. Every master has his representa-

tives here, and so well arranged are the rooms for light, that everything is easily and perfectly seen. Here are works of Snyders in abundance ; works, I have no doubt, as achievements of art, of great value. But to me they are utterly disagreeable, I had almost said, disgusting. They are devoted to every species of killing, of cruelty,—hunting gives its scenes to the painter ; and the battles of beasts are displayed in their force and enormity. I never stop before these pictures of Synders. Here are works of Vandyk (Dyk in the catalogue), and what noble things are they. His portraits are something more, and beyond a mere copy of feature, form, size, proportion, colour. They present to us that state of the individual's mind, which gives to his face, in the portrait, its present character, and you feel as if you were before a *man*. So strong was this feeling with me, that I absolutely smiled, and half spoke, as if I could have been understood by the flat surface before me. In few things, as it appears to me, does Dyk more excel, than in his management of light. His effects from this are so perfect, that he hardly seems to use shadow at all. I was never before so deeply impressed with the power of this master. I have never seen so many of his works at one time. They were among those which made my visits to the Gallery occasions of constantly increased pleasure and of memory. There was a landscape by Winyarts, which I must notice. It gave me great pleasure, and I wished it were mine. It was an exquisite scene, of simple materials, masterly handled. It was obviously from nature, not a copy, a portrait, but a revelation of what so much objective beauty had produced in the mind of the author,—nature addressing you through the mind of another.

THE PALACE.—Everybody goes to the Palace. It has very little architectural attraction. It forms a quadrangle, and the large space enclosed is filled with trees, with tables, and benches, for the public pleasure. Parties were scattered round. The cigar, the pipe, the coffee, &c., &c., were

in request. The frescoes are worthy of all praise. These are on the walls of the surrounding colonnades. After waiting long in a corridor of the Palace, the assembled were admitted into the rooms. These are in great number, and, as usual, ornamented with pictures. In one, the females of the Royal Family, and household, covered the walls. There was one portrait which particularly attracted attention. It was of *LOLA MONTES*, the favourite of the old king. To her was devoted one whole side of the room, her picture hanging between two immense windows. As represented, she must be quite handsome, and the expression is pleasing. It is not at all extraordinary that a discarded favourite of royalty should have her portrait among those of the kingly family and friends, especially if, as reported, her expulsion from the royal precincts was not by royal authority. The picture will do the state no harm.

Palace hunting is the most tedious of sports. The traveller who thinks it his boundless duty, faithfully to follow it, has a wretched prospect. He must go with the crowd, as it rushes and races from room to room, from sight to sight. The Palace is a sort of lion's den. There is no looking back, or treading back. I got excessively tired. I was obliged to attempt to rest. There were chairs at hand, time-worn, with red woollen coverings. They were not inviting, but I thought anything of the kind would be better than nothing, and down I sat. Short was the joy. The superannuated guide, who looked as if he might have lived through much of Bavarian history, came shuffling, and scuffing towards me, making indescribable grimaces, which turned out to be natural signs, that I should rise and walk. Remonstrance was out of the question. He understood not a word I said, and seemed very much disposed to try some other form of eloquence than signs. So up I rose, a needless Alexandrian in the epic of an hour, with a sure beginning, and possible ending, and dragged my slow length

along. Rejoiced was I when I entered a monstrous large room filled with statues of historical men, of colossal size, Electors and others, and apparently of solid gold. They were certainly gilt. What was below does not appear. Behind a golden Elector, I found a seat, and whether under the shade of king, or subject, rarely have I found greater comfort. The room was attractive, and much time was wasted before the Seneschal could collect his forces into marching order. I readily joined them, and survived the penance.

The Palace abounds in pictures, of course. They are as thick as blackberries in all such residences,—a form, or expression of the patronage of Art, which preserves, while it makes public the means of refinement, and culture. As there is a vast surface to cover, subjects are often chosen which will require large uses, if not waste of canvas. Such subjects are battles by sea and land, exhibiting man-killing, and brute-killing too, in every form in which such death can come. Nothing can equal the horrour of such pictures, but the thing itself. In the picture, however, imagination comes in, and in its exaggerations leaves the product not far behind the reality. Such works make an exception to a preceding remark on the salutary influences of art. What benefit can come of such exhibitions of unmitigated suffering? They hardly can be looked to as arguments for peace. But they are historical. They teach history. It is history taught in blood, or what is meant to be such. It may be a question if, in such language, the lesson is worth teaching.

THE BASILICA.—This church has been recently finished, and at great cost. It is grand in its extent and proportions, and of corresponding finish. From floor to ceiling it is complete in all its details, and the product is a sublime whole. The marble columns which support the great arches above,—the mosaic floor, the stern simplicity of the chancel and of what it contains, the windows, the frescoes,—all it

reveals to you is fitted to excite your awe and admiration. Again was I struck with the contrast between church architecture in different countries. Here was a church finished not long ago, presenting everywhere the venerableness of antiquity,— the power of ages long past, and you felt glad that here was a teacher for times long to come.

ST. MARY'S CHURCH.— This which I saw next is by some preferred to the Basilica. But it needs no rival to disturb or increase its power. It would blush to have its claims settled by comparison with anything else,— the model system, in its most offensive form. The St. Mary's is Gothic in its plan and detail. The clustered columns of the order, of vast size, rise to the high ceiling, and there support arches which extend across and make so much of it. Nothing can be more beautiful from its exquisite grace, or more sublime from its calm dignity, than are these members of this order of architecture, in this specimen of it,— the columnar growth of the arches above, of the finest marble, in perfect proportion and harmony. The space so appropriated, taken out of the common air, the common world, and for such a purpose, is in itself the most important element which enters into the constitution and accomplishments of public architecture. It is the highest art which so appropriates, so separates such space, as to present to the mind, and to the heart, such claims for reverence, and in the revelation of this sentiment, ministers daily and forever to the progress of man. In the Basilica, the ceiling is quite peculiar, and the questions arise, What does this mean? and is not that out of place? The questions come from this. The columns, the magnificent columns, are single masses of stone of a diameter demanded by the space the building includes, or the distances between them. The ceiling has naked beams arranged precisely after the Gothic, but without the groined arches. In the St. Mary's, the Gothic prevails everywhere in its simplicity, beauty, power. The arches, though so high, so far away, are as distinctly seen in all

their members, as if at hand,—their perfect proportions preventing any disturbance in vision, or in thought. I state how the ceiling of the Basilica affected me. It seemed to want power, massiveness. Wood, and that not large, is in too violent contrast with the everlasting uplifting rock there, and gives those columns too little to do. The beams may be iron. But they are so painted as to resemble wood, and so lead us astray. There may be no architectural discords in all this. But the effect is not pleasing; at least it was not so to me. It did not satisfy me. The relation between the parts was not perfect. I did not look upon a whole.

THE RUHMESHALLE, OR HALL OF FAME.—This is not finished. It is of vast size, of stone, with elaborate cornices, sculptures, columns,—with everything which can give dignity and magnificence to the effect, but not for an instant interfere with, or disturb the object of the building. This is to receive, and to preserve the statues of persons who have distinguished themselves by works which have made them worthy of public honor, and sure memory. It stands away from the city, on elevated ground, with large vacant fields around it. Its situation is excellent, and reminds you at once of ancient temples built in lonely places, on high ground, having the place of spiritual watch over the neighbouring state. It is a national work, and the people who build it will always enjoy it. An object of interest here, is the statue called the “Bavaria.” The height of the figure, standing upon a pedestal fifty feet high, is fifty-four feet to the crown, and sixty-five feet to the wreath of victory. Previous to the casting of the head, there were in it at one time twenty-eight grown persons and two children.

You ascend the Statue by a staircase on the inside, and through so much space does it pass, that I was fatigued before I had half finished the ascent. The day was intensely hot, and the bronze was heated through. You can judge of the heat of the air within. A part of the passage is

dark ; and candles are necessary. Within the head is a room in which eight or more persons may be accommodated. The eyes serve for windows. We descended after a short sojourn. There were ladies in the party. The figure has by its side a majestic lion.

One cannot fail to be struck with the number, variety, and excellence of the objects of general interest and culture in this ancient city. The Gallery is an admirable one. It entirely delighted me. On all hands it is held to be one of the best in Europe. Architecture has contributed vastly to the public interest, and the latest work, the Hall of Fame, has the strongest claims to wide regard. I was told that this extensive apparatus for pleasure and for culture, has revenue connected with, or derived from it,—revenue to the public,—the royal treasury. The attractions to strangers are very strong in Munich, and from careful statistics, it may now be settled what will be the value of any new attraction, to the government revenue. And why not? A state which becomes the patron of its own genius, whatever may be its direction, has secured to itself a vast advantage in the possession of that which it has itself produced, and liberally paid for. Here is tenfold return to the bosom which has nurtured it ; and it is ever for national fame and good. It brings to itself the stranger from all lands. He pays nothing for the privilege of gallery, palace, &c. He is showed the whole without the least demand for compensation, and he does not see that there is any expectation of reward. He pays liberally for his accommodations in the foreign capital, but no more than in one which has no attraction at all. Munich has done nobly for art, and who does not rejoice in the success of such an enterprise? Every year makes it greater. To me it is a perpetual source of pleasure. I only regret that I cannot give to it months, instead of days.

I had now devoted much time to sight-seeing. I have

faithfully done my duty, and here closes my account of Munich. Indulge me in a few parting words. You know how common is this infirmity, of "last words," and that sometimes they are our best words. What lady of your acquaintance, who has said her parting word in the parlour, does not linger on the stairway,—in the hall,—nay, at the wide open front door, to say those last words, of which you have so often heard me ask the philosophy? Munich is a noble city. How large is the provision for the mind; and the care for the body. The *Gast-haus*,—the *stomach*, or eating-house, meets you everywhere, and then the Bavarian beer,—the lager,—(called *lager* because kept on stands, or horses, as we call barrel stands,) is in perpetual readiness, at all hours, and everywhere. The Bavarian is evidently true to himself, to his language, to his literature, to his taste, and his stomach. And with all how perfect is his health. There is an art, a science, in beer-drinking. Not an uncommon vessel is a long glass tube, an inch or more in diameter, and a foot or more in length, with a handle at lip. It is filled full, and to see a lady, when the train stops, on the platform, or at the carriage window, go through the manual of drinking, and empty this Alexandrine of glasses, is a sight to be seen. The head is first bent a little forward, until an inch or two of beer is drunk, then slowly raised, the glass rising with it, until face and glass are near the zenith, and along the neck of the lady are traced the gentle undulations of the Bavarian, in its progress from beautiful lips to its happy destination. It is an art, I assure you, for not a drop is wasted. Let me say here, that the instances of lager drinking which attracted my attention, were possibly exceptional, and so may not indicate or illustrate a national custom. And let me farther add, that I have not seen an instance of drunkenness in Germany. Munich, like other German cities, extends itself far into the neighbouring country, by means of public gardens for the amusement, the pleasure of the people. The roads to them are

crowded in the latter part of the day, and in the long twilight, with the carriages of the gentry, and with walkers. The labouring classes go on Sundays, after church, the Sunday being a Continental holiday, having in it but a slight admixture of the Jewish Sabbath, if we except the entire abolition of labour. Other classes visit the Gardens through the rest of the week. I was made perfectly sensible of the Garden practice, and popularity, as I was approaching Stutgard, where I am writing. The train was approaching that place, when a thunder-shower began to declare itself. We were close by many gardens, which are, when possible, near to stations. And such an inundation of humanity into a train, or enclosure, has hardly before been seen by me. It was filled in a minute, and crowds were left. Nicely dressed ladies, with maid-servants and children, formed a part of this human flood. And such an out-pouring of the human voice as we had,—of fun, and laugh,—can be better imagined than described. I like these utterances of a people's heart. No worry, no fret, no rudeness, no selfishness,—a spirit of general accommodation, and most cheerful good nature! These it was which marked this incident of foreign travel, and which I shall always recollect with pleasure. The local storm was soon over, and a glorious sunset closed the day.

STUTGARD. *July 21. Wednesday.*—I reached Stutgard, the capital of the kingdom of Wurtemberg, in the evening, and no part of my experiences marks a more unpleasant day than this in all my wanderings. I mean the portion of it passed, or suffered in the diligence. The day was intensely hot. Very little air, just enough to raise and keep suspended the thick dust at the height of the carriage. A crowd of Germans, full of talk and laugh, made the discomfort greater. We were so squeezed, that one's neighbours' voices came ringing into one's ears after a manner before unknown to me. Charles took seats for me and for him-

self in the same coach, the best in the yard, and a caravan was leaving. Seeing a female, before he got in, coming to the diligence, and asking for a seat in it, the only other one in which she could be accommodated being a very poor one, he gave up his, and got into the other. Upon reaching the last stage but one of my day's travel, Charles was not to be found, — his diligence not having kept pace with mine. My luggage was taken into the station of the railway by which I was to reach Stutgard, and there, by its side, I waited. We had entered a new Empire, at least a new kingdom, and my luggage must be weighed and examined before it could be permitted to enter the new State. The courier had my keys. As it was utterly uncertain when, if ever, he would appear, and the train being nearly ready, I left our trunks, &c., with the conductor of the diligence who was to remain, and the name of the hotel to which I was recommended, — the Marcquard, — and an order to the courier, that he should make a liberal compensation to the very obliging conductor who took in charge our luggage, — the courier's being with mine. I reached Stutgard in the evening, and found myself excellently well accommodated at the hotel. At about ten the courier appeared with the luggage. He said one of the two horses of his carriage fell dead on the road, being killed by the heat, and he was detained till a horse was got, or caught, and the harness of the dead animal fitted to his successor. When I asked of the compensation to the conductor, he mentioned the merest trifle. I remonstrated. "O, Sir," said he, "he was quite satisfied."

HEIDELBERG. *July 22. Thursday.* — Left Stutgard by steamer, on the Neckar, for Heidelberg. This was a most pleasant exchange for the diligence, in which most of hot yesterday was consumed. It rained before our voyage was completed, but happy were we to find a bright sun awaiting us when we reached Heidelberg, the city of the famed Castle. We drove to the Adler, or Eagle, and got good

accommodations. The Neckar, like most of the rivers thus far on my route, is very shallow, with abundant stones in its way, and sometimes a rock or so. But the boats are of slight draft, and pass along, scraping, now and then, as they go, the bottom, and assuring us if we foundered we should hardly sink. The paddles are so arranged as to produce most plentiful quantities of spray, and as the water is of a tolerably thick mud-gruel consistence, the ladies' nice dresses and parasols were abundantly spotted. The other sex had some employment in rubbing off the yellow spots when they were dry. I went under my pladdie, and in my undisturbed loneliness, defied the foul fiend. The mountains on the Neckar's sides are sometimes respectable. The rocks *crop out* as they do on the Elbe, and like these, are accurately stratified. They differ from those of the Elbe, in being a red or pink-coloured sandstone, instead of the white or yellowish of that region. Men are at work everywhere, getting out masses for paving, &c., and for such uses they answer perfectly. They are detached in the natural joints, and then are trimmed for use. When finished, they are brought to the edge of the bank, and along channels, or inclined planes, find their own way easily, and without damage to the river's side, where are gondolas, with or without horses attached, in which they are placed, and carried where they are needed. So simple is the process, and so easily are materials for great variety of use obtained. Look at it. The formation of rocks allows of the easiest detachment of the needed stones, ready formed. Then there is the natural inclined plane, and lastly, the common carrier, the river. You everywhere see the result. The streets are admirably paved. The process is going on directly under my window; and in every other way these stones are used for such things as their structure fits them. I saw grindstones of every size lying along the river's side for sale.

We passed many points of interest on the Neckar. The

ruins of old castles are there, and in one place I counted four large ones, said to have been the stronghold of a noted Count of the old time. Some of these ruins have been repaired, and are put to good use. The grape is everywhere, and so are grains, and large forests of firs, where the soil allows. Men are rarely seen in the fields, and women have just now very little out-door work to do. The grass, and much of the early grain are harvested, and the later crops are maturing. The Stork is a frequent bird here, and you will see him standing erect on one leg, on the edge of the neighbouring hill-side, looking like a soldier on guard. He is as peaceable, as quiet as are his fellow-countrymen, and gives the interest of life to the wide and wild scene.

My first visit in Heidelberg was to the Castle. It was founded about 1300, by the ancestors of the family now on the throne of Bavaria. It is of great size. It was an Electoral palace, and in rooms which are in good condition are preserved much of what constituted its state in earlier days, — portraits, paintings, furniture, medals, coins, armour, &c., &c., which are of historical interest. The grounds are wooded, with walks. The *restoration* is not forgotten; but the thirsty traveller may drink water at first hands, as it comes gushing out from living springs; or at its many removes from these, in the shape of beer. For those who demand stronger waters, Cogniac is almost as universal here as is the German tongue. The Castle has been destroyed by man and by lightning, — battered down, and blown up, and rebuilt, — and deserted, and wasted; so that one says, “ Peace was more injurious to it than war!” It was not originally built on its present site. But there it is, on a mountain overlooking the Neckar and the city, and is a magnificent spectacle from whatever point viewed. I went up to it first from the city, and afterwards had fine views of it from across the Neckar. The ascent is steep, and donkeys are at hand for the lazy, or the infirm. You pass through the

great gateway, and soon are in front of the Castle. This façade is said to be the work of M. Angelo, and resembles most the Venetian architecture. It reminded me strongly of the fronts of Canaletto. I entered the Castle, and went patiently through the discipline of seeing the treasured relics of ages long gone by. There is a fragment of a tower which was blown off by powder, and which, as showing what human power can do to produce material strength, is worthy a visit. I did not measure its thickness, nor do I remember what it was said to be. It was certainly several feet. It was rent off whole. Its enormous weight did nothing to break it in its terrible fall. It looks like a piece of a fractured mountain. The vines, and trees, and shrubberies, are around it, growing out of its soil, and will soon make its living grave. Do not call me sentimental, or smile at my rhetoric. But there are things of man which move me still, and not the less that they have not been able to conquer nature, but have often needed the "live thunder" for their solemn ruin. I went to all the show places, but will not weary you with them. I did not go *into* the *Great Sun of Heidelberg*. Its outside was more than enough.

I crossed the Neckar the next day by the heavy, fine stone bridge, and called on an old resident friend. From his window I had a view opposite to that described, and a grand view is it. I think it is the best one.

The same day, Thursday, July 22, I went to the University with my friend, and heard a lecture on Roman Law, by Mettemeyer. This professor is an admirable lecturer, I think altogether the most accomplished teacher I have ever listened to. His enunciation is so clear that you hear each syllable of each word, and so perfectly was this done that you became acquainted with his subject, though you knew nothing of German. He quoted largely from the most noted authorities, the great masters of the Roman Law, codes, pandects, twelve tables, &c. His quotations were in

Latin, the language of those masters, and were most distinctly given, so that a tolerable knowledge of the language gave you a good notion of his subject, and how he was treating it. There was a care, a precision in giving his references, which was excellent. Thus, volume, chapter, section, page, and paragraph were given, and for the most part repeated, as was the quotation itself. You saw that this eloquent professor understands the whole nature of his office, and is alive to the important duties it demands. He is eloquent. He had the eloquence of manner, on a dull subject, — the law of descent, and the transmission of property, testaments, &c., civil and military. His power is in earnestness, without noise and impertinent jesticulation ; and in freedom and fulness of enunciation, without the least hurry. His voice is excellent, clear and musical in intonation, and sometimes lofty, but with that general evenness which is the best manner of a public teacher. You saw the effect of all this. The class felt him, and with avidity received his important teachings. Silence is profound, perfect, in his lecture room. If you shut your eyes, you would suppose that you were the only auditor there. The room is admirably arranged for the class. It has benches, each holding six or eight, — in rows, and stationary. A simple desk runs the length of the benches in front, of size for ink-stand, note-book ; and below, ample place for legs, cap, or hat. Here are real comforts, luxuries for the student. His is a wearisome life, and never before, — and I have studied both in England, and in Scotland, as well as in the Republic, — have I found such welcome arrangements for such a life, — six lectures often a day, and with nothing to save them from being the heaviest hours of life. I was entirely pleased with all I saw and heard in this celebrated University. The lecture was an hour long, and as soon as it was over the Professor went into another room to meet another class in a different department of his prælections. I was surprised to see so many young men in the class room of such a professor,

his subject, Civil Law, being not merely matter of history, but embracing great principles in their depths, and making the strongest demands upon the minds of a class. The German face and expression, in such examples, are remarkably fresh, and probably gave me the impression of a youth, which was not entirely the fact. The courses are long,—two courses in each year,—of half a year each, so that a young man at matriculation, has a chance to look older before he graduates. Degrees are given not after passing so many years in the University, but after such examinations, and which are very severe, as will satisfy the faculty of the candidate's qualifications for his calling. The classes were made up of students from many countries,—Greece, Swabia, America, &c., &c. I sat in Prof. Mettemeyer's lecture room with American students. After the lecture was over, I was introduced to some of these in Graimberg's book and stationery shop. Among others, Mr. —, of Charleston, South Carolina, the grandson of the distinguished author of a portion of American Revolutionary History; and I learned afterwards that this young gentleman was the most distinguished member of his recently graduated class. I found him to be a very pleasing, agreeable man, and am happy to have made the acquaintance of one who has done so much honour to himself and to his country. I asked what was the compensation of a professor, and of his service. He gives two courses a year, and the fee for a course is eight dollars. The class, when full, is seven hundred. The lecture room, I thought, might accommodate some hundreds, the whole class rarely attending the same course at the same time. Prof. Mettemeyer, I was told, had two thousand five hundred dollars a year from government. The German dollar is less than ours.

DUELS.—The mode of settling disputes in some of the German Universities is, I believe, peculiar to them. It is by the *duel*. There are certain individuals, I was told, whose special business is to do the fighting. Thus, in one

University there are five fighting corps, numbering together between one or two hundred. They may be known by the colour of their caps. Those referred to wear white. In fighting, a costume is worn. Its object is to prevent dangerous wounds. The whole trunk and the lower limbs in part, are covered with a thick, padded garment of great strength, and so is the right arm, the left being carried behind. Over the eyes is a visor coming well down. The sword, or rapier, or rather striker,—a schläger, from the German verb schlager, to strike,—for some inches from its point is of extreme sharpness. The rest of the blade is blunt. A surgeon is at hand during fighting. I got an invitation to witness a combat, but no parties appeared. The fighting room is a large hall in a public house. The floor is marked in two spots by letters, about eight feet apart, I should think. The fighters stand on these and approach each other till they have reached the middle of the space between the letters. Here they stop, and begin the battle. They aim only at the face. This is the only point for attack. The battle lasts about twenty minutes, a certain number of rounds being accomplished in that time. Sometimes, if not always, after the rounds are fought, though no blood be drawn, the fight is over. Blood being drawn earlier, may settle the contest. It was said that disputes led to the duel. If there be no special cause for fighting, a member of one corps may challenge one of another, and this is good cause for a fight. You thus see that however formidable the affair may appear, it may resolve into a trial of skill. At times, indeed, severe wounds are made. A part of the nose has been cut off. Sometimes a corner of the mouth may be cut through, and the wound extend through the cheek. I met with a young man this very day, and was with him some time, and I have no doubt he had been a fighter. He had the scar of a clean cut extending from near the right angle of the mouth, almost to the temple, passing obliquely across the cheek. Some have many scars. A

number of duels may be fought in a day,—time, from 8, A. M., to 11. As we approached the scene of battle, I was told that there would not be any duels that day. I asked why not, and the reason was given. I heard it asked in a company at the table of the hotel, and when these duels were under discussion,—I heard it asked why they were allowed,—if not directly, at least so far as their not being suppressed, implied permission. The answer was somewhat remarkable. In all classes, it was said, are young men who do not study. These have been always most forward in public disturbances. The duel gives them occupation, and so aids to keep them in political order. This explanation was given. If we bear in mind how young many of these students are,—how far, it may be, they are from home, and rational means of excitement,—the national temperament,—and especially the daily and hourly presence of the military, we may reach many causes conspiring to produce the custom. Said one to me: "Do you know Heidelberg is in a state of siege?" No, said I. "It is so. The courts are shut, and martial law exists." But, said I, I see no military. "No," was the reply. "But, nevertheless, we have troops here from Austria to keep us in order, and the good city has to pay for the defence." This University fighting is a singular fact in the educational system of a state; and we can easily understand what its influences may be. It is a singular mode to suppress a spirit of insubordination; for it fosters the spirit itself; and after a manner to produce the very evils it would prevent. It diminishes the value of life by the practice of that which, in its wider operations, tends directly to its destruction. It accustoms men to swords and to blood. It begins its teachings early, and before the better and higher have been much developed, or much used. It may come to affect character deeply. All this, you say, may be true, and much of the same tenor; but that there is a foregone conclusion to fight, cause or no cause. No one enters a corps who does not suppose

himself equal, and prepared, and ready for what he may be called upon to do, and fight he must, and will.

You ask why I went to witness what I consider so disgraceful, or so demoralizing? I came abroad to observe in various peoples, how character, condition, conduct, and manners, might be affected by conventional and other institutions. I had seen the results of particular systems at home. I had left home to observe the working of others abroad. I went to these duels, not to see what is so absurdly contrived as to make it ridiculous,—risk without danger,—or to witness any duel at all, in and for itself,—for I have always regarded duelling as an outrage against good morals, and an insult to true courage. I went to see the embodiment of opinion in one of its phases,—to witness what government is said to tolerate. I was not disappointed that I did not see the duels,—which were to have come off. I had been to the scene of such conflicts, and had such assurance of their reality as the questionless arrangements for them afforded.

TABLE D'HOTE.—Much of the foregoing account of the University duel was got at the table d'hote one day. Among the company was an English party on their way to a watering place for the summer. The man of the party was of address, and dress. He talked for the whole table, and was entertaining. I took him for a Cambridge, or Oxford man,—a Fellow,—a nobleman's younger son,—perhaps in orders, for he wore a *white* neckcloth. But no matter whom, which, or what; he described the duel very well. The unknown,—not the *great*,—talked of all sorts of things, among others, he talked of Americans,—of their manners, and especially of their speech,—their pronunciation. “There are certain words,” said he, “which always declare the American. There is one word which is a perfect Shibboleth, with or for that people. It is the word *very*. An American cannot pronounce *very* as we do. He always pronounces it *vary*,—*vary well*,—&c. This is universal. It fails to distinguish him from an Englishman.”

This English talk amused me exceedingly, as it did others of our countrymen at table. I had often noticed the English pronunciation of this word *very*, and it certainly differs from ours. It is very rapidly uttered, as are most words, and for emphasis is always repeated "very, very," and even a third time. No remark was made on this pronunciation episode. It was on my lips to say, "Heidelberg is a *very, very* nice place," *nice* being the commonest English eulogistic epithet of character, whether of person or place, and I would have uttered the word with a rapidity and emphasis, too, which would have been English to the top of any Englishman's bent. It is rare, I think, to meet with an Anglo-Saxon quite so communicative as was our dinner companion; and certainly there was nothing offensive either in his manner or word. I could not but think if one or two New Yorkers, who said they were such, had kept dark, we might not have heard so much from our very agreeable English head,—for he took that part of the table. But how much we should have lost of really pleasant talk. I have met abroad with Americans at table, and from New York too, and they seemed to take special pains to declare their country? "And why not?" I see no reason in the world. In regard to pronunciation, we must confess to some peculiarities. We certainly do not pronounce this word *very* as does an Englishman, nor do we give the letter *o* the sound he does. Hear him say *morning*. It differs entirely from our pronunciation of it. The *o* with the English sometimes gets a sound like *u*, with us. Thus, a most justly celebrated English reader, Miss —, said in her magnificent reading of *Macbeth* :—

— "and take a *bund* of fate,"

for bond, as we pronounce it. In the word *more*, which we pronounce with a very round, and positive *o*, the Englishman will give it the *er* sound. I could fill more than a page with similar notices of the national in the pronunciation of the two nations,—England and America. An American cannot speak as does an Englishman, that is, like one of the

best marked specimens of that race. It is not only, or chiefly, rapidity which makes the difference. It is found in the variety and distinctness of the modifications of sounds, though rapidly rendered, which give character to speech, and which to me are very agreeable. All this is found in the English speech or pronunciation, and is that which gives to it a perfectness, a finish which is thought by some to be the luxury as well as the distinction of uttered language.

**FRANKFURT ON THE MAINE.** *July 25th.*—The drive from Heidelberg to Frankfurt on the Maine, was short and beautiful. Frankfurt is a large and handsome city. It is famed for its interest in the Fine Arts; and the collections of Bethmann are truly grand. Its bankers are of name. The high priests of the order, the Rothschilds, were born here. It is Goethe's birth place. I went to the shop of Rohllers, four doors from the Hotel de Russie, to execute a commission for a friend,—viz. to buy a group of figures in bronze,—the Story of Erigone, and an exquisite work of art is it. I asked the price. "Twenty-five pounds," said the salesman, or owner. No less, asked I. "No," said he. "It cost me thirty pounds." An English gentleman, with whom I had become acquainted, and who went with me to Rohllers, spoke to this statement at once. "That is just what our shopkeepers do in England. They always pay more for what they buy, than what they ask for it." The shopkeeper replied with some emphasis to the construction put upon the offered price as compared with what he paid for it. I again asked if twenty-five pounds was his lowest price. He said "Yes," and we left, having first bought for you a paper-folder, beautifully ornamented with stag-horn sculpture. This shop is famed for its exquisite articles made of stag horns. They are beautiful in design, grace, finish. They are of great cost. I got a very slight article as a specimen. A specimen of the manner in which these things are done. I am aware

that a *brick* will hardly show the house. You must come to Frankfurt if you would see perfection in this art.

One of the attractions of Frankfurt is Danniker's *Ariadne*. This is showed in a building erected solely for it in the spacious grounds of its opulent, and noble spirited owner. It is in the midst of groves, and shrubberies, and flowers, giving and taking beauty from the exquisite nature around it. It is open daily, and may be visited by everybody, and without fee. Now is not this a munificence to be honoured and loved? When has wealth such attraction,—its possession more honour, than when it shows itself in wise and beautiful expression,—ministering to the mind and the heart, making stranger and friend, and poor and rich, alike participators in the best it can do? The English nobleman hangs out his banner, and opens his gate to the people one day in the week, and everybody may wander through his grounds, and have in the sight of so much beauty and grandeur, what has in it power to do so much and so varied good.

*Ariadne*, in this work of Danniker, is seated on a panther,—as the wife of Bacchus, in a position of exquisite grace, ease, beauty, with her head raised, and an expression of no little exultation, that her apotheosis has already begun,—that she is already among the gods. The marble has the effect it always produces,—that of a living surface. The light upon it is absorbed, and becomes incorporated with the marble; and to heighten the effect, a red shade is over the window through which the light reaches *Ariadne*. When I saw this work, the sun was just in such a position as to pour his most powerful rays upon it through the red curtain. As marble does not reflect light, the character of the surface produced is stationary while the light is upon it, so that the curtain has no other effect upon the figure than to render the *atmosphere* through which it is seen warmer than it otherwise would be. I wish you could see this work of art, which has given me so much pleasure. There are

excellent casts of celebrated statuary here, — especially of the antique. But marble only tells the story of art, and though the plaster be never so accurate in giving form, — figure, — face, — it cannot for a moment deceive you into the idea that you are looking at the original, or that which can assure you what that original is. It is very much like copying pictures, — this plaster cast business. It is always a failure.

I wandered about Frankfurt, and saw most of its grandeur and beauty. Strolling out at one p. m., a colossal statue in bronze of Goethe was encountered, the antique *with*, but not *in* the modern, and the whole very little to my taste. I did not care that I did not like it more. Goethe himself as a man, is of very little interest with me. Some of my notions of him were gathered many years ago from a German friend, whose character was a guarantee of the truth of what he said, and who was near enough to the time of the illustrious poet to learn much of his private history. In the overgrowth of the intellectual, the moral, according to my friend, had not an exalted place. His anecdotes related principally to Goethe's personal life. He represented him as the slave of the court, — as never having returned to his father's house after his inauguration there, — that with a singular inconsistency, he would refuse to answer small pecuniary demands, while he was in the large way munificent. His estimate of women, as showed by his personal relations and conduct towards them, were stated as by no means favourable to him as a man, or a moralist. A book purporting to be a life of Goethe, appeared not long ago, in which is given an account of the manner in which he received the person, — a travelling tutor of his son's, — when he came to report to him the circumstances attending that son's death. He tells us he shrunk from the office which his duty imposed upon him. He had witnessed the death of an *only* son, and this last fact in his melancholy mission, heightened his reluctance to perform it. Goethe received him as an ordinary, every-day

visitor, — as having nothing special in his call, and an interruption rather than a pleasure. There was in his manner nothing of that dignity which a suppressed grief always imparts, — or of the composure of a reconciled sorrow. His manner had in it no dignity at all. It was trifling. He approaches the messenger with a flower in his hand, and asks him to look at it. However you may explain all this, it is to me, if true, as certain evidence of the surrender of the moral to the intellectual, as history records. His fame, and that which made it, are the grave of feeling. He has survived the affections, and his only son's death is of less moment than some silly flower. Whether the cause of this spiritual condition were philosophy, or insensibility, I will not argue. The fact is enough, and explains other points in Goethe's moral history with which I will not make longer this record, which came directly to me from a countryman of the great poet. "*Nil de mortuis, nisi,*" I hear you say. Yes, I have heard it before. But Goethe is not dead. He will never die. His works have given him the philosopher's, the scholar's, and the poet's life, and fame. What investiture of immortality more sure? He is remembered by me by a work which, in my boyish days, I read a thousand times, — the Sorrows of Werter. And in what work have the depths of man's emotional nature been so sounded, as in that short story. For one, I shall never forget it. Why speak of the infirmities of such a man? Because they were nearer to the highest intellectual nature than in any other instance in my recollection. Human nature, true human nature, can always afford to have its whole story told, if there be any reason for telling it at all. And who can question the honesty of Goethe? I cannot tell you with what distinctness the above anecdotes of Goethe came to my memory as I stood in the calm summer evening in Frankfurt before his statue; and they are recorded just as quick as memory brought them back to me. Four years after writing the above, I have just finished reading Lewes' Life of Goethe.

From every one who has read it, I have heard the highest admiration expressed of this excellent work. It reaches to the whole life of Goethe, beginning at its beginning, and never losing sight of him till the grave covers him. It is a defence of Goethe, and it was not easy to avoid giving it that character; and yet to my mind, it is not the best text for such a work. It is, however, much occupied with the scientific and literary character of its subject, and brings to the examination of each, the skill, and power, of true criticism. The claim to priority of discovery in its spirit and results, has been in the manner in which it has been urged, among the opprobria of both science and letters. Look, as a single instance, to the quarrel between Newton and Leibnitz, and if you can find anything sadder, in its kind, let me know where it is. It embittered the life of Leibnitz; and its melancholy power closed only at his grave. This work of Lewes aims to place the claims of Goethe where they justly deserve to be, and as it seems to me, the evidence is conclusively in his favour. In regard to the moral phase of this great man's life, it is stated at great length, with such explanations as such a history authorizes. Explanation here, is defence. Why have I not left what I had written away off in Frankfurt, touching Goethe, out of this volume; especially after reading Lewes' work? The answer to such questions, for the most part, does little to settle them; and I am quite willing to leave the latest where it is.

COBLENZ. *Monday 26.* — Left Frankfurt, and reached Mayence, not far from noon, on my way on the Rhine. The day was just one of those of all others best fitted for an excursion on such a river.

Here am I in the Hotel de Bellevue, looking out on the Ehrenbreitstein, — the Broad Stone of Honour, — the Gibraltar of Prussia, and the second or third in strength on the Continent. The river is just in front, and below me. A common street only separating me from it. I look up,

down, and across, and everywhere are the treasures of the Rhine. I would have gone farther, but I have much to do to accomplish my object in travel. I have been all day upon the river, every hour revelling in some new beauty,—some new scene for pleasure and for memory. Directly on a line with my window, is a bridge of boats across the river. The steamer comes along,—the chain of boats is broken,—one or more being turned aside,—the craft rushes through, and in a moment the bridge is again. But the Rhine? I have been days on the Elbe, the Danube, the Neckar. This mighty stream takes rank with the best. It is so wide, so full, so generous, so rapid. It sweeps along from its Alpine home, and makes its way in giant strides among the mountains, as if they were its old friends, which it will never desert. You can hardly imagine its beauty, its power. It never is with you a moment the same, or for more than a moment. You look before you, and you have sea room and to spare. Look again, and the mountains have kissed each other. You can go no farther. They part before you in a moment, and away you fly by them. The Danube is repeated. The Rhine is the highway of great states, and takes tribute from many monarchs. They have made new palaces out of old castles. The King of Prussia entertains Victoria in his castle palace, on the Rhine. And there lives the Prince of Prussia, in that restored ruin, as if it were the work of the last half year. Farther on the same is done, and in everything you see that the hard spirit of the old time has relented, and is happy to express itself in the tone and manner of the indwelling beautiful. I passed another instance of the same. The old castle was again inhabited. The windows were curtained, and opened. The vine was all round it, marking the narrow footpath to the open door. And there were flower-pots there, and nice shrubs. It was human life again before me, and I was glad to see such a life replacing the dark reign of that barbarism which has passed away. I saw a fine specimen of

old castle architecture, with scaffoldings against its sides, and around its old towers, which showed the present was taking the place of the past. One might be willing to lose the picturesque, that the old and the new might join hands, and show that wherever man is, there is the human heart too; and that the greatest anachronisms are often the truest harmonies.

The Rhine is the calmest or smoothest river I think I have known. I have been on it in a strong wind, but it was perfectly smooth, often like glass. I think this quietness may be the result of the situation of the hills and mountains which make its borders, or banks. They often are very near to it, and for the most part there is hardly enough for a road between their bases and the stream. The fact of its perpetual fulness distinguishes it from the Elbe, the Danube, the Neckar. These, as I have seen them, are affected by drought. The Rhine is full. The Danube is a noble stream, as rapid as the Rhine; but you saw that a heavy rain would help it amazingly. The Rhine is not a clear river. It rushes from a mountain, and bears a part of its parent in its bosom. It has tributaries from other rivers, high or low, and these disturb it. The Moselle enters the Rhine in or near Coblenz, and the difference between them is marked. From the top of Ehrenbreitstein, you see the Moselle entering the Rhine, with its blue water. But the Rhine has not, for a time, the least effect upon it. No. The line between the two rivers is drawn so strongly, that you can hardly suppose that they will unite to form one.

On a very high point is an old castle, which has a singular use. It is a State Prison. A few years since a brother of Metternich was said to have been confined in it. As we approached it, an out-work, defended by six cannon, was seen. It seemed to me if the noble guest were at all contemplative, and could look from that far height upon all the beauty in such near proximity, he might have found a

prison life as happy as the free. The thought came that he might have been quite as happy as was his statesman brother. Speaking of *the Austrian Minister*, let me say a word about his estates on the Rhine. One of the most remarkable of these is Johannesburg. It is on a hill in the Rheingau, formerly belonging to the bishop of Fulda, under the direction of the Electors of Mentz. The Emperor of Austria gave it to Prince Metternich, on condition of receiving a tenth part of the produce. Prince Metternich once said that he had received twenty or thirty, or more, ambassadors from one of the largest states on the Continent, leading the hearer to infer how long he must have held office in the fullest confidence of his monarch. Johannesburg lies along the side of the river, rising very gradually to a moderate elevation above the land in its neighbourhood. It is in shape a segment of a very large circle, just such an arrangement as to bring the most points under the best influences of the sun, the air, the rain. It does not appear large. It lies basking in the sun, getting protection from cold winds, from neighbouring mountains. You see in such a situation how everything conspires to bring the grape forward early, — to develope all its wine-making properties, — ripen it for the harvest. Nothing is so important in this business of wine-making, as the perfect maturity of the grape. Sometimes this is not accomplished, and unripe fruit is used. This prevents those processes on which the best wine depends. To secure fermentation, and give sweetness, as to Champagne, in bad harvests, sugar must be added. In such wine the true flavour, the charm is wanting, and a skilful taster detects the want at once. Johannesburg is just so situated as to insure the most perfect vintage. Some fruit may be better than is other, and hence some variety in the quality of the wine. What mere soil and place may do to affect the product, is at once seen by recurring to the Danube. The rough character of the wine may be gathered at

once from the situation of the mountains, or hills, their elevation, and other circumstances which may diminish the local power of the sun, and waste the soil. It is in this connection a fact worthy of notice, that the wine of the very next, the adjoining estate, the Geisenheimer, does not begin to compare with that of Johannesburg. There lays this last, offering its broad acres to the warm sky, making its preparation for the vintage, which will be sure to offer to such as will pay for it, its delicious wine.

I have spoken of the surface, exposure, &c., &c., of the Johannesburg estate, in their connection with the quantity and character of the wine. This reminds me of what much interested me elsewhere on the Rhine. I mean the extreme care taken to use every inch of land for culture, on the sides of mountains, however precipitous; nay, more, to make land where is none, and so to protect it, that it shall not, with its crop, be washed away. The comparative slight elevation of Johannesburg,— its easy slopes, its continuous unbroken surface, I thought, placed it in circumstances resembling the lower levels of other terraced mountain vineyards, and this might give character to its wine.

Next to the Geisenheimer estate comes another, and I believe much esteemed for its wine,— the Rudisheimer; and my last acquaintance with the Rhine wine-land, was that which borders directly on the Mosellé, a beautiful river, to whose blue water I have before alluded. Many remains of the Roman rule are in the neighbourhood of the Moselle, which will well reward the industry of the traveller in his search, who has time and taste for hunting after them. I must add that besides vineyards, grains and grasses are everywhere more or less cultivated, in the region of which I have been speaking.

EHRENBREITSTEIN. *July 27.*—A light rain in the night was followed by one of the pleasant days which have almost every day welcomed me,— my morning blessing.

It was hot, but, as you know, your true traveller, and true man, are both above complaint. If we sweated, we bore it. We were for Ehrenbreitstein. Breakfast was for seven, and at eight we were on our way. We crossed the bridge of boats, and were soon at the foot of the mountain, on the top of which is the fortress. The Broad Stone of Honour is a mural rock, rising almost eight hundred feet above the Rhine. The ascent is less fatiguing than you might suppose, as the road is of inclined, winding planes, which take you along with no very distinct consciousness that you are so rapidly ascending. When coming down, however, I did feel somewhat of comfort, as I looked upon later pilgrims to the land above. They came along, hat in hand, occasioning the courier to say, "The Broad Stone of Honour makes them take off the hat who come to see him." I recollect that we had paid him so much of reverence. Never do I remember such liberality of perspiration, as accompanied me in this ascent. I hardly think the proud rock would have put in any claim for this portion of the tribute. I was, however, not conscious of fatigue.

Ehrenbreitstein is of great strength. It mounts seven hundred cannon of the largest calibre. It is pierced every where for musketry, where musketry can be used. It is always provisioned for seven years, and its supply of water is inexhaustible. One source is the Rhine, another a well in the fortress itself. I stood upon the highest point of this vast rock, picked flowers there, and collected hard specimens of the stones of which it is composed. A great deal of the rock is bare,—is compact, and of a dark brown colour,—its whole structure impressing you with the feeling of its strength.

Our guide, an old soldier, took pride in his office. The fortress was clearly a pet. He took us to all points of interest. Among these was "VICTORIA'S SEAT," so called, where her Majesty of England rested herself in a visit here last year, as the guest of the King of Prussia. Everybody

must sit, where did the Queen. I told him of America, my fatherland, and how long had been my journey to Coblenz. This particularly pleased the old soldier, and he was more zealous than before to please us. What especially attracted notice was the prospect, as you stand on the top stone of Ehrenbreitstein. In the first place, the extent of the view. You look up and down the Rhine for miles. Coblenz is seen in every part of it, a bird's-eye view. The great fortresses of Alexander and Constantine, named in honour of the Russian Princes of those names, are situated to the east, and ready in their strength to co-operate at any moment with their time-honoured neighbour. Then the Moselle, winding its slow length along to the Rhine, soon to lose itself in that rapid stream. You see, and I am sure with deep interest, the cultivation far below this, the fortress side of the river. The ground is level there, and adapted to a variety of culture, and with sufficient extent for each particular growth to show itself to the best advantage.

The utmost care is taken to combine symmetry with economy. Thus, in one place is a large crescent, and bounded by a deep green shrubbery. From, and to this, as a centre, strips of different widths pass, on which are various grains for instance, each showing its distinctive colours, and thus producing a carpet-like arrangement too wide and deep to be stiff, and entirely beautiful. It is artificial, and such is cultivation over the whole Continent. The variety saves repetition from at all offending you, or from diminishing the beauty. Everywhere around you is this exquisite care and taste displayed to produce agreeable effects; and I think nobody would look over this wide field of beauty and of good, without feeling that he owed a debt to the Rhine, the extent of which he might not have felt but for his pilgrimage to Ehrenbreitstein.

Let me speak of the structure of the fortress. The rock does not end above in an uninterrupted level outline. No. It rises very irregularly, with projections upward, pinnacled,

with spaces between. Well, in building the fort, the outline has not been altered so as to produce a horizontal surface upon which to erect the walls of the fortress, but the spaces are *built into* and above the pinnacles, or projections when necessary, so that, with an originally very irregular outline, the surface line is perfectly uniform, or horizontal. The effect of this is excellent, and you feel sure of the strength of works which have had such principles in their construction. Look at the splendid bronze statue of Peter Veliki, Peter the Great, in the Admiralty, in St. Petersburg, and see how the rock is hurt, in its effect, by the paring down of roughnesses, and smoothing the edges of fractures to give to it grace. Its chiefest grace was its strength,—for this only could be in harmony with that which it supports. The rock upon the Rhine remains as it was, and so does that upon the Elbe, upon which is the Koenigstein. Man's work in these, respects those of nature, and has not dreamed of making them better. One is sad that a spot sacred to the worship of nature,—yes, consecrated by its infinite beauty to the loftiest offices, should have been brought into the service of war. But the times promise it a long peace,—an unbroken rest. It may be in another and better age, when a truer civilization has been reached, the wild flower, and vine, and grass, will grow over, and cover up these works of man, and the Broad Stone of Honour recover from the desolation of ages, as has the Rhine Palace of the King of Prussia; and in the ministries of hospitality, regal, and neighbourly, show that the age of war is gone, and the gentle rule of peace has succeeded.

Left Coblenz in the Prinzessen von Prussen,—the Prussian Princess,—on my return voyage upon the Rhine. The day was fine. I was now occupied in seeing the same things seen before, but in a reversed order. The voyage was exceedingly pleasant. Whether it was that I had learned something of the scenery, that it so much delighted me, or not, I cannot say, but am sure that the new aspects of old

scenes were very pleasing. The simple change in the direction of the sun's rays, brought with it new surfaces,— new mountain outlines,— may I not say new mountains? I knew indeed every important point I had seen before; but the knowledge was power, and increased the interest of what I saw a second time, or to-day.

**MANHEIM.**—About twelve, midnight, by the light of a brilliant moon, I landed near the Hotel de l'Europe in *Manheim*. I shall not forget the effects produced by moon light upon the scenery of this night voyage. The Duchy is in a state of siege, martial law having replaced the civil. Why this is so, I, of course, know not, and I certainly never should have dreamed of such a thing; the besieged being and acting very much like other folk. The soldiers were about everywhere of course, for on the Continent where you see a man you almost invariably see a soldier. I saw a review on the parade. The siege may be for the benefit of the otherwise unused military. *Manheim* is a neat, quiet, comfortable place. The people seemed well off, and apparently lived upon little labour, but in what this consisted I could not see. One can understand how people get along in the country. There is labour, and this produces something to observer, as well as to employer and employed. The population is small to the surface, and so want of employment may be rare. But in these cities, so compact, so small, so crowded and covered with men and their habitations, with apparently so little employment, it always seems to me as if there must be some difficulty in settling the question of supply and demand. The unused army may be a convenience, as more opportunity for employment may be secured to the people, and the government pays the army. But the people pay the government. Whence the revenue? I go to the market in these cities. It is well supplied. The country does its part, and liberally, in meats, vegetables, fruits. The sea, or river, furnishes fish. You see it comes from

labour at a distance, this market abundance. It is all bought up early, carried home, so that by two, P. M., the square or market is perfectly clean, as if all sorts of things had not covered it a moment before. The masses then do get work, — eat and drink, — go to the beer houses, — to the theatre, — enjoy themselves as do others, — do not die of starvation. The hardest service of the people here is to support mere idlers, soldiers, and government, — neither of which orders support themselves, — to pay these, and provide for itself, its nameless real wants, and its rarer luxuries. It seems as if labour can hardly reserve enough from its toil to make new strength for new toil. Look where you may, the same story comes in endless repetition. The masses must work, and trust their recompense to circumstances, which they cannot controul. I say masses. Every worker does the same whose whole capital is in his mind or hands, or both. The highest of the professions and the lowest occupations, have alike their sustenance in or out of what they do, — not as do others, — capitalists, — whose interest rolls up, or rolls in, without their stir. Such men rarely *work*. They hardly understand the meaning of the word. A Daniel Webster may strain his great intellect almost to bursting, — may work as such idlers cannot dream of ; and may be paid with money, the making of which has not cost his employer two thoughts. I say may, for is not the pay of all professional men, — the physician with the rest, — somewhat contingent? The professional man has worked with body and mind, — night and day, — in cold and heat, — and when the year is ended, if his employer have saved enough to pay every other demand, and leave an overplus for the future, the professional creditor may get his remuneration. The day labourer is the more independent of the two. He must be paid, for except he eat, he cannot work. The capitalist lives then upon his income ; and the labourer cannot long subsist upon idleness. Men ever demand the most toil for the least possible wages. The harmony of society,

as now constituted, would be disturbed, we are told, by a more liberal competition, a true co-operation; and so a less oppressive industry. There would be, however, in a co-operative system, the immense advantage of allowing labour, time for a true culture, and for true intellectual uses; and toil then would be alike for mind and for body. The great problems here involved are to be resolved some time. Let us wait, doing what we may till the fulness of time become.

I walked among the barracks. These are extensive, airy, well built, and I was told are kept in excellent order. The soldier is the most reckless, careless of men. He is wholly supported by others,—has, literally, nothing more to do than to appear on parade,—his dress and equipments being in perfect order,—and there learn the trade of death,—the science of killing,—he himself always having the chance of being dealt with as it is his trade to deal with others. Policy requires that a state maintained by an army should take care of the soldier. The burden upon the Grand Duke of Baden may not seem great, as his army amounts only to fifteen or twenty thousand men. But this is in exact proportion to the extent of the state, and the tax upon industry is the same as elsewhere. The size of the Grand Duke's army has its compensation in his alliances offensive and defensive with Prussia and Austria. They are to protect him, and he them, as the case may be. I have heard of very small armies in my wanderings among German Dukedoms. I one day asked the name of a station. I was told it was *Pikenbush*,—at least this was my nearest spelling of the name. I looked up, and saw plainly printed on the station house, Büchenburg. This not looking much like Pikenbush, I asked again for the name of the station. I got the same answer, and something more. Soon after I learned this was a Dukedom,—that the present Grand Duke inherited it from his father. It is his estate, and not being *very* large, his standing army is very small, *three* men

all told. This army is only in service on certain state occasions, such as visits from Kings, or Dukes, and then it is thus: When a royal or ducal visitor comes to Büchenburg, the *army* is at the entrance of the duchy to receive them, and having done so, passes rapidly to some other marked point, and there does the same; and so on until the illustrious visitor is fairly in the farmstead palace, or castle. The Duke, in the Diet, is as much of a *leader* as the best of them. Now this history, as related to me, may be only a myth, a fable, and the Germans are proverbially poetic. I am the more inclined to question some points in this account, as I was once told the contingent of Homburg, near Frankfurt, to the confederacy is very small; whereas I find it in print to be *two hundred men*. This certainly beats the Duchy in numbers, and may serve to correct the error of report, if error exist.\*

We left Manheim about ten, A. M., taking the rail for Strasburg. As we advance we perceive a change in the language, the French growing constantly more and more frequent. I am daily called to notice the universality of the French language, — how common it is to meet it in the midst of other tongues. In women I have most frequently met with this. Northern nations have much facility in learning languages. For ages the Latin tongue was the language of education in the universities, and in Hungary

\* While this work is passing through the press, I have met with the following account of the Duke of Büchenburg in a newspaper of the day. I see the spelling of the name of his capital differs from mine, which was copied from that on the station.

“Buckeburg, the capital of the little principality of Schaumburg Lippe, was recently the scene of great festivity. The sturdy prince, who is upwards of seventy years of age, of which he has reigned thirty-nine, celebrated his golden or fortieth marriage anniversary. He is so robust, and leads such a healthy and invigorating life, that the chances are he will live to celebrate his diamond or fiftieth wedding jubilee, and this, as the gossips of Krehwinkel-Buckeburg assert, with full title to the Dunmow flitch.”

it was almost a vernacular. I well remember hearing an American traveller, who is an excellent scholar, say, that finding himself near by a German university, out of which the classes were passing, he addressed one in English, and then in French, as far as this would go. But, as he did not get ahead much, he resolved to try Latin. He was at once understood. The German, where it is vernacular, is not spoken with equal accuracy or elegance everywhere. Different states have their peculiarities, and provincialisms are not wanting. Thus, in Heidelberg, and throughout Baden, German is the least elegant. In Hanover the language is most perfect. The French is very common in Germany. I travelled with an Italian family, who spoke German and French. It was diverting to hear this family speaking such diverse tongues, and passing from one to the other without the least effort. It was clear that they did not mean that any body else in the carriage should understand much which they said. I allude to this subject here to speak of another, which has interested me. It is, that I have rarely met on the Continent, with Germans, well spoken English. In Russia the English is almost as perfect as it is from the mouth of an Englishman. This state of things, — this non-intercourse, is, of all things, the most annoying to the traveller. But that I have with me a courier, who speaks every language of every people I have visited, I should have made out most wretchedly. You want something. You go into a shop to get it. You might have as well gone to the deserts of Arabia for it. You are not understood. You cannot make yourself understood. A friend of mine in Germany wanted a hat-case. He hunted a town over. He asked for it. In natural signs he tried to describe it, but in vain. Two German words, for hat case, would have saved all the trouble. Two friends of mine were travelling alone in a diligence, before railway times. They were strangers to each other. After long silence, one addressed the other in such French as was his. The other had none, or less

than his fellow-traveller, and conversation soon lagged, and then stopped. German was next tried, but failure followed. At length an English word crept in, or out. "Can *you* speak English?" cried one. "Can *you*?" screamed the other, and there was no more silence. Another friend, this was a lady, had lighted at an inn in Italy, for the night, and it being cool, having examined the bed, asked for a blanket. The chamber-maid did not understand a word she said. Then by signs and words together, she laboured to be understood. But constant failure. At last, with the quick sagacity of a woman, she cried Baa, — Baa, and the sheep's clothing, in the form of a nice blanket, was brought at once. I have heard of another lady, (they were of America,) who was told that, by adding an *o* to English words, very tolerable Italian would be produced. As the story goes, she adopted this method, and succeeded admirably. Thus: *Haveo youo anyo lodgingo? et cætero.*

Money matters are a great torment on the Continent. Every state has its own currency. Exchanges are made with both loss and difficulty, especially where the language, the name, and value of coins are unknown. If you are not very careful, you will insensibly get your purse filled with dead money, as ruinous to pleasant travel, as dead water to a ship's progress; and then the chances of being cheated, — not the least of the annoyances of such useless coin.

I cannot leave Germany, without a passing word of gratitude for the privileges which were mine, and the pleasures I enjoyed, while a sojourner in its wide and noble territory. How vast have been its contributions to the literature, the philosophy, the arts and the science, which adorn nations, and keep in sure progress the civilization of the world. There was another aspect in which Germany is seen with interest. I mean its *humanity*. I do not use this word in its popular and restricted sense, — the performance of certain duties to each other in certain relations, — poverty and riches for instance. I use the word in its higher signifi-

cance, — that never-forgotten provision by states, whole nations, for the highest intellectual and moral elevation, and the surest means of individual comfort and questionless pleasure. You see everywhere in Germany, industry, and in the closest connection its generous products. The labour is light. The product sure. The climate and the surface, the sky and the earth, concur to make Germany as comfortable, as agreeable, as is any other portion of the material universe. The physical has and preserves its powers; and for use, to a degree I have rarely seen equalled elsewhere. Then how wide is intellectual culture. It is somewhat forced, indeed, for its elements, which are provided by the state, must be used. The child must go to school. He learns to read, and in this simple possession he has not only the means, but also the promise, and prophecy of any and every degree of human culture. Here is *humanity* in Germany. It is in education, in soil, in climate, and in a good physical organization. They are strong men, — these Germans. They are hard thinkers, and firm speakers, and strong actors. They have applied thought, man's reason, to theology, and after a manner unknown before. This has disturbed minds which have rested in authority for their faith and creed; but to others it has given a character to theology, — the most important study to which the mind can devote itself, — which to many it never had before. It has related it to all other human concerns, and must have an important agency in the future Christian civilization. I am glad to have passed so much time here. I only regret that it was not longer. How happy should I be to see it again. In the Indian Summer of human life, — that return for a few days of the warm autumn, standing upon the threshold of the coming winter, as if to shake hands before it die, — in that momentary rejuvenescence which sometimes blesses old age, — how happy should I be to give some of its hours again to foreign travel; and again find myself in the pleasant scenes, — the cheerful happy life of Germany.

STRASBURG. — After leaving Manheim, on the way to Strasburg, a change is soon seen in the surface of the land. It is quite flat. The Rhine is not far distant. In the mineral water region of Baden Baden the country rises, and at Buhl, mountains and forests surround you. I was glad to find myself again among these old acquaintances. It had rained in the fore part of the day, but in the latter part it was clear, and the level rays of the sun came back to us from mountain side, and forest leaf, with great richness and beauty. At length we crossed the Rhine for the last time, and were in France.

We reached Strasburg late in the afternoon, but early enough to notice its approaches, and their principal objects. Towering above all else of man's work, is the spire of the Minster, the Dom, or the Cathedral, for so are such church buildings variously called. It stands alone and dark, — yes, black, with the accumulations of ages. You see at a distance where it is distinctly visible, the spire and a part of the tower only. Yet such are their perfect proportions that you have no feeling of the heavy, the clumsy, which otherwise such an unrelieved, and enormous mass would produce. The spire bounds your prospect, — or rising directly out of the far-off horizon, — for you are looking across a level, — it leans against or rests upon the sky as its natural support. It is nearly five hundred feet high, and cannot be first seen without deep emotion. I said *the* lofty spire. There is but one, and this not rising from the centre of the façade of the church, but from one of its angles or corners, suggests another as essential to the completeness of the architecture. I was, in fact, told that failure in the means is the cause of its unfinished condition. There stands its simple spire in widowed solitude, bearing itself nobly, and there it probably will ever remain alone. The architecture is somewhat mixed, the Gothic spire and clustered column, — with the Roman arch. At least this diversity may be found in it. But nothing disturbs the solemn majesty, the re-

pose of the whole. Its vastness silences detail; and criticism has no voice in its presence. But vastness here does not exclude detail. Oh, no. Such is the exquisite finish, — the elaborateness of the walls, and roof, and spire, that they seem as covered with an exquisite lace. Some notion may be got of immensity here by standing near the tower upon which rests the spire. It rises within the church, and, without any disposition to exaggerate, it seemed large enough to fill the body of one of our largest churches. The demand for such a structure is in the enormous height, and weight of the spire. It is built throughout of stone, and nothing could resist its crushing weight but the stupendous foundation upon which it rests, — the tower. This is formed of columns, and few things impress one more than to see them in their vast size ascending till they end in giving origin to the spire, which seems to be their growth. There is an effect produced by this spire which I have noticed again and again in very high structures of the same kind. They seem less tall than they really are. The deception may be owing to their great size. They are seen so well at such vast heights, that one cannot lose the feeling that they are nearer the eye than they are. The spire of the Strasburg Dom, strongly impressed me in this way, and I felt disappointed at its apparent want of height. There was wanting that indistinctness which we always associate with the distant. Mountains often deceive us. Seen many miles off, — standing alone on the traveller's horizon, — of the colour of the distant sky, or distinguished from it by the lights or shades of salient or receding masses, — or shining above the clouds in the lustre of their own sun, — mountains seem under these, and related aspects strike us by their height, and masses. The White Mountains, seen from Winnipiseogee Lake, a great distance off, I think always impress the traveller with the idea of their height. As we approach, the height diminishes. We have neighbouring elevations to measure by. The mountain side is cultivated

a certain way up. Then we have trees,—next, diminished vegetation,—then the naked rock reflecting the light so strongly as not to fail to bring the mountain nearer,—to diminish the height,—then perpetual snow, or ice, glistening in the summer sun, making us to wonder that what is so fully seen,—is so near to us,—has not melted long ago. Great height produces vagueness, uncertainty in the objects looked for. The illusion is hurt by hints offered by what is easily seen, for these are, or involve questions of height. Raise a spire very high. Let it be small, tapering thinly and rapidly away. Place upon it a vane, representing a man, and of man's size. You will barely see it sufficiently to learn how it points. You have here the elements of height, or of its idea. Let such a spire be only two hundred feet, and it will seem higher than that of Strasburg, which is five hundred.

Some have said that the body of the church is too low for the tower and spire. It is on a plain,—perfectly level spot. So is Isaak Church in St. Petersburg,—and the body is kept down by the depressed state of the basement. But I was not stinted of a particle of my admiration, as I stood in the solemn presence of this grand and venerable work of man, by the fault-finding about the proportions of its members. You feel that this Strasburg Cathedral is related to the permanent in its present freshness, and in the assurances of history. It is throughout its exterior in perfect preservation. It is coated with dust and soot,—with all and everything, which time can give. Is it not to these that its preservation as well as its colour, are to be ascribed, and not to the kind of stone? The Cathedral in Cologne was begun about two hundred years after this. But the decay of the stone is very remarkable. The liberality of the Czar, as I heard, had enabled the city to proceed with the work, for it is still very far from completion. The Czar is brother-in-law to the King of Prussia. The contrast between the old stone and the new is striking indeed. I saw in another city

a public building of red sandstone, the age of which I could not learn, but in which the stone of the walls everywhere is so deeply decayed, that an entire new facing by thin layers of a stone is in progress. The restoration by this sort of *stone veneering* will be perfect. The effect of what is already done is excellent. The stone is compact, unaffected by moisture, heat, cold, air. It is a very important fact in the architecture of the exterior, that the material is so enduring. You can imagine nothing so delicate, so elaborate, as the work upon the spire, and exterior, or body of this church. The stone is cut into all sorts of forms. The spire is lace work in stone, and the light passing freely through its meshes, gives beauty, lightness, grace, to what is so vast as to amaze you by its effects.

I cannot get away from this wonderful work. I enter it again. Here I see decay. Repair keeps pace with it. You everywhere see stones which have been recently inserted, or walls renewed, or more frequently, new work added, to finish an original intention, which seems to have been first deferred, and then forgotten. The greatest care is taken of the whole interior. It is regularly washed, but with great caution that architectural points, fine sculptures, should not be hurt by the process. Distinctness is everywhere. Everything tells its story. The light is on the projecting edge, or outline. The shadow is between all parts which are so related as to prevent the equal entrance of light. The effects are beautiful, and you cannot but feel grateful that there was a time in human history when such works might be begun, and that the latest ages have not neglected them. There are beautiful carvings in wood, wherever wood may be used as pulpits, &c. The light comes in through painted glass, so perfect in its old history, and which astonishes you by its amount, and delights you by the exquisiteness of its execution. I can give you no idea of such size, such vastness,— of such antiquity, and such preservation, as give tone and character to this cathedral. I have rarely, if ever

before, had the consciousness of these elements of the sublime so clearly, so absolutely revealed to me.

Strasburg Cathedral, the history of which is before me,\* was built amidst storms and war, — lightning and tempests, — and which, since its completion, has met with disaster on all hands, so that a writer says, “ They reach to such an amount that a volume would scarcely suffice for a list of them.” This church stands to this day, the illustration and the proof of human progress in a matter of the deepest human interest, and a specimen of the highest human art. Time, sometimes, has given his busy hand to the work of destruction; but human devotion and care have interposed to repair the waste, and to preserve and to carry it forward to the endless future. What has such claims on human reverence and care?

My next visit was to the Temple of St. Thomas. This establishment dates from 670, when St. Florent, Bishop of Strasburg, founded on its site a small hospital for certain monks, his countrymen. A hundred and sixty years after, Bishop Adeloch restored the church, made to it large gifts, and converted it into a college. It remained such till 1007, when it was burned down. At the accession of William to the Episcopal See, he rebuilt it, and inaugurated it in 1031. The Chapter was secularized in 1374, and the revenues transferred to the prebend. So things remained till the Reformation, the principles of which were adopted by the canons of St. Thomas. By an agreement made in 1548, between the magistrates of Strasburg and the Bishop Erasmus, this last consented to the alienation of the revenues of the chapter of St. Thomas, and approved of the use which

\* The words completed and completion occur in this account of the Cathedral of Strasburg. It, however, is not finished. It has but one spire. The other tower patiently waits for its fellow. This is alluded to, because in America, I remember at least one church in which this striking defect in the Strasburg Dom is copied as an architectural perfection, — *two towers*, as has the Strasburg Dom, with *one spire*.

had been made of them. Since then the professors of the ancient university, and afterwards those of the Protestant seminary, have enjoyed the stipends of this church. I was told that of the revenue of St. Thomas, a large part was paid to the Cathedral. This brings to mind what was told me of an accommodation between Catholics and Protestants, in a matter of worship, in Heidelberg. I was walking one day in Heidelberg, with Mr. — —, and saw a large, and very long building in the middle of a wide street, or square. Said my friend, there is a history about this church which may interest you. One end of it is used by Protestants, and the other by Catholics. There is no division for this accommodation, but this is compensated for by an arrangement between the two religions. One uses the church in the forenoon, the other in the afternoon. Peace in the house of God is thus preserved among the worshipping Christians. I am reminded by this anecdote of a somewhat similar arrangement, if such was ever made, between two sects, in a town not far from my home in America. An Orthodox church, so called, had, for a century or more, stood on the side of a square, or market-place. In the progress of religious ideas, a Unitarian place of worship was built nearly opposite to it. Said a friend, a humourist, to me one day, when I was speaking of what had occurred, "The Lord's people have agreed to come out of their churches at different hours, lest they should fight in the market place." Among the objects of interest in St. Thomas' are some sculptures, — the monument of Marshal de Saxe, placed here by Louis XV., busts of Oberlin and of Koch, and two mummies, discovered in 1802. There are also some pictures.

Let me say a word or two about Strasburg. It is a nice city, having somewhere about seventy thousand inhabitants, forty thousand Protestants, and thirty thousand Catholics. At least so I am told. There are eight thousand soldiers to keep the other thousands in order. I said to one who told

me this, that they must be sad fellows in Strasburg, to require so many soldiers to preserve order,—for that in my country we had hardly double that number of public muskets to keep the peace, with a population of between twenty and thirty million. He was quite amused at our peace establishment. My courier asked me if I wished to go to the theatre. I asked of the play, actors, &c. He said Madame *Rackal*, or *Rascal*, or somebody else, was to play,—that she was celebrated,—and that the play was *Adrienne*. I directed him to get a ticket, and went. Of the play I can say but little. It was, of course, in French. I had never read it, or seen it before. It was "Greek" to me. Rachel, in her great power, told the story. The power was in her commanding person, her face, expression, voice, manner. She was at home in the character, and lived in it. You did not, for a moment, lose the consciousness of being in the presence of the greatest actress of the age. I thought her power was most strikingly manifested in her low, sometimes, lowest tones. The silence of the house was as profound as if she alone were in it. The theatre is large, and dark, from the colour of the walls and ceiling, and want of lights. The stage was perfectly well lighted. There was no orchestra. Scenes were changed, and curtain raised, by strokes of a hammer on the floor of the stage. The manner of the audience attracted my attention at once. From the beginning to the ending, there was perfect, and entire silence, and fixed attention. There was no music, still the intervals between the acts were not disturbed by impatience, or noisy demands of any kind, or for anything. Even applause was subdued to the occasion, and had its depth in its delicacy. It was hearty, without being deafening. In regard to the prevailing character of the audience towards the actors, a like respectful attention was paid to all. It seemed to matter not who were on the stage, or what was said, or how. The crowded parquette was equally attentive, and still. I saw in all this two agencies

in operation, which are sure to produce such effects. First, the authority of government, as felt in every public interest. Secondly, the national sense of propriety, — the correspondence of individual conduct with public duty. You say all this is outside, superficial, heartless, and forced. Very well. In what other way can the real be expressed? If the merely artificial, the conventional life of a people, as you call it, be decent, be refined, — if it serve and please you, and everybody else, — what more do you want? You look for the national character in the conduct of the many, and of the few. If this be marked by courtesy, — by a desire to please, why go behind the record to hunt up causes? Suppose the effort to please you is to be paid for. What better thing is there in the social market? What better can money buy? I, for one, say it is grateful to me, and I will do what I can to show my sense of it. If it demand a journey, — a voyage of one thousand leagues, to find it, — I am on hand to undertake it.

In my walks I met with many things which interested me. Among these is a very fine statue of Güttenberg, usually called the inventor of the printing press. Kleber, who was a native of Strasburg, with the above, and was killed by a fanatic Turk, while at the head of the French forces in Egypt, after Bonaparte's return to France, has a statue to his memory in the city. It stands in the Place D'Armes, and, as a work of art, attracts much attention. This is a most clean, neat city. The streets are swept often every day by women, who know how to sweep.

The quiet of these cities is great. I have before alluded to it, and here it is as striking as elsewhere. People attend to what they are interested in. I was sitting at my window early one damp, somewhat chilly, morning, and witnessed the following: A large load of wood was stopped at a door opposite. A woman well dressed, with bonnet on, came out, and stood on the street side of the long four-wheeled cart. A man soon appeared with a long measuring pole.

The woman, with hands in pockets, watched the process of unloading with most attentive eye. The measurer stuck up two uprights, for supports of the pile, or range, about to be made of the wood, and the process began. Every stick was watched. A crooked or knotty one was at once rejected, and put aside. Sometimes a large gnarled crooked log would turn up. It was at once challenged, and rejected. The whole quantity might have been between two and three cords, and nearly an hour was used in placing and measuring it. But there stood the lady. She scarcely moved, following with her eye the whole process. The peasant did just what she ordered, and without the least question. It was to me a whole history.

Soon after the wood came a wagon, with lids opening at both ends, like our city scavenger wagons, only longer and wider. Two men sat in front. They stopped opposite my window. One of the men looked behind with much interest, and soon jumped to the ground, and walked fast behind the wagon. I saw him stop close by a peasant's cart, and seizing a middle sized dog, took him under his arm, and walked back to his wagon. The peasant remonstrated, but it was no use. The man with the dog raised the tail end lid. The cart was full of dogs. They were of fair size, of a yellowish or reddish brown colour, fine, handsome dogs, as you will ever see. They were perfectly quiet, as much so as any Strasburger. Not a bark, nor a yell, nor a whine. They looked at the stranger, as the man thrust the new comer amongst them, with calm countenance, but as if thinking the "coach was full." I asked the meaning of all this. Hydrophobia has been very rife in France, and to prevent it, a law was passed, that if a dog was abroad without a string about his neck, and the other end in the owner's hand, he should be taken up and "dealt with." The peasant's dog came within the category, and, with his new acquaintances, was, when I last saw him, on his way to sacrifice.

PARIS.—Left Strasburg for Paris. We filled the coach, as we thought, perfectly, with ourselves and luggage, and with six fine horses, three abreast, we got on swimmingly. We had not proceeded far, however, before we had a somewhat inconvenient addition to our party. Fourteen conscripts, *en route* to some military station, mounted our loaded carriage, and bestowed themselves in the banquette on the top of the diligence. They were fine looking young men, or rather boys, ranging from sixteen to eighteen, and as full of fun as they well could be. At every stopping place, these fourteen pair of legs came dangling down in front of the coupé, where I sat, and were to be dangled up again before we started. Their owners found something very attractive in the inns, for they were as slow as they could be about leaving them, and evidently came out with higher or better spirits than they entered with. They laughed, and roared, and sang at the top of their voices, and kicked about as much as their narrow quarters permitted. At nightfall we reached Nancy. Nancy is the terminus of the day's travel, and here we passed the night. Through our whole route we were beset with beggars, men, women, and children. They were wretched looking enough, but seemed better off than the Austrian specimens of the same. The children especially looked healthy and comfortably clad. These incursions of poverty were made all along the hillsides, the coach crawling slowly up their heights, giving ample time for the various exhibitions of the suffering of the neighbourhoods. The railway will be fatal to all this beggary, and what will become of the beggars who have so long depended upon the roadside charity, I cannot tell.

At six, P. M., precisely, Saturday evening, the day's work was ended by my entering Paris. It seemed as if life, going on everywhere, were active without restlessness. Sunday was an exquisite morning, its temperature making walking a luxury, and showing everything in its very best dress. Opposite my window is the Tuileries Garden. This garden

gets its name from *tuile*, or *tile*, for here tiles were once made. It is now the pride of Paris,—a garden of between fifty and sixty acres, with a palace attached,—the last for the monarch,—the first for the people. You feel at once which is the best provided for. The garden is full of old trees, orange trees of large size among the rest,—flowers for sight and for smell. Ample walks for the million and a half, and large spaces for all sorts of temporary amusements. Tuilleries Garden is constantly used, and enjoyed by all. It lies in the midst of the city, with the Rue Rivoli on one side, and the Seine on the other. The palace was begun by Catherine de Medici, wife of Henry II. Henry IV. extended and finished the gallery (1600.) Louis XIV. enlarged it in 1654, and completed the great gallery for the arts. Napoleon began a gallery leading to the *Place Rivoli* and street St. Honoré, which he did not finish. The Rue Rivoli is of great length, with buildings on one side the lower stories, of which are shops with a colonnade, and making a wide walk protected from the summer sun and rain. This fine street is now forcing its way in a straight line as far as the Place Bastile, and when completed will be between four and five miles in length.

I came to a large building, in form a Grecian temple, with its pediment with its supporting colonnade; and the lateral colonnades, which support the overlapping roof at its sides. This is the Madeleine. The modern church is not only frequently modelled on the old temple, but the name applied to it is sometimes derived from a building which was not a temple. It is thus sometimes called a *basilica*. Now this name was originally given to a court of justice, or a place of meeting on public affairs. Constantine gave to the Christians some of these basilica for their meetings, and hence the name *basilica* became common in this use of it. Another explanation is that the basilica had colonnades, and so had the early churches, and hence the name became common to both. The temple never pleases me as a church. In the

ancient simplicity of its interior, if this be strictly followed, we may have poverty, not grandeur ; and if we break it up for accommodating-pews for religious uses, vastness is lost in the process. The Gothic is grand in its immensity, and harmonious in its exquisite detail. You never feel disappointed when you pass from the outer magnificence into that which it contains ; or for which it is. You stand in astonishment in such a fulfilment which so exceeds the promise. You walk with noiseless steps, — and speak with subdued voice. Truly is the old cathedral a poem written in immortal pages, and forever singing of devotion, — of love, — of aspiration, — ever in tune, — in harmony with the worship of the Infinite.

I went into the Madeleine. It was the forenoon service. The people imperfectly filled about a third of the place. They were supplied with chairs at a *sous* a piece, an excellent arrangement, as it prevents the impertinence, and exclusiveness of pews, a deformity which probably does more to keep people from church than any other fact relating to public worship, so called. The preacher began his sermon soon after I had hired a chair. His person and manner are excellent. He was eloquent, as is he who, to such a work, brings earnestness, grace of manner, and a good voice. As, however, to me he spoke in a tongue, if not unknown, imperfectly known, I followed the example of some who did know it, and walked out into the genial sunlight of the beautiful day. The evening service has the attraction of the best music in Paris, and the Madeleine is then filled to overflowing, — a victory of art over preaching. Then it is that wealth, fashion, rank, is out of door with the multitude, and on its way to the temple.

I wandered about, acquiring as I went, more and more knowledge of this vast metropolis of a great nation. The knowledge was literally superficial, but exactly such as a stranger most wants on his advent into so wide and to him hourly, or less, changing scene. Towards evening I strolled

into the garden, and into its near neighbour, the Champs Elysées. The people were gathering from all quarters. Paris was out of doors. The hour was perfectly beautiful. The day dawned with the smile of welcome, and its farewell was without a sigh. All were nicely dressed, and manner was in harmony with their appearance. It was quiet, civil, accommodating. A well dressed man with a child in his arms and accompanied by a woman with three children, passed. Said my companion, "That man is a mechanic, and those with him his family. He has made enough by his week's work to support them, and now he is over here in the garden, for their plaisiré, and his own." You need be in Paris but a short time to learn how easy it is for crowds to be perfectly polite, courteous, without interfering at all with each other's convenience and pleasure, but on the contrary, promoting both. Sunday is the weekly holiday of Paris. The churches are crowded, and the streets and shops not deserted. The Garden is the centre of attraction in the evening. All sorts of arrangements are made for the public amusement. Shows of all kinds abound, from the most simple,—for instance, a dog leaping over a string held by two boys, at a height which, at first, seems too great for him to surmount, but which you see is kindly accommodated to his power during the experiment, and this to the entire satisfaction of his young audience,—to a raised and enclosed platform with an open front, in which is performed some slight vaudeville, or slighter concert. A space in front is filled with seats between which waiters are constantly passing, offering coffee, creams, lemonade, &c., and a sous or two worth of either gives you a seat as well as a sight, and hearing of the performance. The variety and simplicity of the means of amusement, especially attract the stranger. I have spoken of the dancing dog. A woman had her circle, though her principal attraction was a hand-organ, and a dog standing on his hind legs, and holding a cap for money in his fore-paws. A man weighed people, and as it is a weak-

ness, or a privilege, to learn what is one's weight, in the society in which one moves, this man had much custom. There were turn-abouts of various kinds. One had vessels in full sail, with colours flying, and flying themselves, filled with children as happy as children could be. Their mothers, or others, were fellow-travellers of the air, and prevented accidents. This whole affair was very tasteful, and the mechanism allowed of motions resembling that of waves. A girl played a harp with an accompaniment. This exhibition was very popular. It was added to, by a pretty child nicely dressed, mounted on high stilts, which she managed admirably, gracefully bowing to receive the money for the musical part of the entertainment. But why extend the record? I could fill pages with the means in use for the Sunday, the holiday amusement. All sorts of things, for all sorts of demand. Eating and drinking were simple and abundant, and the pleasure was in harmony with everything you saw and heard—in every face, and in every movement. What most strikes the stranger is this perfect satisfaction with everything, as declared by vast assemblages, and the obvious wish that everybody should enjoy the scene. I wandered about with my courier, talking the American and the Danish English, but nobody took the trouble, or was so uncivil as to turn round to observe the strangers. But wherever we came, or stopped to see something which had attracted a local crowd, some little movement would be seen when our voices were heard,—some opening made, which gave us a chance to see what was in hand. This gave no disturbance to others. There was no hurry in the courtesy, and it was impossible to avoid some expression of pleasure, at what an earlier experience elsewhere might not have led you to look for. There was not the slightest shade of servility in it. Now if a government really exists which can develope in large masses of men, under any circumstances, a manner so wholly welcome, and truly agreeable, I can only say it is a government which does not rule a world.

HOSPITAL OF INVALIDS.—I was everywhere in the midst and presence of this living Paris. Few objects attracted my attention more than the soldiers of the Hospital of Invalids, hard by. The old men of war were here, such portions of them as battle had left. Some with one eye,—others with one leg,—here an arm was wanting,—and there a part of the face. But whatever the mutilation, what was left was alive, and living, and life seemed as happy with these old men, as with the youngest child. They wore the old uniform, bringing to the present the sure memorials of the long past. You saw in them the remnant of Wagram and of Moscow, and felt that, in a few short years, the warriors in the first Empire would be no more. Was there not justice in this munificent endowment of the Hospital of Invalids by Louis XIV.,—in this provision for men forced into battle, and who had come out of its bloody service to support life with only fragments of a body which had been so miraculously preserved? The terrible spirit of the Revolution spared this relic of an earlier and sterner tyranny than that which it crushed; and the latest has not diverted from it the means of its sufficient and liberal support. The “Invalids” is placed just where it can be always seen, and by the greatest numbers. Here may be a motive for soldier making. It is a compensation in reserve,—a sort of social or rather political make-weight of charity, which it were unmitigated cruelty not to have provided. The evil of war given, every species of compensation becomes an obligation, a duty, which it were simple savagery to avoid. The Invalid was of this great Garden company, and I looked at him with the deepest interest. You know this military *corps*, if such a term can be applied to such mutilated men. I said they wear a uniform. It is blue, with slight touches of other colours. They have another and more distinctive uniform,—an uniform of non-conformity. It is in all sorts of mutilation, and all sorts of contrivances to supply such varied deficiency of bodily members.

You see in them, and what had been attempted for them, what society tries to do to cover up, or supply what has become deficient by its own terrible wrong. If the man be killed outright, and leaves widow or orphans, the state may adopt them, and make such provision as it can for the woful loss. It is in this way, it was said, and no apology is needed for the repetition, — society unconsciously, it may be, offers motives for the continuance of the greatest national evils, — a premium on customs over which humanity mourns, and in which Christianity sees and feels the chiefest obstacles to its surest triumphs. I was glad to see these old, decrepit, maimed men. They are in the midst of innocent, childish amusements, indeed, but which seemed to have a meaning when you saw their age, their weakness, their sure progress to that time, when the child returns upon the man, as a prelude to a new birth, and another life. The Invalid took his seat, smoked his cigar, drank his lemonade, and seemed as happy as the youngest and the best of them. I wish you were here to see, in this great city, how strong are the instincts in man's nature, — how sure are their rule, and how easily they may be satisfied, — in short, to see so much pleasure provided and enjoyed at so exceedingly small an outlay of the means. Is it not true, that to be easily pleased, is the secret of pleasure?

In regard to the building itself, simplicity prevails every-where. The floorings in the ceilings are uncovered, as in buildings rather for use than for show; and corresponding plainness prevails. The church is fine, large, and lofty, and hung with flags from battle fields; some much worse or better for service. There is among them one English flag, but no American. If the old soldier who guides you learns that you are a Yankee, he will smile when he tells it you. The dormitories are very neat. The beds are full and high, as the French most like. They are covered with neat counterpanes, with a panelled bureau at the foot of each, — wash-stand, night table, &c., at the sides. The

floor is clean, and the ventilation excellent. It was pleasant to see all this preparation for the comfort of men whom, for the most part, by involuntary service, and its sure results, have been deprived of the power of self-support. There is compensation here, as in the whole experience and discipline of life, for the most barbarous and terrible of social evils, war; and one blesses God that for such society has done anything.

The dining halls are as well appointed as the dormitories. There are four of them. About three hundred and sixty dine in each. The average number of invalids is about fourteen hundred. The house is not always the object of chiefest interest. It is not in this. Its inhabitants form its attraction. They make a very singular corps. I saw them in line, as at drill. It may have been to relieve guard. In their infirmity and age, I could not but look back at the other end of life, when, as children, with wooden swords and paper caps, with tin kettles for drums, we marched about, as efficient a soldiery as the mutilated old men before me. Among the invalids there was one who especially attracted notice. He was a very, very old man, they said over one hundred, and was crawling about with a granddaughter of some considerable age. I talked with him, and learned he had seen service,—had been in Quebec, and evidently took pleasure in his reminiscences, and in the attention they received.

But not to the wounded, living soldier, is the whole interest of the Invalids owing. How large a part of it is from death, and in a single instance. In a small room, lies Napoleon. But for him, hard by, is in preparation a monument, of a nation's reverence and love. At one end of the church is a screen, and behind it, in a separated portion of the church, is this monument. Its floor is level with that of the chapel. But in the middle of it is an excavation, into which you descend by steps arranged all around it, and in which is the place of burial. The sarcophagus of black

marble occupies the middle, so that from around, from all sides, your eye rests upon it. The impression made by all around you is of grandeur, expressed by that simplicity which always gives strength to the grand. Architectural details which can aid in the effect, are everywhere in place. Everything is in stone. The floor is of inlaid stone of various colours, and differently arranged in the approach to the spot in which the body is to lie, and in the place itself. In this last they have a radiating arrangement, the rays of yellow stone converging from the circumference to the centre, which is the black marble sarcophagus. On the floor, and near to the screen is an arch, with a simple cross of marble, of great size, near to it. The pillars of the arch are of white and black marble, twisted, and of a polish I do not remember to have seen excelled. About the arch are figures at present covered up, as are many parts of the work to prevent injury, while the heavy stone work is proceeding. It is not easy to conjecture when it will be finished, though apparently so nearly done, so slow is its necessary progress. When it is completed, and the screen is removed which separates it from the body of the church, the effect cannot fail to be such as its object and accomplishment are designed to produce.

**NATIONAL CIRCUS.**—In my rambles, I went into the Champs Elysées and saw a large building, which, as its name imported, was the National Circus. It was still broad daylight, but brilliant lights were seen in the building. What especially attracted attention, was the large number of persons coming to the Circus, and the order of their approach. They were men and women, doubtless seeking admittance, and good places. There was not an approach to a press. There were spaces between parties desirous to sit together. The order and quiet were perfect. There were people enough there to have occasioned infinite annoyance, and yet mutual accommodation was manifested on every side. How is this explained? I am answered, by the police. Power

is at hand to prevent disorder, and so it does not occur to be put down! And what does this say? It says that men and women cheerfully submit to authority, when its possible exercise, not actual use, keeps the folds of dresses, — the richest plaitings of muslin, undisturbed, and coats, bonnets, hats, and heads, in their proper places, and especially ministers to daily and hourly comfort, and pleasure. Yes, it says, that the mere assurance of entire protection does them each and all so obvious a service, that it is never for a moment thought of as an evil. They feel that they are made happier and better by its whole agency.

Now, what is the effect of the municipal system in France? In Paris, on every hand, are exposed to the common gaze, — out of doors, — objects of both nature and art. Gardens, with flowers, shrubs, trees, — arches, fountains, squares, or places with statuary, gateways of elaborate ornament, — all sorts of things are at hand, adapted to the general taste, or fitted to develope it, — to do good by all of refinement they may produce. From the interest I everywhere saw taken in these things, I am sure that they give pleasure, — that they are talked of, criticized by the observer, — that the people know all about them, — are proud of them, — feel that they are their property, their possession, and would defend them as their chiefest treasures. They never touch or injure them. The Revolution killed a king, but spared the Louvre. I stood, and moved among the people who were looking at the fountains, flowers, statues. They were satisfied with looking. Now, there is refinement in this. I go not behind a fact for any other causes than such as are offered by the circumstances. I am satisfied with such a result, let what may aid in its production. It is a great lesson of life which my daily observation here reads to me. I am a stranger, and speak in an unknown tongue to most, but I do not attract attention, am not stared at. I go about to see and hear, and eyes and ears are too common affairs to make their proper

uses matters of notice. I may pass many days here. I may see many things, *lions*, which are to the travelling masses much more attractive than my Sunday experiences just recorded. But I will venture to say that I shall see nothing which will interest me more than have living men,—especially men who have escaped the poor conventions which chiefly act to separate men from each other,—stop the clear and beautiful current of human sympathy, which fuses men into one,—and force classes into the wretched service of that heartless fashion, or exclusiveness, which is destructive to a generous and life-giving relationship. I shall certainly go to the Garden again.

Let me here tell you of individual or personal results of Paris manners and life. You shall have examples from my own experience of them. I had agreed to go to the Opera Comique one evening, with Mr. A. C., a gentleman from home, to whom I am under many obligations. We thought we might be late, and with *national* speed proceeded to the place,—to the house. I struck my foot against a curb-stone, and heavily fell into the mud, which a recent shower had produced, and painfully wounded myself. Hard by was a shop,—a very small shop, with a single candle on the counter. We went in, and a middle aged, simply dressed woman, came from a back room, to know our needs. My story told itself. She went out, and returned at once with wash-bowl and water,—a nice napkin on her arm,—brush and soap in hand, and began, as the phrase is, to “clean me up.” The blood was stanchéd, and the mud removed, and I greatly comforted. I took some money out of my pocket, and handing it to this Samaritan lady, begged her to take as much as would satisfy her, for such offices most kindly bestowed,—such useful services. She declined taking anything. She was happy to have served me, and this was enough. I shall never forget the kindness of that unknown woman.

I had a commission to execute for a female friend at

home, and wishing to proceed in the best manner for the object, called at No. —— Castiglione Street, to be directed to a good and fashionable *artiste*. I got on a card, name, street, and number. You know my constitutional infirmity about finding places. It soon declared itself, and I found myself in that most uncomfortable situation, — Lost. A nice shop was near, with its open door, and in it I sought guidance. I was successful. A very pleasing young female came forward and described to me the way to Mad. ——'s. She saw I was still in the dark, and begged to go and show me the way. At once, without bonnet or shawl, leaving the door wide open, with nobody to guard the shop, she stepped out upon the sidewalk, I following her. After sundry turnings we reached the fashionable millinery, and my fair guide left me, hardly allowing a moment for thanks. It were the easiest thing in the world to fill pages with this sort of incident of travel, and what more grateful ones could I record? It was in both manner and conduct which a distinguished writer calls the expressions of character, in which they had their interest, and have their memory. Courtesy is cheaper than is money, and yet it seems harder to pay. It is a sentiment and an act. In Paris, how commonly, may I not say how universally, do the sentiment and the act accompany each other.

*August* —. — I went to the Legation, and found my despatches were in time for the steamer. The Minister was not in Paris. From Mr. Sandford, Secretary of Legation, I have received civilities which I have not forgotten. I met there an American gentleman, who had intimately known a friend of mine, now dead, and who spoke of him in the warmest manner. He spoke of his knowledge, and how this had led to an introduction which had ended in intimacy. "I was making," said he, "a quotation from an author, in whose works we both felt an interest, when he begged to correct me, which he did, and in a manner which greatly pleased me. From this time our intimacy began." I

asked him if he had not found him somewhat eccentric. "O, yes," said he, "but that did not at all trouble me." Thus you see what, and how intimate are human relations, — how closely is mind united to mind, — how continuous, unbroken, is the great stream of life, and of thought, and how sure is a true humanity to declare itself. Who would have supposed it possible, that so far from home, and in such a room, I should have met with a man I had never before heard of, who so intimately knew that early and true friend of mine, and who was not forgotten by him at such a distance of time, though so long dead.

NOTRE DAME.—This, to me, was an object of great interest, and was visited next. It stands there in its antiquity and darkness in gay Paris as if just as much in place as the Palais Royale, and certainly no two things in the world can be more opposite and unlike. The old church attracts you by its exterior, size, form, sculptures, its age. Human art and human labour have almost wasted themselves in these great results. I might have added religion, for it was this sentiment which underlies such efforts, and such accomplishments. No matter under what form it occupies mind and heart, we have a right to conclude of its depth, and its power, by what visible marks it makes upon its own age, and by the perfect unity it secures with the long future. Notre Dame has withstood all the revolutions, and the chiefest, which it has been said was "without God," — the product of national infidelity, and atheism; which made Talleyrand its bishop, and Anacharsis Cloots, its orator, — even that revolution spared Notre Dame; though, as did the British cavalry with our Old South Church, it did make stable or riding school of its interior. On the inside it is very much as it was left by that terrible passage in human history. You enter it by a small, low door, from the restless, busy street, and in an instant you are beyond its noise and its power. Such is the unobstructed vastness into which you have so suddenly passed, that you forget outside imper-

tinences, and are lost in the intense loneliness which surrounds and encloses you. Such is the plethora, — such the grandeur of column, — of wall, — of ceiling ; such the vastness, — but never oppressing you. The old architecture in a single expression of it, the present cathedral, for instance, seems to have had nothing else to do but to create this one, and entered into the service of the individual, as containing genus, species, all. Years, and centuries, and ages, dragged by, and yet the work was not done. Look at the cathedral in Cologne, and see its earliest portions, ages old, wasting and wasted away, and hear there the busy hammer and trowel of this nineteenth century, — of to-day. I go daily into churches. The door is always open. The old cathedral is not owned, any more than is the sun, and the stars. It owns itself, and generously throws open its doors and its service to the wayfarer, whoever he may be ; and presses him into that service for which alone it is, and has its being. It is the noblest work of man. It has its story and tells it. It is written all over its walls, and devotion and reverence are its teachings.

There was an old woman, and from her clothing, evidently not of the rich, on her knees at the chancel in Notre Dame, and in its vastness and wealth of silence, was saying her unuttered prayer. She was the only one except myself there. It was not an impertinence to stop and mark her devotions. Oh, no, it was not unkind, it was not intruding upon that with which the stranger might not intermeddle. You instinctively pause at such an office, lest by motion you disturb it. I was glad. I rejoiced that this poor wretched looking woman might that moment have that peace which is past finding out, — which the world had not given her ; and which it could not take away. I like this cathedral service, and more in its silence than in its splendour, — this door always open, and which admits me as freely as its most zealous child. I like to leave the wide street, and by crossing the threshold only, find myself in the stillness of the grave,

and where the outward noises never are heard. Was it for this, for this creation, so to speak, of religious repose, that the cathedral, the old church rose so majestically, — enclosed so much space within sanctified walls, and left the world to itself, and allowed the worshipper to escape for a time its poor impertinences, its meaningless noise? And then when we take along with us the all and the whole which belongs to the time-worn cathedral, — the antiquity, the uncertain knowledge of the time when the work began, does it not associate itself with the earliest day, — the world's childhood, and so come to be a part of the Divine, which is forever? With what reverence do we not enter such places. We put off our shoes, for we are on holy ground. We would not break such repose. We would not disturb such silence. It is of the dead, as well as of the living, — of the young, — of the old, — of the poor, and of the rich. A child passed through Notre Dame. At the door, he made the sign of the cross upon his forehead with water which he believed was holy, and was again at play.

**GARDEN OF PLANTS.** — From Notre Dame I went to the Garden of Plants. A sudden and vehement storm of wind and of rain came on and drove us from the Garden, just after I had entered. I sought shelter, and put off my visit to a more convenient season.

**PALAIS ROYALE.** — To this everybody goes, and I followed the multitude, to do evil or good. You may say which, for all I did was to buy a pretty silk neckerchief. This suggests a subject to which I know you would have me say at least a word, — **PARIS SHOPPING.** Go into a Paris shop, and raise your hat as you enter, and see how at once the elder or the younger lady (never a man) approaches to serve you. Observe the quiet manner in which the articles you ask for are displayed. You want gloves. Your hand is measured, and the gloves are brought. You try them on, or this is done by fairer hands. You make your choice, and pay the price, and lastly, hear the *Merci, Monsieur*, "in

linked sweetness long drawn out," and which no foreigner can imitate, and tell me if shopping has not been a pleasant morning service, and if the memory of those large dark eyes, and of that voice, has not lasted more than the length of the street, even though it be as long as the Rue Rivoli? You feel at once at home in Paris, though a perfect stranger. Whatever service you may ask for is rendered, as if originally you were its sole object. What you may want, is never worthless. The fair seller sees its value in your wanting it, and will serve you with the very best. What you want may be near, but never obtruded. This quality of obtrusiveness I never met with in Paris. It would please the person to whom you apply to gratify you, and the desire to do so, and the manner of its expression always lessen the disappointment of failure. One day I went into a shop for something I wanted for a special purpose, and failed to get it. So attentive was the shopkeeper, so desirous to serve me, that I said that I could not go without purchasing something, and left it to her to settle what it might be. She at once brought me a pretty and useful article, for which I thanked, and paid her.

THE LOUVRE. *August 2d.*—A day of hard work. The Louvre,—my first visit. I began with the beginning of this immense collection in Art, and slowly went through it. It took hours, though I did not use a catalogue. My purpose was to get a general impression of what was here for study, thought, gathered into one family,—to trace relationships, and differences,—the works of different nations, minds, power,—to read this mighty book page by page, and in such generalizations as I might be able to make, place these great and diverse works in such relations in my own mind, as would remain to me for pleasure and for use. I passed through the Louvre at first to learn its contents, and general plan. It took hours, the heart of the whole day. I did not literally and strictly adhere to my plan. I was stopped sometimes by an irresistible attraction towards

some picture, or pictures. I shall speak of one picture only, and which is the present attraction. It is Murillo's Miraculous Conception, lately bought at the sale of Marshal Soult's collection for, as I was told, 620,000 francs,—\$124,000, or about £25,000. The Czar, it was said, was a competitor in the purchase. I thought it strange, after visiting the Hermitage, that the Emperor could consent to be beaten in a contest for such a prize, where mere money entered, or was in "the lists." This picture is the "observed of all observers." And now what is it? I will try to describe it, or rather the impression it has made upon me, and the thought which followed.

Mary is seen standing upon and amid clouds of glory, and surrounded by worshipping angels. You are struck with the freshness of this picture. It seems but the work of yesterday, finished when it was begun,—as existing in its integrity, in the thought, in which it had its life,—created, not made,—and having the sure prophecy of immortality. It is its *unity*, the highest end in a great work, in any work to which human power can attain, which to me is its power. There is not the smallest atom of the wide canvas which does not belong to all the rest. One atmosphere envelops and transmits all which is in it. There is air, pure air, here, which is the breath of its life. You never weary looking at it. You rather gain power; for the longer is your communion with it, the clearer are its revelations, and the more conscious are you of your relations with the highest art,—of your moral and intellectual sympathy, unity,—with the mind which created it. I said the first impression of this picture is its perfect freshness, its life, its external, its objective veracity, or reality. You have not a doubt you are looking at the perfect in art. That it is what it is said to be. It speaks for and by itself; report is silent. I wish I could give you some notion of the force with which the thought is stirred within you, that you are in the presence of a *real* being, when you are before this picture. I

do not say a *living* being, for some vagueness almost necessarily attaches to that word, though the thing itself is around and within us in every moment of our being. I prefer the word *real*, as expressing existence as intense as being can be, and in this instance of it, before us, satisfying you of its entire truth. You look at the figure. Here are body, limbs, and draperies of various kinds and colours. The expression of thought,— which art is. You have no question of all this. You are satisfied with what you see. You look into that face, and ask to read of the mind, the soul, which gives to it its intense life. Not a feature is at rest,— yet, not a feature moves. The colour changes as you look, as thought glances here and there, until the whole glows with intensity of consciousness, of which the human has taken no knowledge. The eye is filled with the story, and with what infinite sweetness, and with what power does the mouth utter its word. The eye has caught its expression, and when you look again, how exquisite has been the transmutation. They are now one. Is not this the whole alchemy of art? Is not here the great discovery made? Who but Murillo has discovered that which has given priceless value to all his works,— yes, turned them all to gold? Of the drapery. In this we have in Murillo the power of simple colour. Artists excel in particular colours, or make some one prominent in every picture. Correggio is exquisite in his blues. One artist never finished a picture without giving to one colour very distinct place. This was red. You always see it; sometimes, indeed, by no means prominent, but always visible. In the Madrid Madonna, Murillo has exalted blue, the colour of the principal article of drapery, through which the left arm passes, partially covered with gossamer white. Drapery has its fitness, its expression, its thought. It has its character from the being it clothes.

And now what have I just written? I have endeavoured to give to you the impressions produced on my own mind

by an effort in another, to impress his own intellectual state and action on the canvas, by colour. I may have entirely failed, but I was quite willing to make the attempt. It is hard to work out a purely intellectual problem in speech,—harder in painting or sculpture, hardest in writing. Human testimony is, and must be, the most fallible of all things. The witness owes it to his eye or his ear, how perfectly an impression on either shall reach his mind,—then the mind, at the moment, may not be in a state for a true impression,—a true print to be made. Then the language in which he communicates it to another. How imperfect is language in itself; and then the ear or the mind of the hearer may be in a state wholly unfit for him to receive the impression which the narrator designs to make,—or the truth. How imperfect, how uncertain, must be a description of a picture, or a sculpture, which, as we have seen, is but an attempted representation of thought upon canvas or stone. I wish I could give you some notion of the pleasure,—of the sense of perfect satisfaction, which this work has produced in me,—which remains with so much freshness, and which, I trust, will remain forever. Most especially do I wish you were both here to see it with me.

There is a picture here, which I knew at once, from a copy “in little”, made of it by your uncle, W. Allston, for its colour,—the Marriage of Cana. Here was an old acquaintance in a new place, and glad was I to see it. Many of the persons in this picture are portraits of distinguished men, artists, &c. Here were pictures of Tintoret, and they reminded me of the extravaganza of Fuseli, whom it was my pleasure and privilege to hear lecture in the Royal Academy in London, nearly half a century ago. “The stormy pencil of Tintoret swept away individual misery in general masses.” The pictures of Salvator I saw with great pleasure. These pleased me, because they gave to me not only his manner, but the character of his mind,—his thought. Here was desolation, wildness,—nature

in a new phase, — thought under novel expression. Why, he seems to have scorned the use of ordinary means in what he would express, and throwing colour aside, he used the fewest possible, — light, and shade, it was his object to produce, and white and black were mainly his means. The effects are wonderful. You might as well have looked for all the colours of the rainbow in the ink by which Shakespeare expressed his thought, as to Salvator's palette for a like assemblage of colours, with which to paint *his* nature, his thought. "When Dryden writes tragedy," says Dr. Francis, in Boswell, "declamation roars, but passion sleeps. When Shakespeare wrote he dipped his pen in his own heart." Shakespeare found but *one* colour there. Salvator hardly used more.

Hours and days did I pass in the Louvre. What a life might one not pass amid the works, — the enduring lives of such men, in their works so piously kept there. Here they are. True lives written by themselves, — eternal silences, uttering words for all hearts, for the consolations, and rejoicings of all souls. The impertinences of fashion were left with the parasols and canes at the door, and low and rare whispers broke the stillness. Perhaps they made it deeper. And what a place for such power, — Art, — to act in. Immense in size, — lighted from heaven, — the palace of art, of a monarch who, in his wide and various power, rules the world, — whose empire reaches humanity in its whole heart, and whole mind. Do you wonder at the silence which is here? Crowds are daily and hourly treading its vast halls, and everywhere is silence. I recollect few things which more deeply impressed me than this form of homage to Art. The people had put the shoes from off their feet, for they were on holy ground. Now is it not well, such culture, such means of culture for a whole people? Here in Paris, — ever living, ever moving, ever cheerful Paris, — in its very centre, in the midst and pressure of fashion, pleasure, business, such as it is, — yes, here in this

centre of all antagonisms, and attractions, is the teacher, the great teacher of the whole people. Here are for love and for reverence the relics of ages long past, and works of the later, and latest, — of mind and of heart, poured out like living waters, for the refreshing of the nations. I say nations, for we from thousands of miles off, have come up to this altar of Art, and have worshipped there as freely as does the more favoured child of France, or of Europe.

VERSAILLES. — A whole day was devoted to Versailles, first stopping to visit Sevres, and to see its exquisite porcelain. The finest portions being made for the court, and with the products of the Gobelin looms, being annually exhibited at Christmas in the Halls of the Louvre, the traveller can only examine them in the places in which they are made. This visit was by far the most important part of the day's work. I went through Versailles, and was rejoiced when the labour was over. The water is *the* attraction, but it was all *dry*. Nothing can be so essentially dead as apparatus to show the power, the life, the beauty of water, when the moving force is not. As to the Palaces, the Royal Coach-house, and the coach of Charles X., specially consecrated to his use by the Bishop of Paris, were worse to me than

Twice-told tales to the dull ear of a drowsy man.

I will allude to a single corridor. It was filled with statues. On one side were distinguished military men, and on the pedestals of every one, was in large letters, Tué, — killed. Not one had died a natural death. It seemed that all the later chivalry of France was here in marble. On the other side were the effigies of renowned churchmen, in mitre and in surplice, with hands devoutly clasped on their breasts, their faces looking upward, as if in the sure prospect of immortality. A visit to a nice café, and a splendid drive back to Paris, were the most agreeable and instructive experiences of the day.

*August* —. — This was a splendid day, the perfection of weather. Early in the morning Mr. A. C., whose frequent kindness I shall always remember with pleasure, called on me, saying he should devote the day to sight-seeing, and asked me to take a seat in his carriage. We went together to the Invalids. He is interested about architecture, whether civil or military, and examines with excellent knowledge the various arrangements in buildings for domestic or public life. Of this I have already spoken. Our next drive was to

*Grenelle* and the *Artesian Well*, and to the *Abattoir*, or slaughter-house, near. These were examined,— the latter in its *practical* details, by my companion,— the former by myself,— that part of the preparation of living animal matter for the table never having been agreeable to me. We next went to

**A MILITARY STABLE.**—An officer was at the gate reading a newspaper under the shade of a tree. Sitting there on a low bench, in a most pleasant time of the morning, it seemed hardly fair to disturb him by a question. We asked permission to go in. He asked if we had a permit from the Minister. We had not. It was then impossible, said the officer, to let us pass. The refusal was in the most courteous manner, with regrets that he could not gratify us. We informed him that we were citizens of the U. S. A.,— that we had come far to see other countries, and that we should always deeply regret not having seen the important public institution at whose gates we stood. He begged us to wait a moment, and disappeared. In a few minutes he returned, and begged us to enter. In the grounds we found a soldier who had been detailed to wait upon us, and to show us the whole arrangements of the establishment. My most excellent companion thought my French wonderful.

Upon entering a stable we were surprised at finding it perfectly light, special care having been taken to admit the light everywhere. The contrast between this and our own manner of providing for the horse, was as great as it well

could be. With us, our horses are either kept in cellars, or in rooms as dark as cellars. No care is taken in building a stable to give it light. The eyes must be hurt by all this, and it is very probable that external objects frighten the horse because of the exaggerations under which they are presented in broad day, or when he leaves his cellar, or cellar-like stall. In another regard the national stable pleased us. It is thoroughly ventilated. Air is as freely admitted as light, and scarce any of the odour of such a place is perceived. And then the entire cleanliness, the fresh, thick bed,— the clean, well washed floor. Everything attracted us, and everything agreeably. The space for each horse was excellent. The stables, instead of being boarded up at the sides, a great box, with one end open, were only separated by a round rail, hanging by a rope between the horses. The mode of fastening the horse was ingenious and perfect. They had freedom in perfection, and yet could neither hurt themselves, or neighbours. Their condition was excellent. Grooming was still in progress at our visit, and the process was carefully watched. It was equally extended over the whole animal, and his beautiful coat, perfect health, and graceful motions, showed you how excellent were the results of the discipline.

There are men and states who take better care of their horses than of themselves or their children. We went into the soldiers quarters, and we could not but feel that the horses had much the best care. My friend was very desirous to see the hospital for the sick horses. We found this in the same admirable order of everything else. The sick animal had such accommodation as his disease required. You saw what fine animals they had been, in health, in their form and manner, and what care was taken to restore them. The horses are all numbered. This is done on a fore-hoof. A red hot iron with the number on it, is applied very near to the hair, so near that I could not but think a sensitive part was near the red heat. But no suffering was

manifested. As the shell grows the number advances, till it disappears, and numbering is again resorted to. We walked about at our entire leisure, seeing everything. As we left, we offered the guide money, but were told that it was against the rules of the place for money to be received for such service. We thanked the gentleman for his kind, and most gratifying, and useful courtesy, and the guide for his patient attendance, and took our leave. What a chapter is this our daily experience here, in national manner, entering as it does into the details of every-day life. How constantly has this been impressed upon me, and how as constantly has the wish accompanied it, that so much good, yes, refined breeding, — this deep rooted principle of accommodation to the wishes and wants of others, had not geographical limits, and could with the free air and free light, cross mountains and seas, and make of men and nations a brotherhood.

But says — —, “ Why all this talk here and elsewhere, about French courtesy? It is so old that all heart is worked out of it, if it ever had any.” Very well. I only say I am glad it has lasted so long. Peradventure it has become habitual, and so is safe. It has lived through centuries, varied by all sorts of changes, — survived revolutions, — the abuses of power, and the worser abuses of irresponsible, sanguinary freedom. It is in all the beauty of youth to-day, in the Republic, — and will not bate one jot of its freshness, in the Empire of to-morrow. Yes, courtesy, kindness, — and all associated with these, are old to France, and have sure record. I am glad to-day to give my testimony, however feeble, to it, and to its power. “ But there is no heart in it.” Very well. There is something quite as good as heart, if the two things differ. There is in this people a clear recognition of human relations, and hence, of human duty. Their own pleasure, and how much may and do they enjoy? their own pleasure is increased by pleasing you. It is its own reward. The kindest offices, and from those too, whose means of living are small, are not paid for, (at least, I have never been charged for them;) and refusal

has always come to offers of pecuniary return. Others may have had different experience in regard to these matters. I give my own, and these have been quite frequent enough to allow me to say that if there be no heart in such offices, they have that in them which answers quite as well.

Says another, "this vaunted national courtesy, and its adjuncts, are the products of despotism,—of a rule which reaches to everything, and which cannot with impunity be violated." Very well, again. Freedom without its limitations, may be as hostile to true national character as is despotism. The citizen who has no check in the rule which he claims it to be his right to exercise, may be as great a tyrant as he who governs subjects, and who wears a diadem. He is beyond that law to which all men should be subjected,—that law which recognizes the true freedom of all other men. A state may be rude, coarse, vulgar. It may be sensitive, quarrelsome, overreaching,—it may be wholly disagreeable,—just as a man may be. It is questionable if despotism would make such a nation, any more than a man, good mannered, or good natured. Power can, and does establish public peace, by making every individual within its rule strictly, and immediately, responsible for his conduct. Thus we have seen that in Russia, laws relating to conduct in certain cases secure the general and individual comfort and safety. We have seen that everybody is allowed to drive through the streets just as fast as he pleases, and all the horses and men are *fast*. The streets are very wide. But if a man is careless as well as rapid, and injures person or property, his own property is at once taken from him, and he severely punished. As soon, therefore, as carriage or person is injured, he who has done the injury leaves his carriage,—cart, wagon, as it may be, and flies for dear life. He does not stop to curse you for being in his way, while you have done all that you could to avoid him; or having ridden over you, drives along just as quietly, as unconcernedly, as if he had knocked over a dog, feeling pretty sure that "no blame" will be returned, whatever may be the inquest.

**CHAMBER OF DEPUTIES.** — Our next visit was to the Chamber of Deputies. This much pleased us. Mr. C., who has a practised eye for architecture, examined such portions of the building as were visited. We were struck with the prevalent simplicity in its structure and finish. No show, — no attempt at mere ornamentation. Harmony prevails alike in the general plan and in matters of detail. The whole effect was of dignity, — severe propriety. In form, it is a semicircle, which secures easy hearing and seeing from the Tribune on which speakers used to stand, when addressing the Deputies. I took the Prince President's chair, and rose to address the Chamber. It was perfectly empty. Our guide and ourselves the whole auditory. I spoke the first sentence of a speech. Our guide, an old soldier, listened with becoming attention. There is no disturbing echo. You feel that your voice goes everywhere, but never returns. I have spoken in many halls, but never before in one which so well answered the purpose of public speaking. The Tribune is abolished, — or its place is used by the clerks of the Chamber. The members speak from their seats. These are fitted with dark red velvet, and are plain but comfortable. No arrangements for writing, as desks or tables. By this plan less room is required by the Deputies. All are within hearing of each other. A very small gallery in front of the President will accommodate a few spectators. The rooms around or near the Chamber, are as well fitted for their purposes, as committee rooms, conference rooms, &c., as is the Chamber for its objects. The post-office is well arranged, and placed. It occupies a portion of the wall of a committee room, and consists of as many pigeon holes as there are members, each numbered. A member at a glance learns if there be any letter or journal for him. There is the king's room with a chair of state. Everything being as sternly simple here, as elsewhere. Statues, neither numerous nor obtrusive, are about, and some pictures. I stood near where was the old Tribune. I stood, as the guide said, near

or in the place in which Napoleon once stood, a young man, a young officer, with the regicides and sans-culottes about him,—Robespierre among the rest, who, with clenched fists, and infuriated words, were threatening him as the enemy of liberty. Altogether, we agreed that this place, the Chamber of Deputies, stood among the most important places in which we had been. It belongs to periods of history not to be forgotten; and in and through all times it has stood in its severe dignity unhurt, and was still the scene of all of free constitutional government which remains to France.

HOTEL D'VILLE.—Next, we drove to the Hotel d'Ville, the mansion house, the seat of government of the municipality of Paris. We were not long detained here.

GOBELINS.—Here are made those tapestries which are the admiration of the world. A little formality is gone through with before you enter. The stranger is asked for his passport, and this admits him. I shall not undertake any formal description of this work. It consists in copying pictures of all kinds in different coloured threads, and so perfect is the execution, that in some lights you would certainly think you were looking on the smooth surface of a painting. If the work be opposite a window, so that the light falls directly upon it, the deception is perfect. The work is seen in the clearest manner. There is none of that glare and confusion from reflected light, as happens when an oil painting has the same position in regard to a window. On the contrary, the light is all absorbed, and the whole is seen most perfectly. Now place a tapestry copy of a painting at a *right angle* with a window, in an alcove, for instance, so that the light shall sweep by or over it instead of falling on it, as when *opposite* a window, and the whole resemblance to a painting, the whole deception is lost. The threads now cast *shadows*, and everything is obscured. I saw this many, many times before I could explain it. The effect depends on the mode in which the light reaches the tapestry, whether directly or at an angle. But when seen, as such works should be, under

the aspect of direct light which makes a shadow impossible, nothing can be more beautiful. The resemblance to the living human skin is perfect. As that in its perfection absorbs light, so does the tapestry imitation of the skin, and you cannot at first believe you are looking on anything but the thing itself. In every department of the art is the success great. From the down on an angel's wing, to that on a peach, or most exquisite flower, the tapestry gives you the whole. I saw how it is made, and so slight seems the art, so readily is it done, that it seems no art at all. There is the warp, and the woof comes to it so naturally that it almost seems less than mechanical. You see minute lines in motion, and in various directions, and in time an embryo figure begins to appear,— the prophetic initiative of some marvellous form. These works are often of great size. The original from which the weaver copies rests on an edge of its frame behind him, and he turns to copy it. Men only were seen at work in any of the departments. The preparation of the threads,— of the bobbins,— the arrangement of colours,— all are done by men. You pass through all the works, and have full opportunity for all such examinations as you may desire. Carpets were made in one room with the figures, and all they represent worked in precisely as the tapestries are. I was delighted with all I saw, and went away a little weary of so long a morning's work.

**PERE LA CHAISE.**— Our morning was not yet completed. We began with the *Abattoir*, the slaughter-house; and ended with the *Pere la Chaise*, the place of graves. This city of the dead is some distance from the Gobelins, and we had time for rest. The term city is well applied. The place is filled with miniature houses, built of various kinds of stone, with a half glazed door opening into a minute room, often with a chair or bench, or an altar-like construction, covered with the symbols of the Catholic Church,— the Virgin,— the Child,— the Cross,— the candle,— flowers. I cannot say that the effect was agreeable. I was

not conscious of any very perfect impression made by the place. It was so artificial, that sentiment had no place in the visit. It was a question of mere taste we were called on to settle, not one of feeling at all. Garlands made of yellow flowers, were abundant. Some of these were fresh. Others were decayed. What was touching was to see friends with these garlands, or fresh flowers, in the pathway to a tomb, there to lay these emblems of a deep heart-sadness, which, though it would not reach the dead, might minister some consolation to the living. Quite often were these friends on their mission of love here, and you did, when they passed by, feel that there were sad and desolate places in your own heart, to which these memorials of the stranger were related; and if there were sighs, there was also consolation. This strange world of ours, and its experiences, are of all hues. While I stood or sat in *Pere la Chaise*, and the friends of the dead were walking hurriedly to their tombs, as if they were impatient of any longer separation, there were funerals entering its melancholy gates. I stood still, and the body of a young girl was brought near me. The hearse was white with its draperies; and flowers were its dressing. There was something very touching in this. The friends, the father and others, carried the body gently from the hearse. The little door was opened, and the coffin put into its resting place. Men stood uncovered, and so did we of that distant home, and the priest, and the procession passed by. I saw four other funerals in rapid succession afterwards. These, like the first, were all of children. Some were of very, very poor people; others were of the rich. Death knows no distinctions.

We left *Pere la Chaise*, and soon reached our resting place in Rue Rivoli.

## SOUTH OF FRANCE AND SPAIN.

MADRID. *August 14th.* — Left Paris, August 8, at eight A. M., for Spain, and I am now here after six days and nights weary travel, at the Fonda Peninsulares, in the Calle de Alcala. Our drive was by rail and by diligence.

I took a seat in the banquette before leaving France, and for the whole passage to Madrid. For my courier I took a seat in the *interieure*, so that by changing with him, I secured fine prospects by day, and some rest at night.

But why this uninterrupted travel? Unless you secure a seat *through*, you may meet with much discomfort. You may be obliged to stop at some place where you only meant to rest, perhaps among the mountains, till the next diligence arrives. If it be full, — a common thing, — you must wait for the next, which will not arrive till the next day. A writer says, two months have passed before a seat could be obtained. You may not be able to get post horses, and wait you must.

The diligence is in its perfection in the south of France and Spain. In the latter, so hard is the mountain service, it gets its true character. This is strength. In Spain, a diligence looks like a man-of-war upon wheels, — a two-decker. The lowest is divided into three cabins, — the upper, into two. The living cargo is stowed into the three lower cabins, and the front upper one. Luggage, and sometimes certain of the *crew*, fill the other upper deck cabin, — a most wretched place, without window or door, — the entrance being a narrow hole, which runs across the deck. Such is our land ship, — quite as like a sea one, as any camel of the desert. I was in the front parlour, — upper deck, — and for seeing, the best place. It is very high, and except when we had a ladder, it was as much as I and Charles together could do, to get me into my eyry.

The incidents of travel through France, were few. I saw some carrier pigeons start from a station with despatches for

Paris, and shall not forget the rushing sounds of their wings, and how rapid was their flight. They were out of sight almost at once. The palace of imprisonment of Abel del Kader, the chief of certain uncivilized people, whom civilized Europe has conquered,—this prison is on our road. My fellow travellers were the courier, and four boys, going home to Bourdeaux for the vacation. They belonged to a military school. They were fine boys, full of life and of fun, and vying with each other to make the journey pleasant. They insisted upon my taking the best seat for seeing the country, and extended their courtesy to Charles. Then their supplies were abundant. They were fruit, bread, cold meat,—butter, wine, &c., &c., and they never took food without pressing us to take part with them. They were with us two days. They gave me lessons in French, and I returned the service by instruction in English. They were very communicative, and gave me much information concerning their school. Their friends were at the Bourdeaux station, and the meeting was truly French.

The country everywhere is highly cultivated, and the sure evidence of success is in the mighty harvesting which is by the way, and on the way home. I should delight to stop and give you some sketches of this exquisite country where man and nature have laboured together, and where the produce of such a union lies in measureless profusion around you. Then, again, the dwelling places of the people,—the village with its nice cottages, and the city with everything to make it desired. I wandered about Bourdeaux, Poitiers, and Angouleme, and only regretted that I could not stay longer. And then the country,—flowers, shrubs, fruit-trees, and vines everywhere,—over houses as well as land. Comfort,—real, visible comfort comes out of every thing, and every place. Never was fruit so priceless, and never was it cheaper. I must give you some account of the grape culture, and the appearance of a vineyard. The grape vine grows on short and very thick stocks, produced by annually

cutting down the whole growth of the preceding year. From this dark, rough, and rugged parent, springs upon all sides the delicate, graceful child, and you can hardly find anything more beautiful. The young leaf is translucent, and the passage of the light through it, shows you much of its internal structure. I know of no leaf which has the characters of this, and I never saw these so perfectly displayed as in the specimens everywhere around me within arms reach. It was a precious time to see all this wonder of vegetable life, showing itself in every growing thing. There were gentle showers; and then the sun came out, not scorching hot, but as if he had cooled himself in the rain. His light was never brighter, and it came to you in diamond brightness from the moist grape leaf, and in crystal drops from the roadside trees. The vine, in its natural state, has a wild, graceless form. The accumulated wood of years absorbs most of its nourishment, and small and poor is the product. But give it something which shall support it, after you have cut its parent stalk down, and you will see with what freedom and grace it will use the substitute for the natural, and throwing itself out on all sides as far as it dare, will produce forms and fruit which will surprise and delight you. In "my notes by the way," "how beautiful," occurs too often to allow you to question what I felt and enjoyed in this beautiful country,—this beautiful France.

In driving through woodland, the trees demand your notice. There was one which specially attracted me. The sycamore,—our button-wood. I was glad to see my old acquaintance again. It is in perfect health. The disease which has blasted and killed so many of its brethren in America, has not reached them here. The new white or fawn-colored bark is absolutely splendid in its unwrinkled polish,—while the pale green, or bluish-gray patches were as clear, and as clean, as a fresh washed vine-leaf. Nothing you have seen of change in surface and colours of the bark

of our button-wood can give you the least idea of the appearance of the same here. It is the Merry Andrew,—the very harlequin of the forest, and absolutely sparkles amongst its sober neighbours. Many trees were marked,—the soft wood trees,—not the button-wood, however. This mark consists in removing a narrow strip of bark high up on the trunk, and coming down to the ground. But for what I did not learn. From its manner, and frequency, it evidently has some special object.

In Clan, if I name the village correctly, and not far from Poitiers, was a fête in progress. A large number of villagers had collected in a grove, and rarely have I seen a merrier company. There was music, and dancing,—and doubtless refreshments,—and a grand time was in hand. As the train stopped, some of the company took seats, and among these were nicely dressed persons, and evidently not of the class of peasants. They seemed to have taken hearty part in the Sunday fête. You ask, “Why were they not at church?” They had been there, in the early morning, to Mass, while you and others slumbered and slept; and in the early worship had fulfilled, to their minds, the whole law,—and now they were making of the Sabbath, a day of rest,—a holiday.

At another station there was merchandise. Women, of course, were the merchants, and the articles, were cutlery. It is illegal to carry concealed weapons. Here they were, with other things, on open sale. Here were knives of all kinds,—with forks, and without,—with one blade, and numberless blades, concealed, and open,—razors, dirks, daggers,—in short, in little, much of the material of war. They were highly finished, and, for their appearance and uses, were cheap. The sellers offered you their wares, quietly, and courteously; and not to buy, was not to offend.

BAYONNE. *Aug. 11th.*—Here I passed the night at the Hotel St. Etienne, and was made perfectly comfortable by

dinner and supper in one,— an excellent bed, and good water for many uses. Arrangements for next day's travel were among my courier's most important offices, and at this point of our journey, required promptness and skill. Rose early, which gave leisure for a ramble. The Cathedral was, of course, visited. It is a grand old building, undergoing external repairs, but which did not at all interfere with the early service of the church. In America, repairs of churches always stop worship. A church was closed for the summer months. I asked why? "To beat out the moths, and to cover the cushions," was the reply. The sexton was a humourist. Next to the market. This was perfectly arranged, and the absence of the owners of fruit, vegetables, &c., at Mass, did not lessen the safety of what they had left for prayer. I saw no police. Yesterday I had a rare sight,— the wide sea. So near did its waves break on the beech along which was our road, that the spray almost reached us. Our morning drive gave us glimpses of the Pyrenees. At times we could make out forms,— pinnacled, serrated,— rounded. Sometimes a single peak, grander for its loneliness. We had occasionally rain and mist,— and then the bright sun, making variety without end, and from its characters, always welcome.

**SPAIN AND PEOPLE.** — My first acquaintance with Spaniards was after leaving Bayonne,— in my companions of the banquette. Before I had passed the boundary between France and Spain, I perceived a marked difference between the two races. It began to rain, and the windows being not water tight, the rain soon began to trouble us. I had a thick overcoat. My companions none. So, instead of putting on my coat, I spread it over our several laps, so as to protect the three exactly, but not a word was said of thanks, or pleasure, and when the rain stopped, and I took possession of my wet coat, no word, nor intimation of one. I tried another experiment. I brought some nice chocolate from Paris, and when eating some, I offered my supply to

them. They took it, but not a word. I next tried cigars, with the conductor and a passenger, and repeated the experiment. They took and smoked them, but not a word of thanks, or sign of being pleased. I have noticed the same thing elsewhere in Spain. A writer says, "He who *expects* gratitude, deserves ingratitude." I agree with this writer perfectly. I do nothing, so far as I am conscious of motives in conduct, with a view to return. But it is very grateful to have your effort to please another, in some way felt, or expressed. If it affects not you at all, it is well for another to be conscious of kindness attempted, or kindness done. I declare that the manners of France, in this regard, won me at once. I was glad to be amidst so much courtesy, so much expression, yes, beautiful expression, of pleasure received. We approached a narrow river, Bidasoa, and over the middle plank of the bridge which crossed it, we, having left the diligence, stepped from France into Spain. The Spanish frontier town is Irun, a small place with a post-house, where horses were changed and luggage examined. I was in the banquette up high in the air, and there I meant to stay. But the *gens d'armes*, or customs officer, willed it otherwise, and having examined my passport, sent Charles to say that I must come to the office. So down I went, a most perilous descent, I assure you, and having been seen, got a bow, and a hint to get up again. I commiserated a banquette companion who meant to stay in it. He sent word he was lame, one leg being much longer than the other. Charles kindly carried his message. "Tell him," said the officer, "I want to see his short leg." So down he went by cruel instalments, the last the longest,— and having satisfied Spain, (he was a Spaniard,) he halted up again. I recollected our White Mountain trip, when some of the party preferred the top of the coach, and what a time you had (for I had no such preference) in getting up and down. If you had been with me here on the frontier of Spain, you might have indulged your airy fancies at your leisure. I went into the house

where luggage was undergoing the martyrdom of a government search. One had a box of tools, nicely packed to prevent injury. They were all turned out, envelopes pulled off, and when all sorts of things were done to excruciate the owner, a rule was put inside the box, — then outside, to learn if there might not be a false bottom in which the contraband were hid. The owner hurried up his tools, and then his wardrobe, for his trunk had been as thoroughly turned inside out, and in haste huddled tools, and shirts, &c., &c., back again. There was a woman who deserved a better fate. She had a very bad cough, — was emaciated, and very feeble. Her luggage was large. It was all pulled to pieces of course, and, among other things, certain small bottles were detected. What were these? They were medicines for her cough. The question was of duties. But after an appeal to her wretched cough, — weakness, — and pain, — the officer concluded to let her drugs pass without duty. And now came the tug to get everything back again. The impossible was at length accomplished, and the poor thing with her luggage was again stowed away in the ready diligence. How hot was the day. Many offered and tried to help the exhausted woman. But she had been harshly treated, and refused aid.

ST. SEBASTIAN.— We continued our drive for this place. Every hour brought us nearer and nearer to the city. It lies at the foot of a mountain, on the top of which is an extensive fortress. It appeared of great strength. Here were the English troops landed in the Peninsular War. The foot of the mountain is washed by the Bay of Biscay, and here is built the city very regularly, and painted white, is in strong contrast with the deep blue sea. We dined here, and so pleasant was it, that I was strongly inclined to stop, and at leisure visit the surrounding region. But the weather was so fine, — the Pyrenees on all sides tempting one away, that I cheerfully obeyed the powers above and around, and left for the hard service before us. In the post-

yard was my old acquaintance, the diligence, but presenting new features. The principal was the outfit of animals. There seemed no end to the array. I counted nine mules and four horses, a postilion on one of the forward ones. Each mule has a ring of bells. The starting was an event. I was at my old post, the banquette, and looking down upon these mules and horses, the prospect was novel indeed. The starting was an affair. We were to turn a very short corner of the quadrangle, which the bordering four sides of the post-house made, and the length of team and coach seemed endless. A crowd was in the yard. We took the diagonal of the square, or rather parallelogram, for a sufficient distance, then the leaders wheeled towards the passage to the street. As soon as the turn was made, the whip uttered its voice, and after a manner only known to these foreign *whips*. Then came voice of driver and conductor, screaming *antar, antar*, in every possible variety of intonation. I never before heard such unearthly noises. I wish I could give you some notion of the pronunciation of this Spanish word, which means "go." The whole strain of voice was upon the last syllable. It seemed that every sound which uses the tongue and teeth in its utterance, was called into exaggerated use,— and made you start to hear it. It had a spiteful intensity, and I really think if those who uttered it had worn false teeth, the whole pressure of the atmosphere would not have sufficed to keep them in their places. Away went mules and horses at a full gallop. As we reached the street many boys with long rods joined in chorus, running fast enough to keep up with the mules, and beating them as they flew. Everybody took interest in us, as if such a drive had never happened before, and did their most and best to press the animals on. You would have supposed no carriage in the wide world would have stood such discipline, or could have kept straight. I was never so excited before, and roared with laughter at the wild scene. On we drove until the beginning of a mountain pass made it

impossible to drive further. The long array came down to a walk, and we began the passage of the Pyrenees. These are not the highest mountains in Europe. Still they are high enough to affect you after the manner of the most lofty. You never see the same twice. Their power is in their variety,—their number, or extent,—their arrangement. Each tells its story, and then recedes to give place to another. The interlacing which comes of such materials produces grand effects, and infinite confusion. You see no way of escape, and feel as if you were to be a prisoner there forever. The road takes water courses, and valleys from which the water has long receded, or has found new channels. The effect of your position in such portions of the road is to add to the apparent height of the mountains, and this soon is the real one. You are now on the edge of a stream, and now on a shelf dug out of the side of a mountain. The danger seems imminent, first, from the number and shortness of the curves; and second, from the length, the wilfulness, or slipping of the team. When the diligence with its immense length is added to the mules and horses, it seems absolutely impossible that you can succeed. I sat on the top of the coach looking with the deepest interest upon the heights, the depths, and surroundings of the scene. Now and then, and without our anticipating such a change, the mountains will separate,—seem to clear away, as do clouds, and you come to where the earth and sky are again visible, with vast reaches of mountains before you. Here is smooth earth, and rich culture, and shrubs, trees, and flowers, cottages, or larger houses,—a perfect *oasis* in the mountain desert. You rejoice at all this, but a change comes, and you again enter an inextricable labyrinth. You have your life in mountains. You travel days and do not lose them. It is not like a lofty and wide ridge, separating countries, or portions of states. They make up, so to speak, the staple of the country, and which will be its forever. From St. Sebastian to the Guadarama, which makes the mountain

horizon of Madrid, you are hourly among these mighty associates, and never escape their power. At first we were no higher than vegetation reached, trees, shrubs, ferns, grass, &c. This could not last, and then the continued ascent of the Pyrenees. At first the ascent was moderate. Then it grew steeper and steeper. The road passed over nearly horizontal, or rather spiral inclined planes, so slightly raised sometimes that it scarcely seemed to be ascending, and then so short, making such perfect horizontal oxbows that you could see across from one, and down and into another, when a descent occurred, and now it seemed absolutely impossible for you to reach it from your isolated position. I asked again and again, "Is that a part of our road? Does this we are on belong to it? How are we to reach it?" The effect was curious. It was of travelling an endless circle of road, always returning upon itself, and, of course, without end. The progress was very slow, mist and rain made the atmosphere, and at times it seemed hardly possible that the team could keep their feet, or advance another step. It crawled on. The diligence groaned, and creaked, heavily swaying hither and thither as the surface of the road changed. A summit level was at length reached. The wheels were carefully dragged by the break, and we began to descend. This was rapid and safe, and we now went on for a time as before our ascent.

When things seemed at their very worst in the mountain passage just described, I thought of you. I thought of you both. I saw you, Miss — —, in the coupé close in the corner with your eyes closed as tight as eyelids can do it; and then your fingers, in addition, pressing the poor eyelids tight into your very head. I ask a question. "Oh don't — don't say a word. I cannot look up. I won't look up, don't speak." In the other corner is Miss —. She looks pretty white. Her eyes are wide open, seeing all before her, and a little more. When a wheel horse fell, — heavens! was uttered with an emphasis, — not a word more. I spoke,

— no reply. She never ceased to look, no matter what was threatened. She was as calm as “ hope in despair.” And when it was all over, the colour rushed back to her cheeks again. She covered her face with her hands for a moment ; then withdrew them, and breathed freely. This was all in my mind, and I believe would have actually happened if you both had been with me.

**THE MULE.**— The traveller in the banquette has ample opportunity to observe the management of the team before him. The mule, upon whose conduct safety especially depends, is at all times an object of great interest to the traveller, to his owner, and driver. From my window here in Madrid, I daily see how much he is cared for. He is now undergoing the operation of *clipping*. Except where the slight harness touches the skin, every hair is cut off, and a more naked, wretched looking wight than a recently clipped mule, I do not remember. There seems to be nothing more left of him than a most thin skin, and the skeleton frame upon which it is tightly stretched. How the shears escape hips and ribs, I cannot imagine. The body of a mule is remarkably compressed, or flattened laterally, so that looking down upon his spine, he is the flattest or sharpest quadruped going. The disposition, the *morale* of the mule, partakes of his physical narrowness. He is never alone on the draft, among the mountains. He cannot be trusted. You are never sure from minute to minute how he will behave himself. To give character to the team, nearest the wheels we have two horses, and on the lead the same number, that is, when horses and mules are used in company. The exception is made, because among these mountains we saw one day a diligence,— somewhat misnamed indeed, in this instance,— drawn by eight oxen, and I have rarely seen that gentle and industrious race, harder worked. We were constantly at points of descent of most threatening character. The wheels were as closely dragged as possible, to prevent rotation, and down we went, scraping as we

went. So steep were passes now and then, that the wheel horses, loosely harnessed behind as they are, made right angles with the pole. Upon one of the most embarrassing spots, one of the horses was brought to his haunches, and was scraped along with the diligence. From my eyry this was no pleasant prospect, I assure you. For a time my eyes left the Sierra, and were painfully bent upon the earth beneath me. It was in such moments as these that the mules declared their power. The postilion sat at rest on his saddle, simply guiding his horse. The mule picked his way, as if the loose stones, among which was his doubtful navigation, were eggs. He has a very small, clean, delicate hoof, and you see that he is putting it down with as firm and as wise a will as if everything depended on him. And upon him everything *does* depend. He is not in the least governed, directed, or checked, by the driver. The reins are all loose. The mule pays no regard to the wheel horses, whether on haunch or hoof,—scraping or walking. His head is directed to the ground, and to places in which his feet may be the most usefully placed. Down, down, we go. The danger looks the greater by every step. The weight of the enormous coach increases by every new foot of descent. We are soon to turn a curve shorter than railway ever knew, and we do turn it. The postilion is lost sight of. The mules, pair after pair, disappear, till at length the pass is accomplished. In an instant the wheel brake is driven back, and the whole team springs into life, a full gallop succeeding to the long snail-drag by which we had made the descent. Conductor and driver now scream *antar, antar*, again. The whip flies. On, on we go, with an intensity of life and motion, never, never before witnessed by me. We take breath,—a long breath,—and enjoy to the fullest extent the change.

It is on level, or nearly level ground, the mule shows his true character. Here is no occasion for skill or wisdom in motion, and he will do and go just as he pleases. There is

no harmony of action. Each does just what he likes. He indulges himself with a sluggish, stupid, gravity of motion, which has in it not the least care for himself or others. He gets lashed, and his naked skin feels every touch of the whip. But you don't hurry him at all. His heels and his hind quarters may be jerked upwards into the air; or he may protrude himself laterally from his mate, or the two may spring in a thousand directions at the same time. They will kick, try to bite. In short, the variety of resources to do nothing, is more remarkably possessed by the mule, than by any other beast of burden or motion in my memory. He knows every word the conductor says to him, but sticks up his naked lank tail with a "d—me, I wont," which the human brute can hardly equal. But what an useful creature is this same obstinate mule. He may always be relied upon, however perverse. How richly does he deserve memory and gratitude from him who has crossed the Pyrenees under his unfailing, wise care. Were I poetical, I would sing the praises of the mule. The night comes, and we sleep as we may.

The morning broke, and brought with it new scenery. We had passed out of vegetation, and the mountains were naked rocks. Everywhere, but upon the road, the earth was covered with the *debris* of disintegrated rocks. I had seen this process of rock-waste on the Elbe and Danube. Here are fractures of vast rock, in place, where human agency could hardly have been exerted. The fracture is as straight as if the rock had been artificially split and trimmed. I suppose this may be thus explained. A long mass of rock is equally supported. Gradually the support at one end is wasted away. The weight remaining causes fracture, and separation.

The change in a night, from heavy forests, and lesser growths, to almost entire nakedness, was striking. Cultivation became less and less, until it disappeared. In other places the earlier harvests were in, or on the way of removal.

The muzzled ox was treading out the corn here, — donkeys there. Heavy sleds were used in another place. Elsewhere winnowing was completing the labour of the year. Looking at the land from which the harvest was taken, it seemed hardly possible that what was so unpromising, could have grown so much. Trees were rare. The road-side herbage was gone. The earth was burnt up, and yellow vestiges of vegetable life, with sand, gravel, or clay, only remained. Variety is everywhere. The mountain with its desolation, — the valley with its culture. The abundant harvest, with apparently so little growth. Man, and his habitation, with all social appliances, where a moment before nature in her nakedness, and barrenness, had nothing for gift, or for hope. There is an infinite interest in such a region to one who has lived in the midst and pressure of human conventions, and artificialities, and whose mind, heart and life, have been all devoted to their sure preservation. “And what better use of them, pray?”

POST TOWNS, — HOUSES AND PEOPLE. — After getting into less mountainous districts, we come upon villages, hamlets, people. The appearance of things differs entirely from what you see in France. The houses are of dark brown, or dirt-coloured stone, without glass in the windows, or shutters, — with iron gratings, or bars across, more like prisons than dwellings, for well-behaved families. Pigs, mules, hens, all sorts of things are in these houses, and with these, men, women, and children. The streets are just wide enough for the diligence to pass, if it keep the deep worn rut of mud, water, and loose stones. Everything was out of repair. There seemed no reason for repair. There was no work seen. No use of the hand, but with the distaff. An old woman with a distaff was the complement of the current industry. Poverty was everywhere, and in numbers unequalled by my observation. These places were like deserted regions, or inhabited only by those who could not run away.

Looking at these places from a little distance, you hardly know what you are looking at. A mass of reddish brown somewhat, having a form, lies before you. Of its nature, you know nothing. Not a tree is near. Barrenness is every-where. Nothing gives the smallest notion of life, and least of all, of human life. I have seen and walked through, and around many of these places, but how life endures in them, I know not. I said there is no glass. Paper sometimes has its place. But a board or two is most frequently used to stop the window holes in houses. I have passed by them night after night, but never have I seen a light in one of them. Charles V., in his progress to the monastery of St. Yuste, in which, after his abdication, he spent his life, and in which he had his funeral before he died, — Charles suffered much during his journey from cold, as there was no glass in the windows of the houses in which he stopped. He gave orders to have the windows glazed. Now, as I was not in pursuit of Cloister life, and was not an Emperour, I took patiently the lot of travel, and found, in departures from conventions, what I might have lost in slavery to them. "Why not stay there then?"

The churches partake of the general decay. They have little architectural pretension. They are of stone, as are all other buildings. The stone is often crumbling, discoloured, — and thus showing indifference concerning everything. The Crosses by the road side are as much neglected as are the churches, and in all states and stages of decay. You pass by and through cities, which strikingly differ from these wretched villages. Vittoria is one, and so is Burgos.

**VITTORIA.** — This city stands on a hill, and shows to great advantage. Except the mountain regions, and which form so much of the North of Spain, the table lands are remarkably level. I do not think the surface of Russia is more remarkable for this formation than is Spain. You see all around you an open country. It is in parts, like

our prairies. I have seen a very large, apparently princely residence, without wall, fence, trees, or shrubs, standing out alone upon vast reaches of land, with scarcely an inequality of surface, as if built in defiance of all the aspirations, or present enjoyments of such establishments. The roads are as open as if the surrounding region were one great common. You are much struck with this nakedness on approaching some large city. A wide waste introduces you to a large and crowded city. It is naked on all its borders. There are no suburbs. The dead level enables you to see much of what it contains,—its highest works, as churches,—as you approach. There are no inequalities to obstruct vision. But you get no notion of its extent, so that you hardly believe you are in the close neighbourhood of a great city, until you are actually in its streets. Vittoria is a striking exception to all this. You are glad to see a city which is on a hill, and cannot be hid. Burgos also stands well. Vittoria is seen long before you reach it. Its white houses under a bright sun show admirably. The church spires glow with light; and the dark mountain background increases the perfectness of the vision. We stopped to dine, and I had time to walk about the city. As is my wont, I went to the market-place, or square. The women were at their baskets of fruit, and I got a store for the solace of the weary hours the night would soon bring with it.

Our approach to Vittoria is remembered. It was the finest day of a Spanish summer. The profound, deep blue, almost ebony sky, reminded me of Humboldt's description of the sky of the Andes. It was totally unlike any sky seen by me before. There was not a cloud upon its magnificent face. It was past noon, and the sun was never more generous of his richest rays. The road's surface, slightly curved, was of a yellowish colour, and as smooth as the approach to the finest English country place. Upon its whole length was not the smallest loose stone. In the draft

were six light dapple gray horses, three abreast, — in perfect condition, their coats as smooth as silk, and not a hair turned. Such a team I do not recollect. Their small hollow hoofs struck the firm earth in such harmony, that you might suppose them at drill; while the sound of each coincident step was as clear and resonant as if from a musical instrument. They brought to mind that well known Latin line, which, in its scanning, is an exquisite description of the sound which came from the hoofs of these noble horses :

*Quadrupedante putrem sonitu quatit ungula campum.*

As we drove on, a black object was seen in the middle of the broad road. We soon saw it was a donkey, with his head towards us, moving his long ears up and down, as if glorying in these disproportionate appendages. An attempt was made to check the horses, and, by shouts, to drive away the devoted donkey. He kept his ground, careless of fate. The team got to a walk as we approached him. The horses parted, passing gently by the side of the donkey, until his head touched the coach front. It stopped. The conductor sprang from his seat, loosened the near trace, seized the prisoner by his long ears, dragged him over the pole, and with a kick sent him, with as much speed as his gravity allowed, out of the way. While this was in hand, the team, careless of fly, and without fear or fret, kept as still as death. The horses understood that the least movement would be fatal to the donkey, and stood motionless. His owners, eating dinner by the road side, roared with laughter at our care of their stock; while the conductor, in answer, gave them a blessing, which was no blessing at all.

**SCENE WITH CHILDREN.**—I have spoken of the wretched condition of many of the post-towns among the Pyrenees. But there was compensation for the wide desolation, and the individual misery, which I have described, and it had its most grateful and beautiful form. It was found in the children of these wretched looking places. They were

healthful, well nourished, often very clean, and neatly dressed. Their large dark eyes, and other good features,—their handsome brunette complexion,—and their elastic step, attracted my attention at once. They often were in the close neighbourhood of extreme age, infirmity, poverty, and in the contrast they could not but be gainers. I had in my pockets things which children love,—as lumps of sugar, sugar-plums, nuts, and a quantity of small bits of money. As soon as I escaped from the diligence, I was surrounded by these “little beings,” as Spurzheim used kindly to call them. They laughed, they talked, they jumped, and came so near, that you could not but think they had had experience of the kind offices of the wayfarer. I soon began to distribute my treasures. Money came first,—then sugar-plums, nuts,—lastly, sugar-lumps. You cannot tell how delighted were these children with the slight gifts. They came and kept close by me, with that natural confidence of children which so strikingly distinguishes them from those older and larger children, commonly called men, who so often most suspect those who come to them with kindness and gifts.

————— *timeo Danaos et dona ferentes.*

In one post-town there was among the children a girl older than the rest,—say ten or twelve. She was exceedingly pretty, and had taken most care of her toilet. She was rather shy, but still came near enough to get her part in the presents. I proposed to kiss her in return for my simple but prized wares. She suspected my purpose, and was off in a true Gazelle flight. Then she came nearer, and as soon fled, as I moved. At length I got into the diligence, and leaving the door open, the children soon surrounded it. Some of the larger ones took hold of my favourite, and drew her towards me. There was less reluctance than before; and I cannot but believe, that, if the signal for starting had not just then been given, I should have succeeded. Now

these adventures with the children were most pleasant to me. You can hardly understand how wholly different were these experiences, from those furnished by the frequent old women, with the everlasting distaff at door and window, who made up the human which was generally seen in these wretched post-towns. Very few young men, or young women, were seen. Decrepit old men were frequent. They were seen resting on staves; or crawling round in the sun, taking little or no interest in the diligence, or in the strangers, who daily passed by. Sometimes we threaded these very narrow dark streets at night, or in the evening. But, as before said, I do not recollect seeing a light in any of these prison-like houses.

MADRID.—Monday, called at the Legation, and saw the Chargé, the Minister being absent. Was introduced to his lady, a Spanish lady whom he has lately married. She is very pleasing, possessing the attraction of beauty and manner, and giving an assurance of a welcome which is always so valued by the stranger. And now, young ladies, let me say here a word of the Spanish lady. I have seen on the Prado, at different times, thousands almost, in coach, and on foot, and of the highest classes in the city. The specimens were in numbers for conclusions. I have seen them since in my walks, at all hours of the day. They are handsome,—of excellent manner, gait, dress. They have the assurance which good person, fine face, grace, position, always may have, without the least admixture of that which always makes assurance, in common parlance, so very disagreeable,—so unlady-like. Self-possession is the better word,—just so much self-consciousness as gives piquancy or character to manner. The face is quite striking. The skin is a brunette, but is perfectly clear, as if translucent, and full of light. I have seen it of dazzling brightness, as if the source of its own illumination, and as if the light lingered and played in the face before it left it. You may charge

me with being fanciful. But there are mysteries in nature which we may always read. Let me be understood. The idea of a *brunette* is, that it is thick, — not brilliant, — dull, — as somebody said, might be better for washing. Not so here. I have seen as much brilliancy, as much lustre, in a *brunette* face, as ever I did in a *blonde*. The colour, if so to be called, is not obtrusive, and may be to be looked for. But it is there, and to me is quite as attractive as when it stares one in the face, out of a pair of full round red cheeks. In speaking, the whole face speaks, the expression depending on the mental action. If this be calm, the expression is. And if excited, the whole story is told. The habitual manner here is calm, quiet, even, — no hurry, no confusion. None of that beforehand stir to answer a question before it is half put, and which makes, — I will not say what foreign company of half a dozen, — a perfect Babel, everybody talking and screaming at a time. Still you have here the varied expression which shows you are understood, and which has in it half of a reply. I sit daily opposite a Spanish lady at the table d'hôte, and though not handsome, her expression during conversation is very agreeable. What she says is "Greek" to me, while the universal language of expression, which we all understand, makes her exceedingly attractive. I said the lady is not handsome. Handsomeness and beauty is not the same. Each may exist alone. The first may contain beauty, but does not depend upon it. Beauty is not necessarily handsome. Its elements are symmetry of feature, and good complexion. It asks no more, and how often it has no more. Handsomeness comes of expression, — manner, — of the mind and of the heart. Sometimes of voice alone. "How handsome is such a lady," said one, "and yet how unsymmetrical is her face, and her eyes are a little, very little awry. And yet when she speaks, how handsome, — yes, how beautiful is she."

THE PRADO. — The traveller goes to the Prado to see Spanish face, form, and manner. It is very pleasant, in the

early evening, before sunset, for this is the walking hour, to go there, and see the Madrid world pass by. It is an endless chain, and how various the links. The ladies are in full dress. If in colours, which may happen, the richest fabrics are selected, and are ornamented and flounced to the demands of taste and fashion. Black rules, and the mantilla, is universal. This crosses the head at the middle or crowning of the hair, and falls as a graceful drapery over the shoulders. It has an affix, which may be let fall over the face, or so much as may serve. Now, as the Spanish nose is a very nice one, you can understand how much of a veil the mantilla really is. It comes in close contact with the face. The wearer can see through it, and so may you. You see on the Prado the gait,— the walk of the lady,— its quiet, dignified, but perfectly easy, graceful manner. You rarely hear anything said, or so said as to attract attention, making it probable that loud talking and laughing, are not in vogue on the Prado. You are constantly so near the company here, that observation is perfectly easy.

THE FAN. This is universal. It is national. Bonnets being not in use, and the head covered only by the mantilla, and the sun of vast power, it was necessary to find protection in something. The fan was invented, and how gracefully used. I saw, yesterday, two ladies walking in the square of the Cortez, when the heat was intense. They were frequently changing place, and met the fierce rays of the sun. The fan was in constant motion, and the face and head always in shade. Now, laugh as you may, this was a beautiful and most successful experiment in the science of self-protection, and, at the same time, of graceful position. The American lady, I believe, has adopted the mantilla,— would it were the Spanish one. If she give up the bonnet, let me commend to her the *fan*. The hair is black, in Spain, in great profusion, and finely arranged. The Queen differs from her subjects, in being a blonde, with blue eyes, and flaxen hair. The peasants braid the hair, letting it fall

down the back, wearing a coloured headkerchief, the ends behind. They are handsome women, with splendid eyes, the national distinction, and excellent forms. You see hundreds of these girls on the road, going to market, with full baskets on their heads, walking as straight as arrows, with a step truly regal. Yesterday, I saw a peasant girl with light hair, curled at the ears, and braided and turned up behind, and you cannot think how out of place or country she seemed.

The Prado has a fine course for riders and drivers, and horses and carriages fill it. A light rail separates these from the walkers. Social position is readily settled, not by mantillas, or dress, exactly, though with manner these do much. You see it in the coach blazonry, the horses, liveries. The coaches are, for the most part, open,—on the Continent they are generally so, as landaus, barouches, &c. By standing at some point near the railing, you will see the cortège pass, its motion being slow, and by an arrangement of the drive, it returns constantly upon itself, and of course passes before the spectator. The whole manner of the Prado is quiet. No noise, no hurry. You hear, indeed, the faint cry of “fresh water,” “fresh water,” which is of excellent quality, and at the smallest price. To see, you have only to walk in an opposite direction to others, and nothing need escape you. There are foreign ladies always on the Prado, and you can tell them at once. They wear colours, and bonnets, and are fair, with light eyes. The student of national physiognomy has an excellent chance for his calling. All sorts, ranks, and ages are seen.

The mass of the people are well-looking, careful, and comfortable in dress, cheerful in manner, and give the impression of comfort,—living without excessive toil. The women work, but want the hardness and sharpness often so deeply cut into the very face and form of women in other places. The human of the face is not burnt out, and up, by field toil in the hot sun; nor is expression lost in the

pressure of neglect and servitude. Spain, in its city and country, forces upon you the feeling that you are amid the ruins of a mighty Empire. Not but that in Madrid there are splendid buildings, in excellent repair, and all sorts of appliances and provisions for individual and general comfort and progress. There is refinement for leisure, — and cheap pleasures, and time and means. Here are churches, and galleries, and museums, and palaces, and armouries, and schools, and charitable institutions, and the Prado ; and they are valued, and must have their effect. It was in Russia I saw the reason for vast expenditure upon the external, and in Spain I read the same story in the manners of the masses, in the pleasures, the resorts of the people. In America less in this kind is done than in any other region under the sun, and which to me has made the attraction of European life. We in America look for the compensation in the means of direct education, free schools, ministries at large, &c. Would that we had, too, those silent but sure educators which every hour and every day might be addressed to all, — silently but surely enter into life, — modify character, and polish society. I see in such external means of culture in Europe that which tends to bring men into sympathy ; for a common sentiment concerning anything deserving the name, will and does bring human hearts into harmony. The Pearl of Raphael is for the whole eye of Madrid, — of Spain, — and Murillo's mightiest works, may and do bless all.

THE PALACE.—I went with Mr. P. to the Palace, but was not admitted. For reason, the Queen had ordered that no one should enter it. "She is afraid," said my courier, "that they will put powder there and blow her up. That is it, Sir." I heard that some articles had been missed, and that it was believed that visitors had taken them.

ANCIENT ARMOURY.—This is quite worth a visit. Here in wonderful preservation is the armour of all nations with which Spain has had successful war. It is as fresh, as bright, as if made yesterday. Here, too, are arms of various

peoples, in variety and number of specimens, I have not seen before. They are as perfect as are those of the armour. I will refer to one specimen,—the sword of Columbus,—the emblem of his power, the wise exercise of which has placed him among the questionless heroes of the race. It was by this power, moral and intellectual, he controlled men under circumstances the most unpromising ; and made him the revealer of a new heaven and a new earth to the Old World. Spain was the depository of the interests of the world which he discovered ; and is, of what he has left ; and though in the land of his home, that has dwindled almost to nothing,—this little relic has a world's interest, and a nation's care.

NATIONAL GALLERY OF ART.—From the Armoury, I went to the Gallery of Arts. To visit this was one of my objects in coming to Spain. Here are the works of Murillo, which have secured an historical interest to Spain so long as the highest art interests man. Here, too, are works of Raphael, of Titian, of Rubens, of Ribera, and of all others best known to fame. I purpose no description of these works, nor of the statuary, which fills galleries of fatiguing extent, but which you always leave with regret. Let me speak of a single picture. It is a holy family. The Child Jesus is on Mary's lap. His eyes, or rather his head, is raised somewhat, and he seems to be looking at some object of great interest, his face expressing that interest. John is watching this expression, as if to learn its cause. Mary is looking at Jesus. She is the most striking for beauty, of any of her name. It is exquisite. It is as remarkable for its features as for their expression. In most of the pictures of her the attempt seems to have been to express, so to speak, the inexpressible, with less care in the form and management of the features, than you see in the ideal of human beauty in other instances of it. In this there is physical beauty, as if it had been the purpose of Raphael to present this form of beauty, and its expression, as devoted to

a divine object. The infant is of exquisite beauty also. He has filled the mother with love; I had almost said with pride, as hers, and that it was not out of place to represent her as a beautiful woman; filled with the mother, but at the same time conscious of the divine nature of the object of her love. I was more in sympathy with the Pearl than with any of the other works of Raphael. It has none of the coldness of the virgin mother, in other instances. By coldness, I mean the absence of the human. On the contrary, it is full of warmth, and of feeling. Never has the external, the objective, become so immediately and wholly subjective,—so incorporated into my own intellectual being, as did this vision of beauty. I rejoice that I have seen this work. Raphael has before never so moved me. I have never seen a copy, or an engraving of the Pearl. How poor, how ineffectual are copies in every kind of such pictures,—of such a mind as Raphael's. Is it not a sacrilege to attempt such a work? It is the author's soul expressed by visible signs, which is before you. Who shall dare to give us the sign, who has not the author's soul for its seal? Who shall enter the sanctuary of another man's mind, to say for him what he himself has uttered,—live again his outward life? Who shall attempt to copy such works? We arrest the counterfeiter, yes, send to prison the man who, for money, copies and uses another man's name. Which is the greater, the worser counterfeit? I have spoken of this before. But the very day, or rather days devoted to this noble gallery, there was a person actually at work copying the Pearl to order; and what a *thing* he has made out of an *idea*? I could not refrain recurring to this wretched business.

Murillo's Infant and Sheep,—Jesus the Pastor,—is a perfect treasure; and John, near to it, another. Rebecca at the Well, is as fresh and as sweet as is the water she hands to the Patriarch. There is a Conception here by Murillo differing somewhat from that in the Louvre, but his; and with

all his beauty and power. An exquisite Boy wearing his hat, often engraved. I do not mean to give you a catalogue. How fresh are these works of Murillo. Time has gone smiling by them, as if he had said, "For me, they may live forever."

In a room somewhat private are pictures by Titian. These are, for the most part, Venuses, and not one representative of this goddess has had time for her toilette. There they lie as they were born, with the simplicity, and I suppose, innocence of all other children, grown or other. In these works, form and colour have entered into a limitless copartnership for the creation of beauty, and all the world, the critics, and amateurs say, the firm has succeeded.

In another room are the Venuses of Rubens. These also have no companions. The colouring and the drawing are perfect. But, as to form, out of which much of art and beauty come, to me they are splendid failures. Rubens' models must have been of Flanders, for the goddess, as given to us of old, is no relation of theirs. I never saw such exaggerations of flesh on any human being,—no, not even excepting that four hundred pounder in our K.'s Museum. These Venuses present themselves to you in every possible attitude, front, back, side, oblique, and every muscle is as deeply marked as if the models had been flayed after being undressed, and that the artist's sole object had been to present every individual muscle in action in all the attitudes given. Now nature does no such thing. True, in the living, surface shows where muscles are, and you feel that the action is true. But there is no dissection here, and yet everything is as if naked before you. Truly may we say of high art,—

*Causa latet, vis est notissima.*

I am a physician, you know, and it has been said, and as I think, truly, that our preliminary studies in the anatomical theatre may make us somewhat indifferent concerning many

things that disagreeably move others. Now I do declare that, notwithstanding the influences of these studies, I could not look upon these extravagancies of Rubens with indifference or insensibility. They were to me absolutely caricatures of humanity. To be sure they were designed to represent the divine of Paganism. But were I to be called to worship such heathen goddesses as these, I would spare the Missionary Society the trouble of my conversion, and instinctively look for objects of worship elsewhere. Seriously, why are such monstrosities in being a moment longer? Why in such near proximity to Titian, to Murillo, to Raphael? Go to these and learn eternal lessons in purity and in beauty. Look on the Mother and Child, — look at the Last Supper, — look at the Pearl, — look at High Art where you may, — in its true objects, and sincere accomplishments, and come away and say as you must, if you have a soul, that you have been in the temple of beauty and of love, and have come from that divine service a better man. I despise prudery, nor would I place the moral, the intellectual, the physical together, and strike the balance of their separate claims in Art. They make one, and should only be seen and used as such by the artist. I saw a young lady in the Louvre, very pleasing in appearance, and, as I thought, the best copier there. She was copying a picture of a perfectly naked female of exquisite beauty, by a master in the Art. I looked at the original, at the copy, at the copier. Do you suppose for a moment that a question arose of the work or of the artist? Do you suppose for a moment that the idea of propriety or impropriety, — delicacy or indelicacy arose? No. Here was an attempt, a fruitless one, as I thought, to copy the exquisite work of a master, by a mind and a hand which had not and could not approach to the conception of such a thought, and of such a fact. It was simply a question with her whether she should attempt to imitate such perfection in Art. The obvious failure answered the question for me. In a city in America is an Academy with a gallery, and in

the last, is statuary. I remember that this was opened to men and women on different days. It was not thought to be well for the sexes to look upon such works, though of the best in their kind, together. If there were any truth in this, it would have been better that neither should have looked at them at all. There is coarseness, and indecency in Art sometimes which should shut it out of all decent society. In many of Teniers' pictures is a figure which should never be in public, and which a statute of our decorous State would surely punish. But Teniers is tolerated. He gives us life, you say. I say, no. He gives us conditions of living, which some conventions have settled should not form topics of common conversation, nor matters of exhibition. If not to be talked about, they should not be exposed to public view; certainly not in a work of Art.

MINERALOGICAL MUSEUM.—This is a large government building devoted to natural history. The collections of minerals fill many rooms, and are of great interest. In crystals especially, do the riches of this collection declare themselves. They are very large and perfect, reaching to the crystalline forms of all known minerals. The arrangement is such as to aid the student by furnishing, in place and relation, the specimens he needs. They are contained in close cases, with glass all round, and look as fresh as if just broken from the parent mass. American specimens are few, principally of the precious metals. One mass of muriate of silver, *luna cornea*, is enormous, and is of immense value. It seems to consist entirely of the muriate. Fine specimens of platinum are here. The greatest care is showed throughout this extensive Museum, and you cannot but feel grateful to Her Majesty for the liberal appropriations which are made to increase and preserve the means of good science. The Museum is open to the public without fee. The same is true of the Picture Gallery. Thanks to Her Majesty, strangers are admitted daily and freely from ten to two or four, upon showing their passports.

The natives twice a week, having obtained tickets for that purpose.

In speaking to one after this visit, I alluded to the mismanagement of the American colonies of Spain, which had led to their independence. It seemed very strange to me, I said, that so small a State as Portugal should retain its American colonies, while Spain should have lost hers. I added that the near neighbourhood of the Republic might have had an influence, but could not be the sole cause. He said the colonies were lost by being treated as enemies rather than friends. Why, said he, Cuba is governed in the same way at this moment. Not an officer, from governor-general to the lowest, but is sent from Spain. A Cuban is not trusted with the smallest public service. This is enough to alienate any colony. It requires many soldiers and ships to keep the people down, and this enormous expense, with salaries, uses up most of the Cuban revenues. The governor's salary is five or six times that of your president, and with fees, he goes home in a year or two, a rich man. He said that there was an under current in Spain ready at any moment to declare itself, and involve the State in ruin. The speaker seemed a well informed man, and this is what he said.

A moment more in the Museum. My description of the grand specimen of the muriate of silver, may lead you to suppose that other specimens of the previous metals, from the old colonies of Spain, are of like proportion. No such thing. For the most part they are *hand* specimens of fair size,—of gold, platinum, native silver, in crystals, arborescent, &c., &c. The thought came at once of the changes which had taken place in all the relations between the mother country and her ophir colonies. Once Spain owned them all, and much of the business of her marine was in bringing home their precious metals. But now some hand specimens in glass cases, most carefully guarded, are all that remained to remind her of what she once had. The best

gold to a State is that which is dug out of, as well as by, the good muscle and good spirit of a people. National decay can never come of such mining as this. It cannot be wasted, for the sure laws of a certain nature produce and preserve it. It is the good patrimony which every father gives to his child, and he has ever been the best man who has succeeded to such childhood. We are making the experiment of gold-digging, money-making, without mind,—the muscle, but not the spirit. The result is not yet, unless it be the hundred millions of foreign debt which our gold, dug and to be digged, is standing godfather to,—and which it peradventure may pay.

BUTTER.—There is no butter in Spain, as far as I have been. What do you mean? Just what I say. I did not see butter from Irun to Madrid on any table, at any meal. Oil replaces it in cookery. I once saw what seemed a ball of butter in a closet, and asked the waiting-girl to bring it to me. She did not understand. My courier was told to ask her for it. He asked for some *burro*, the Italian for the article. She shrugged her shoulders, and went on cutting up, and handing about. He then said, the gentleman wants some *mantica*, the Spanish for butter. She had none. I told C. there was some in the buffet, and he got it. The girl saw him put it on the table, and came out with an *antico*, which settled its character. They have in Madrid what they call butter, but it did not remind me of the article. Now this want of butter, like ours of June, with its golden hue, its exquisite flavour, making one's breakfast an event, and giving to the dinner so much that a dinner wants,—the want of this, makes foreign travel a trouble to the traveller of taste. It has its place, with bad taste, however manifested, and almost makes one yearn for his green fields and herds. A traveller had stopped at a place among the Pyrenees,—a solitary house,—exhausted with fatigue, and dripping wet. He had *ridden*,—the demand of the time,—and his horseman's boots were top-full,—

overrunning with water. As he sat by the fire he asked for dinner. A soup was in the orders. The pot was soon in place. The vegetables in and boiling, when the good woman, taking the lamp from the mantel-piece, poured its contents into the pot. Horrour struck at this, he asked what it meant, and learned with comfort that olive oil was used alike for soup and for illumination, and in due time had an excellent dinner, and delicious soup.

**WATER.** — Madrid is supplied with excellent water. It is brought from a distance in pipes, and is served at fountains. In the evening, water vessels of wood are brought and are carefully placed, so that next morning they may be easily filled, and found. I did not understand this as I saw one evening these arrangements. Early in the morning men are at hand with tubes of various length to reach every water vessel, and fill each with perfectly fresh and nice water as it issues from the various mouths of the fountain. In the morning they carry them to each house with the day's supply. The price of the service being, I think, about two francs a month. Now this is a nice method. The quantity is limited, and this prevents waste. I can vouch for the excellence of the water. Beside this supply, women come in great numbers, bringing earthen vessels shaped not unlike tea kettles of large size, which are filled by the bearers, and carried away on their heads. The women of the Continent do great head work. The water is soft. In other countries, or cities, I have found it hard. For those who have taste and time for daily ablutions, the Madrid fountains are great blessings. Another use of water here is the watering of streets, and of trees. You cannot tell how great is this luxury, for at home you have it not. I mean watering trees. The leaves are thoroughly wetted with fresh water, and the wind through them is cool, and singularly refreshing. I was once asked if Madrid were not a *nasty* place. This epithet is common in England, for the most part, physically used, — as nasty weather, — a *nasty* person, is either

morally or physically so. I think the word is a *nasty* one, and enough to break a contract of marriage, if used by either party. I answered the question about Madrid, saying that it was a very nice, clean place. The streets are wide, and shade trees have room to grow. They are both faithfully watered. You see with what care the trees are washed and dressed every morning. Women take part in this process, and you think of the Hamadryads of old, the guardian angels of the trees. The dirt is brushed up, and removed at once. The paving here favours cleanliness. The stones are symmetrical, of the shape and size about, of bricks, and wedge shaped. They are laid with as much care as brick in the walls of a house. Nay, I have seen them laid in mortar to secure firmness. The edges thus remain in place, and the pavement being, as we said, wedge shaped, a series of arches is formed which not only aid each other, but produce a smooth road, a monstrous comfort to horse, carriage, and the carried. I looked at these means of comfort in their sanitary bearings, and you see at once how much health may be promoted by the pure air of streets. Sometimes the gutter stones are round. These are laid with special care. They are in precise lines, and the grade is secured by constantly using the spirit level,—or rather, uniform descent is produced by inclined planes, and the water runs freely off. I notice with pleasure the firmness of European paving, and this under loads of merchandise,—of wagons, and of horses, of the weight of which we know nothing. Now, how different from the perfect smoothness of these streets, are ours, and how clean the first are kept. Nothing can exceed the annoyances of our streets. Everything suffers but *dyspepsia*. This may be helped by jolting, which, however, the dyspeptic can find amongst us without any painful inquest. Then of street cleaning. We summarily brush the street dirt up in heaps in the side gutters. Then, as if to please them, they may be left a day or two in their new residence, to be blown away, it may be, to be collected

again. If the dust cart comes, how slovenly the job is done, generally by the foreigner, who has had but little culture beyond peat cutting, or potato growing, and a very little work about the dirt heaps is sufficient. "Oh, the powers," said one to me, "and how nice are ye, to bother about a shovel or so of *dry mud*."

I entered Spain with anticipated starvation, or to be bled to death by night enemies, more industrious and inexorable than leech, or *sangrado*. As to the starvation, it was all humbug. I did not attempt every dish, but I got as much food as was convenient for me. The table was always neat, and, amidst the mountains, silver or plated forks were as plenty as in the city. I know nothing of the sleeping facilities in post houses, but in Madrid they are excellent. The beds are of cotton, the bedsteads of polished iron, the linen, *linen*. As to fleas and bugs, they are all in your eye, notwithstanding the rebutting testimony of guide-books and travellers. The service is excellent. There are things which the Anglo Saxon, and the Anglo Yankee, might ask to be reformed. But as most of them are for personal convenience, I hardly think such a sacrifice to our prejudices will be entertained.

**THE ESCORIAL.** — This is the burial place of the Kings and Queens of Spain. Here are the children of royalty, and there, in the centre of this vast tomb, which occupies a subterraneous vault, or room of great extent, lies the Infant, — the body of the son of the reigning Queen, in a coffin, made rich with gold, and if my vision be true, with a crown upon or near it. Around the walls of this vast catacomb of royalty, are arranged, on shelves, the coffins of a long race of monarchs. The guide named them, I suppose in their order, but with a rapidity which made it impossible for you to follow him, had such been your wish. The spaces are now all filled with coffins, so that the good sacristan who accompanied us with three candles, so arranged in cluster as to allow him to carry them in one hand,

was quite puzzled to know how to dispose of the next king or queen who might die. We ascended from the place of the dead, made but little wiser, and no better by our visit.

The Escorial was built by Philip II., and he is buried here. It is a convent. It consists of a palace, a church, and houses for the monks. It contained, formerly, between five and six hundred monks; now, as I was told here, only twenty-five. The destruction of the Inquisition was fatal to Catholic Spain. I was told, on my voyage from America, that Catholicism was reviving here. But I should think there is no truth in the statement. Don Carlos is the rightful heir to the throne, as I am told, and who could even now reign, is absolutely prevented doing so because of his Catholic zeal, and because he would restore the Inquisition should he obtain the crown. Everything shows here the decay of religion. The churches are dilapidated. Their appearance is wretched. The Crosses by the way side are neglected and rare. I saw them broken,—deprived of one or both arms, and the least injured, most miserable things. They are now hardly met with. The churches have but few worshippers, and report makes the lives of the clergy utterly scandalous. You see how these reports are likely to be true, in the simple fact, that the rightful heir to the crown cannot get it because of his severe religionism. The subject seems determined to be no longer under the rule of the church. He is very likely to be entirely destitute of all religious feeling, in his apostasy from that which was, to the Catholic of Spain, the soul and substance of religion itself. I was struck with the mutilated, tumble-down condition of the houses formerly inhabited, in the Escorial, by monks. This is not the effect of neglect or decay only, for when the French were here, they destroyed these buildings by cannon. Ruins belong to just such a place. It is about twenty-four miles English from Madrid. It is surrounded by mountains, and being reached by a long and most tedious ascent, through the passages among mountains, stands in a

very commanding position. Nothing can exceed the desolationess, and utter stillness of the place. The mountains are perfectly bare, not a green thing is anywhere. Rocks and stones are on every side, and what might have been once green, is burned and parched up. It looked like a place accursed, as if men did not live here, while the undisturbed lizard was running wild beneath your feet. I have rarely, if ever, been so impressed with the entire failure of so much human power and effort as have been used here.

PHILIP II.—This King lived here years in mortal sickness, to watch over and bless, or to sanctify the materials which were employed in building the Escorial. Here are the stools on which he rested his diseased limbs, and the chairs in which he placed his diseased body, and here are the boards, covered with velvet, which were placed in his lap, and on which he wrote. These tables, if such they may be called, were in two leaves, connected by hinges, and they said up there, that the minister would have one part resting on his knees, while the other was on the King's. The guide desired the company to sit in the King's seat, which, in turn, some did. I was one of these, and took out my tablets and recorded the important fact. The apartments are very simple. The royal accommodation was far less than would satisfy many of my republican friends. The rooms are very small, royal closets rather than regal chambers. I should think, in so hot a region, for the Escorial is nearer the sun than Madrid, that Philip must often have suffered by the heat. They showed us supports for his diseased legs, cases made to fit them, and which were placed on stools. For winter use these cases are padded, and made to be warm. For summer, they are made of wire work, which will allow the air to pass through the meshes. I was glad to see this slight arrangement for comfort, made for one who found his felicity in the severest penance, and his anticipations of heaven in his continuous sufferings on earth. I can understand what such felicity

was, and how such a heaven was in prospect, loved. There are times in every man's experience, in which sorrow is without woe, and suffering without pain,—moments in which the relations between the spiritual and the physical are so loosened, that their entire separation would be welcomed instead of dreaded. Why may not Philip have had his best joy in his self-imposed, or patiently endured misery?

You see arrangements everywhere made for the unobstructed enjoyment of religion by Philip. His closet opens near to a private half-glazed door into the church. This door is so placed, as to allow one behind it to see the chancel, and the services there, with perfect ease. The door is panelled, but the panels are moveable, and the glass is so placed as to allow perfect vision of what is within to the person who is in the closet, and without his being seen. At least this is the impression which I received from the apartments referred to, and the relations of each with the other. The panels were slipped aside, and this with perfect ease, and without noise, and I immediately and perfectly got full sight of the service which was then proceeding at the altar. I know precisely what is the rate of Philip with Catholics and others, friends and enemies. I can understand how terrible might have been, and were, the cruelties of such a man,—of how little account the sufferances of others for recusancy might have been to him, who died daily in his self-martyrdom for his own sins. I can understand all this. And how unworthy was such a course, how false to religion was such a life, in the regard of truly pious Christian men. But when I stood in the Escorial, surrounded by the memorials of a life devoted to what was thought to be duty,—and now that centuries had gone by since that life, and those acts, I confess the moral arose along with the bigotry, and I felt how the martyrdom for heresy, in declaring a truth on both sides, was to the martyr the ascension to heaven. I have not had time to

analyze the process by which changes, and quite striking ones too, are made in opinions which have been confirmed by time; and the adoption of others which, at one time, it seems hardly possible for me to have adopted. I stood there in the Escorial, or sat upon a stone staircase, each step of which, the guide was careful more than once to remind me, was one solid bit of exquisite and most costly marble,—and thoughts came, not only of my distant home, and of the strange fact that I was actually here, but of the people and times, out of the deep convictions of which this convent had been built, and that he who built it, who lived in it, who died in it, and now lies buried in it, might have played his part in the great drama of life, and have done for duty, which comes to us in so awful a livery of unmixed cruelty. Philip's father left a throne for a cloister; and his son passed much of the last years of his life in a convent. Was there not something in the condition, if not in the constitution, of the moral nature in each, which the mighty agency of an uncontrollable instinct directed; and which gave character to their religious life? There is certainly something quite extraordinary in the religious experiences, and powers, of these remarkable men. And now, after the flight of centuries, in the place of their lives, and of their burial, we can, so to speak, afford to look on the other side of the picture, and learn what may be traced there. Instances of the power or tendency of the religious sentiment to tyranny, and in its most terrible and cruel forms, are scattered over every page of history. Charles and Philip were religionists. Their function was to preserve, in its purity, what to them was *the* true church. In that church, the earliest faith, we are told, was daily and hourly manifested. In unbroken succession the apostolic order had come along with the ages. The Imperial father and son were to see that, as long as they lived, it should preserve its earliest purity. "On this rock I build my church," had a literal significance. The Puritan came to America to

found *a* true church. He left one which for centuries had claimed the supremacy, because of its truth. The Puritan could not, and would not, tolerate any but his own. To differ from this was the highest heresy. He was true to his conscience. He banished heretics. Philip II. did not establish a new church. He found one ready made to his hand; and with a terrible zeal he pursued heresy to the death. The smallest modification of faith,—the smallest departure from the truth, as he held it,—the only truth to him,—was punished with death in its most fearful forms. And with what indomitable firmness, yes, cheerfulness, was death welcomed. The heresy was a greater truth to the martyr, than was his faith who sent him to the stake. He paid the dearer for it. And what a price, in personal suffering, did not Philip pay, and in so much of his life, for the church. We have seen something of this. In his room, referred to, are the visible signs of his painful and loathsome diseases. To the popular mind these exhibitions may be disgusting, but they are not the less proofs of the sufferings which he daily and hourly endured. They present our subject in a phase which deserves to be considered,—the spirit of self-sacrifice for the faith in which Philip lived and died. That faith hath in it penance, the physical, and self-inflicted punishment of sin,—the element of self-sacrifice which is its own,—and then with what readiness has it carried this principle into its works of charity, of doing good to others. The Puritan was a man of sacrifice. Not that it was an article of his faith, but because he could in no other way declare and extend it. He did not come to America for freedom to worship God, but to establish a true worship. He denied this freedom in his first banishment, and for, to his mind, good and sufficient reason. The territory he inhabited here was his own. He held it under the authority of a royal grant. He said that he had a right to his own, and that it was for his own uses. Nobody had a right to come into his possessions but by his permission, and if by

any conduct, he disturbed the peace, — and the civil magistrate was to settle this, — he might be, and he was, driven forcibly, if force were needed, out of the colony.

I have said to you, for whom I write, of what most impressed me in the Escorial. I have spoken of Philip just as I was moved to speak in and by his desolate home, — of his sacrifices and of his sufferings. A commentary is truer than a history, not truer in regard to what its subjects have *done*, — their out-door public *acts* what they or their agents have done, — but truer to the intellectual and moral conditions of such actions. A man is not in his hand, but in his heart. In the solemn and deep conviction of duty, men have killed themselves, or have lived in the midst of a daily death, — the acutest sufferings. And such men have to answer the whole demands of conscience, — especially the religious, — have *done* things which should, as we think, make the angels weep, and yet they may have *done* them under the most solemn and responsible convictions of *duty*. A commentary may be truer than a history. There is a wise direction of an Apostle, “Look not every man on his own things, but every man also on the things of others.” I quote from memory. How short had been history, had this short sentence been the rule of the life of the world. How strange was the life of Charles V. What a chapter of contradictions. He was the defender of his faith, and at any cost to himself and to others. Yet Luther travels with Charles’s *safe conduct* in his pocket, though his visit was to answer for a heresy which was hurrying thousands to the stake. Charles leaves palace and diadem behind him, and wanders through the wild Pyrenees, with sacrifices and sufferings which the stoutest could hardly endure. He shaves his head and puts on the cowl, though on that head, just before, were resting the crowns of many Empires. The soft purple is replaced by the coarse hair-cloth. He could starve for penance, even to danger to life. And yet he could eat, and did eat, more than any other man

of his time. The crowning antagonism of his life was his funeral, which he celebrated while alive. He enters his coffin, — hears, in his own funeral, the service of the dead, — is left alone, as if in his tomb, and rises, as if from the dead, to the duties of his monastic life. The man is a bold one who does not shrink from his own very self, in reading the words of what men of the “one spirit” with his own, have done.

The church, or what might seem to be the chapel of the Convent, resembled in form a Greek Cross. The place of the chancel is in one of the equal branches of this Cross. This form answers very well for preaching, and the people, you see, may be in any part of the church, and still hear and see what is proceeding. They occupied the space opposite the chancel. I thought them, as I saw them through Philip’s window, at an inconvenient distance, but as much of the service was at the time ceremonial, this was really of no consequence. When you first look through this panelled and glazed door, you see nothing but the chancel, the altar, the priests, and attendants. You only see the audience by looking in a direction opposite, and there you see them clustered together, on their knees or in chairs, as is usual in Catholic churches, there being no pews. I listened to the service. It was low chanting, with the organ accompaniment, and its effect was certainly as deep and as solemn as any service could be. Not to interrupt the service, the panels were closed, and we went to see the palace. There was nothing which I saw which much attracted attention, except some paintings by Ribera, — by Murillo, — and two or three alleged originals by Raphael, and many copies from him, and other masters. I did not go up a long flight of stairs to see other wonders, and so lost, as I was told, the “best of the whole,” viz., a Christ in marble. Now, as I have been told this pretty often before, I felt, in some recovered strength, able for a new campaign. “Renewed strength,” so early in the day?

Yes, for I rose at three, to get ready, for the diligence, which was to start at five, was some distance off, and to which I was to walk,— and add to this twenty-four miles of hard jolting, without breakfast, for five or six hours, and then to start off on “sight-seeing.” From the palace we entered the church. It is a very noble building, with less of gilding than some, but more of it than taste demands. In what strong contrast do the two churches in Munich, and the more remarkable one in Strasburg, stand, in their sublime simplicity, when compared with these,— I will not say gilded sepulchres,— but these elaborately ornamented interiors. It was, withal, grand in extent, in its vast pillars,— its roof or ceiling,— its profound repose. It was grateful to be here. This was the farthest limit of my wanderings. Every new step would be forward, towards home, and rest. The daily preparation for travel, itself a labour, would soon be one toil less, and the weary mules would have no cause to complain of me more. I should soon be where was spoken my mother tongue, and the ever-coming “I do not understand,” would not be the hourly answer to my question. So you see in this old chapel was cause of gratitude, and sure am I that I rarely fail to feel and express it. There are hours in Catholic countries when all the bells of the city begin to ring, just as it is with us when a fire happens. It is just that hour here in Madrid now, and such a din must be heard to be felt. What it means, I know not. It may be it is to summon the faithful to prayer. It is, I assure you, a painful process to the prayerless. An intermission,— and then a tenfold powerful peal.

CASINO.— I had not finished my service at the Escorial, for the Casino, the Little Palace, was next to be visited. Our guide in the church was a blind old man, but quite remarkable for his memory of places. His son guided him, and he us. He knew when he passed holy places, and bent his knee when he reached them. He has guided many Americans, and said he was always happy to do so. He

asked of Mr. Calderon, and said he had married an American lady. Washington Irving is a favourite. He spoke of others, Americans among the rest, and was evidently quite happy in his reminiscences. His name is Cornelius Burgos, as nearly as I could gather from the courier, and I think I shall long remember the plaintive tone, and the very pleasing countenance, of the blind guide of the Escorial. We reached the Casino after a mile's walk or so, through a broad coach-road, or approach, with linden, elm, and other trees on its borders. But for the intense heat, the walk would have been very pleasant. At the Little Palace we were consigned to a new guide, an old soldier in his uniform, but having very few teeth left, his Spanish seemed more uncertain than any before heard; but it answered. As its name imports, this place is minute in all its characters. Especially is this the case with its inside. The rooms are without number. I soon ceased the count. They are, of necessity, very small, and pass off in all directions, without any apparent order. Sometimes you would come upon a room of some size; but then its height was so wholly below all proportion, that length and breadth told for little or nothing. I have never seen such a box in so wide fields, lawns, parks. It seemed the very plaything, baby-house of royalty, but here in Spain may answer every purpose equally well as another. But as if aware of its moral element, — if a little or a large palace has any such thing, — the Casino is utterly deserted. Beds, bedding, all which goes towards house-keeping, except a few show things, have been removed, and as I understood, its Royal Mistress, and only rightful occupant, visits it no more. The old guide is its only inhabitant, and a pretty dull time must he have of it. Speaking of furniture, I must not omit the pictures. They are in perfect proportion to the apartments they occupy. Most of them, certainly many, are of strictly miniature size. The frames are out of all proportion large, as if to give some character to that which they surround.

There was much that was curious in art here, and doubtless much that was valuable. Thus, minute works in ivory abound. Some of these are very beautiful, and well worth examining. Whole scenes are in ivory, — the Judgment of Solomon, for instance, Abraham offering Isaac, Noah leaving the Ark. The *mother*, in the first, is done admirably; its effect is excellent. In another room, or, I think the same, are landscapes, said to be in ivory. These are very small, and everything, leaf, thorn, the most delicate things possible, of a hair's diameter, are beautifully displayed, and bear the examination of a glass. I had not seen these long before I began to suspect what they were, and to doubt if they were the work of a knife or tool at all. I thought of softening ivory, and of then by compression in a mould, getting these exquisite forms, and I asked of what these were made. Our principal spokesman was a very intelligent courier of an English gentleman who lives in the same lodgings with me, and is infinitely better informed than is the Madrid man I had taken instead of my own courier, who cannot speak Spanish. He talked to the old soldier, and after a time said that "Chineses peoples made it." The mystery was at once solved. I remembered at once precisely similar things which came from China, which I had seen at home, and in making which sculpture has not the least place.

The tapestries in this and the large palace are exceedingly fine. They do not, I think, equal the Gobelins in the perfect manner of execution; are less smooth, less like the finest painting. But they are full of spirit, full of character, and do infinite credit to their authors, if such a word be properly applied here. I was perfectly delighted with these specimens of a rarely used art, and which in France is a government monopoly, so close that not the smallest specimen can be obtained. These tapestries are very large, covering the entire walls. Their subjects are very strangely selected, being frequently from Teniers, and are full of life and fun. I think a day may be usefully given to the examination of these

works. Embroideries are here of silk and gold from royal hands, and others, — and inlaid work, by one of the kings, — which are exquisite in their kinds. He seems to have had the mechanical turn of Peter Veliki of Russia, and to have put it to as practical an account. Woods and gold, the latter especially, are employed in this inlaid work. Oak being the wood which gives form to specimens of the work here, and this is generally the wood employed. Doors, linings of rooms, &c., are thus ornamented. The time spent in these works must have been very great, and perhaps royal time has been rarely more innocently employed. While in the closet of Philip, I made the following record of my visit, sitting at his simple table, in his simpler chair. The matter recorded shall be yours in private.

An English gentleman whose acquaintance I had made at the Fonda, was my companion at the Escorial. He was travelling with his servant, and having entered Spain from the Mediterranean, gave very pleasant accounts of that part of the country opposite to that by which I had entered it. He seemed to be a thoroughly educated man, and of excellent manners. We sat upon a low stone wall under some Linden trees waiting for the porter of the gate to the grounds of the Casino. We fell into talk, and by accident America was mentioned. Something was said which led me to talk about home, and I gave a sketch of our government, — that of the general, and the state governments, — of the powers yielded and reserved by the latter, and the harmony which was preserved, where there might be supposed to be antagonisms to disturb relations or operations. Religious, judicial, and educational systems and interests were alluded to. Mr. — was much interested in all this, and at length asked, and with some emphasis, how I had got all this knowledge of a country so remote from home, and about which his knowledge was so very vague. I answered, that it was in the most natural way in the world, for I was born in America, and was now a traveller in Spain just as was he.

I was sorry to lose an acquaintance so accidentally made, and which had become so pleasant to me. I sat next him at table in Madrid, and had already talked with him, and was soon to leave him forever. It is one of the most agreeable accidents of foreign travel to make just such companionships as these. It is one of its most unpleasant experiences, almost daily, to see them dissolved.

The time to leave the Escorial was at hand, and the diligence at the gate. It was crowded full, and I was forced to take a seat behind the banquette, unprotected from a sun of burning power. The road is horrid, and such were the plunges, pitches, and lateral tiltings, that I thought it would "be a gone goose" with me soon. And much talk was there as to the best course if the centre of gravity of the diligence should fall out of its base. At length the sun went down. And what a twilight. The sky grew ebony dark, overhead. The stars at once appeared. The twilight reached a short distance from the edge of the horizon, perhaps a sixth from the zenith, and instead of being diffused, made almost a line at the blue-black of the sky to which it reached. It was a bright yellow, and the deep blue instead of making a clean line of demarcation, seemed as if shaken down into the twilight, still not becoming diffused in it, but preserving its form and colour perfectly. It was the most beautiful as well as the most novel meteorological phenomenon to my experience. You may not understand me, but believe me when I assure you that I have never witnessed such a vision of departing day. With what a grace did it say farewell,—with what a prophecy of "good night." I am conscious of very little, if any, imaginative or descriptive power. And I assure you in the midst of so much truth, so much fact, I look upon my work of description poor indeed. Nay, I should feel ashamed at such times, and in such memories, to think of myself, or mine, at all. In silence, in the utter absence of all active or acting power would I live in the presence of such manifestations of out

ward power and surpassing beauty, until I had made it all my own. If you would make a man humble, place him in the midst of nature,—inaccessible mountains,—the cataract,—the outlet, the by-way of a lake or sea. Place him in the midst and presence of the infinite,—to him, the impossible. He may be in his aspirations an angel,—in his consciousness, only a man. Two men, one very tall, one very short, were wandering afoot among the Alps. They were in a region from which rose a mountain, almost perpendicularly, to a very great height. They reached a spot from which they could see this mural mountain in its full elevation. They stopped. They were silent. At length said W. the short to R. the tall, "R. I do not know how you feel, but I feel—very small!"

About nine, we reached Madrid, having passed the whole day at the Escorial. The city was alive with its crowds, and glaring with its lamps. The cry of "Fresh water," was on all sides. We walked the tired mules to the post-house, and walked our tired selves to the Fonda Peninsulares. Got dinner at ten, and went willingly to bed.

Having made my arrangements, I left Madrid Aug. 25th. After passing through mountainous regions, we came, one afternoon, to where the mountain sides were wooded, with wide valleys of well treated soil. Where we were, was not a cloud,—the sun shining with full but not burning brightness. At a distance there was heavy rain. At length we got very near to it. It was not moving clouds, but the simple condensation of the atmosphere's moisture, into an universal mist, or heavier rain. Our distance from it grew less and less, and at length our region of sunshine trench'd upon that of rain at our right side. Here a novel appearance showed itself. A rainbow of perfect form and colours, with one limb resting among the trees of an orchard one field only from us, and near a farm-house, the other obliquely stretching till ending in the near horizon. It was thus seen in *perspective*. Understand now that this beautiful bow was

so close at hand that I could, in a minute or two, have reached its nearest limb,—stood in the midst of its gorgeous colourings. The effect of the trees was very curious. In their motions they broke up the portion of the bow nearest them, and the different colours were thus showered among the leaves and branches. You cannot tell how grand was the effect. The bow was very large. It lay upon, or rather against the mountain-side, which was covered with mist or rain as with a garment,—dark, almost black,—the bow itself in the purest light, declaring itself in all the colours of the ray. I examined it with my glass, and was struck with the strong line of demarcation of each colour. I was looking into the secrets of nature, and was seeing her at work in the most exquisitely beautiful recess of her vast laboratory. It was all new, and left an impression which I have tried to sketch in my description. With me, few things of the external world are so vivid and lasting as are the effects, or better, the creations of light. The light, in its livery,—colour,—reaches the brain by the shortest passage. It is not, as is hearing, a vibration of the atmosphere, which at length strikes the drum of the ear, and which, like other drums when struck, makes a noise in the head. It is the light itself,—if I may so say,—

———— “bright effluence of bright essence,”

which passes straight into the brain, and there tells its own wondrous story. It has to me more of the spiritual than has any other thing around me; and now past one, A. M., in Paris, these dim candles of mine sustain me in relation with the universe, as no other medium of intercourse with the outward can, or does. I hear now and then the carriage-wheels below in Rue Rivoli, and the uncertain voices of men, and the near and the distant clock. But all these are fragmentary,—broken,—accidental. The light is continuous,—always the same,—a bright cheerful spirit which turns all things into itself. With such a strange present

before me, I love to pay my allegiance to that which gives to me that present as it is. Would that in my fealty I had a pleasure as pure as is the object itself.

**RETURN TO PARIS.**— When I left Paris public activity was manifesting itself everywhere. Streets were changing in surface and extent. Rue Rivoli was on its way to the Place Bastile, which reached, would make it four or five miles long. Three hundred houses or more had been pulled down to make room for finishing the Palace, and this work was at once to proceed. Private houses were changing, by new fronts, or by raising roofs. Great public sewers were in hand, and repairs to public buildings. In the streets were stone-cutters at work under sheds, preparing materials for various and new enterprises. I asked a friend, with whom I was walking one day, what this all meant. Paris seemed to be undergoing a revolution. Said he, I have been told that the Prince has addressed a note to owners of real estate, calling upon them to make work on their houses, to give employment to crowds of people in Paris, who, if not so employed, might make appropriations of property, and some things beside, which might put them to much trouble. Now, of the truth of this I know nothing. But I do know that in no city, even in St. Petersburg, where a vast amount of out-door work is always in hand, have I seen anything like the restless activity everywhere showed here. I think, yesterday, in driving to a place, the drive was lengthened full half a mile by turns out and round, in consequence of the broken state of the streets, and the great masses building of materials. Now, I was told this state of things had reference to one great point, the establishment of the government. Keep Paris employed, and France is employed. When no longer needed,— the object being attained,— these crowds will be employed elsewhere, upon railways, and other public works, and thus Paris will be relieved, and the public peace secured. Employment identifies the employed with his work, and makes

sympathy too, between the employed and the employer. A man will not willingly destroy the work of his own hands. A government which, by any means, brings different classes at all into sympathy, secures itself; for it thus makes itself the expression and the fact of the widest mutual interests, and has availed itself of the best means of public and of individual safety. At what small cost is not important work done? I asked the wages of a common labourer. A franc a day, I was answered. You may think this a very small outlay for the public safety, — one fifth of a dollar. Yes. But you are looking at the subject from a point which should not be assumed for comparison, namely, the pay of an American labourer, for while that may exceed that of the Parisian five times, it will go no farther in the market than does the single franc.

Come with me into France. Come with your eyes, your mind, and heart open, and look upon one of the most extraordinary portions of the universe. Go north, — go south. Go where you will, and tell me where is better soil, better cultivation, larger or better products. Come into the city, — come into Paris, and tell me where is industry more industrious, labour more abundant, and the returns of which do more, or better for its support? I know it is said the government is the source of all this, and that it does it to secure stability. What better can government do than to establish itself in the comfort, the satisfactions, the present, and remunerative energies of its subjects? What may come, time only can show. A stable government is not necessarily a despotism, and there may be occasions in which an admixture of despotism would be better than the semi-anarchy of so-called free states. True conservatism is an expression of power. Here in France, are about forty millions of people, trying the experiment of a republican form of government, with a constitution, — representatives, — an elective President. In the success of such a government, in the central power of

European civilization, the world might rejoice. If the time for it have not come, — if the experiment fail, men and ages may have to wait for what the present was not yet ready. It is a strange thing this experimenting on government, — this instability in the action of the very heart of society, — the source and organ of a nation's vitality. None of us know what a day may bring forth. It is a harder ignorance which knows not if it will bring forth anything. Experiments concerning government have uncertainty attached to them, from the very nature of things ; and are, hence, the very worst which can be attempted. In America stability is looked for in popular education, universal equality, and a written constitution. And in America there is a revolution every four years. The whole working power of the State is changed, and the constitution used according to its construction by the temporary head. It is a written constitution. It was the product of the time, — made for the occasion. Now the slightest degree of human progress must carry the State beyond a rule which suited an earlier time. A state, like a man, may, and should be, wiser to-day than it was yesterday. In a country of an unwritten constitution, government is the adaptation of rule or law to the present condition of the State, in regard to everything which enters into the idea and fact of a State. That which has been deliberately settled, and by the highest judicial power, becomes a part of the constitution, — a member of the Common Law, which has its perpetuity in the principle out of which it has been evolved, and which it has brought into living action. The unwritten constitution of England is in mind, and which is so admirably and beautifully unfolded in the history of England, by Sir James Mackintosh, to whom the present age owes so much,

<sup>1</sup> who will be the teacher of times long to come. You see in his work how the English constitution has kept equal with the political and social developments of that great I was reminded while reading it, of the growth of

England's own majestic oak, which, springing from the acorn, becomes the monarch of the trees. So does that unwritten constitution, the growth of precedent, spread itself everywhere,—reaching to every interest, and sheltering and protecting everything it overshadows.

But the American constitution is a compromise,—a bargain,—a contract. A compromise is not a principle. There are *parties* to it, and interests are of course diverse, or compromise would be as unnecessary as absurd. There must be sacrifice in the adjustment and operation of such an instrument. Let now a contract be made, as perfect as language can make it, and we are told a skilful lawyer can, and if need be, will, drive a coach and six through it. The American constitution, we are told, with what truth I know not, has been desperately treated in this way,—that coaches, not with six, but with fifty horses, have been driven through it in every direction, till the ruts have become so wide and so deep, that one can hardly see the original surface anywhere. What is the foundation of this assertion, it is not necessary to ask, or to discuss.

It will be conceded that what is wanted in every government is power. The only questions are of its amount and use. Said one to me in France, "A slight infusion of despotism is useful in any government." There is an instinct in the recognition of true power, and in submission to it. There comes of it moral safety,—the feeling, that come, what come may, there has been a preparation for it in government, whatever be its origin, growth, or form. Somebody, or something, is answerable for your well being,—whether a limited monarchy, an irresponsible despotism, or an otherwise, reckless republic. He is the happiest child who, in his personal relations to others, has exercised the least will,—or who has learned that in duty,—in obeying others,—he has his best freedom, and pleasure. The absolute, the felt, and the acknowledged supremacy of a government acts upon the State, just as does the same thing upon the family. Its

products are public order,—the general, and individual prosperity.

The civil or social life of Paris, at first sight, so nearly resembles that of every large city, that you may not be aware of the difference. But look at it in detail. Here is a million, more or less, of people, living on a surface hardly large enough for their business, and dwellings. But there are no conflicts, noises, confusions. Everybody attends to his affairs, without troubling others in theirs. Here is heavy work,—large wagons, and horses, but the streets are wide, well paved, and so collision and injury prevented. The universal order attracts you, and so does the co-extensive courtesy. This last must be atmospheric. Nothing that is less universal than light and air could produce it. There is no necessary discomfort, if rules are not broken. People yield unimportant points, and thus is compensation made for the accidental, and, it may be, unavoidable breach of custom. A stranger feels this. He has not the rule by head, or by heart, and may get into a thousand snarls; but he is gently put right, or rights himself, and there an end. The sidewalk is everybody's property. There sits a man near a *café* door. He takes a chair. He sips his coffee, and it may be something else, and stronger, and he goes his way, I have no doubt, rejoicing. You see these chairs and tables often. Suppose you are tired. There is the chair. You sit down. A servant comes out and asks your want. You say nothing. He goes in. Another comes, and if you do not take the hint, the whole of Banquo's line may succeed. In short, the chairs are for eaters, drinkers, and smokers, not for simple useless sitters. Go upon the Boulevards after dinner, or in the evening, and you will see Paris out-door life more declared. You may see family parties everywhere. This out-door life I first saw in Germany. But there it is in gardens, in city, or suburbs, not as in Paris in the streets. To be sure all classes partake in these pleasures. So do they here, and as courtesy is the

rule of social life, there is no inconvenience in the generality of the custom. It has not had its source in accidents, and is hence permanent. Fashion has not dared to interfere with it. There is freedom, ease, in the daily intercourse of life. A Frenchman does not so stand upon his dignity as to make himself disagreeable. The direct patronage of the government, as seen in the distribution of honours, whether scientific, literary, or military, lessens distance between classes and orders. A celebrated surgical instrument maker wears a red ribbon at his button-hole; and so does Baron Louis, the most renowned member of his profession; and how largely are Eagles distributed among the military, may be seen everywhere. Just keep your eyes open, and Paris will reveal to you all its mysteries. Paris has no mysteries.

You may hear of uneasiness as to the state of things. But I fancy this does not reach very far down into society, and there are arrangements by which to prevent trouble. Thus the sale of gunpowder is guarded. A certain quantity only can be sold to one and the same person at one time, nor can the sale be repeated till a fixed time after. A registry is kept of every purchase, when bought, by whom, where residing, for what purpose, quantity. In short, everything is done to prevent the accumulation of gunpowder in the hands of the people. Its sale is free elsewhere. Farther security is found in the organization of the National Guard; for it embraces men of wealth, business and character, who serve for limited periods, and for the reason that they have the deepest interest in the public order, as they have most at stake. In the siege of New Orleans, large quantities of cotton, in bags, had been taken by order of General Jackson, and used for defence. An owner of some of this cotton complained of this use of his property, thus taken by eminent domain, saying that it was in danger. "Take a gun, then," said that commander, *who was one*, "and stand by, and defend it." I remember that in Ham-

burg the militia system, or annual or triennial service in the Guards, was required of every citizen. A gentleman from whom I learned this, told me that he was at that moment in that service. The government patronage of the business operations of private individuals, is another security to property. The government comes to have an interest in those operations. Thus, at Didot's establishment the other day, I was showed volume after volume, of enormous and splendid folio editions of most important works, in the publication of which the government is directly concerned. This connection of the government in such enterprises, secures the uses of them throughout the world, as the price is brought within the means of individuals, as well as of colleges, universities, states. Nay, I was told by one who knew, and with whom I went to, and examined Didot's great establishment, that these books may be purchased as cheaply, if not cheaper, in America than in Paris. How much is it the direct interest of Didot et Freres, that there should be quiet, public order in Paris, and how reasonable that they should be, as they are, among its direct agents?

The government, then, does not go beyond or behind the record. Abroad the law is made, and must be obeyed; and it is clear, that the men on whom every State depends, both for its permanency and present well-being, and doing, are here perfectly well satisfied. They know too well at what a hazard have been placed both life and property by experiments, for a so-called higher good. They, or some of them, have lived through these, and have invariably returned or been brought back, to the tried, in full knowledge of its imperfections, nay, of its wrongs, being willing to wait for a progress which shall be a true growth, and better, perhaps, because it is slow; rather than make a leap in the dark, for that which is not, and which, under the circumstances, cannot now be, or which would not endure. When Talleyrand gave in his oath of allegiance to Louis Philippe, he said, "I have done it so many times, that I hope this will be the last." What a comment on revolutions.

When looking at the attempted revolutions of other countries, the American is apt to see them in the light of his own. But there is no parallelism between them. The fathers of America, the U. S. A., were intelligent, educated men,— officers, soldiers and all. They understood the whole mystery of the various relations which keep a true society together. They came from England, or remained a part of it,— America, the richest jewel in its crown. They knew when they were oppressed, because oppression had not been the rule, and the exception could not be tolerated. Everybody saw and felt this; and when such a people says "No!" the "Yes" of a whole world's despotism, means, and can do, nothing. And who in America made a rebellion, which became a revolution? Everybody. Did not the mechanic, and the farmer, do as much, in that world-renowned work, as did any body else? What were Franklin, and Greene, and Revere? Mechanics, working mechanics, in those days and years of every man's life, which *are years*,— which give growth to the mind, and character to the man, and which especially prepare him for the highest, noblest accomplishments. The American should remember so much of his nation's history when he would compare its revolution with attempted imitations abroad. The latter have failed, not because there was not occasion for such sublime efforts, and aspirations,— the rising of nations for freedom. O, no. There was occasion. But the apprehension,— the knowledge of individual or national wrong, however great, does not always bring with it the means of removing it, or such uses of them as will surely accomplish the object. Hence failure. I have instanced the experience of France. How easy to show the like result in the experiences of other nations. In America, the possibility of a nation's governing itself, was an experiment, as it was with them. There are thinking men, at this moment, who doubt if the solution of the problem is yet reached.

You cannot understand my feelings, when walking about

Paris, and when what I have heard of apprehension, and of preventives of outbreak, recur to me. The peace is perfect. The life of efficient action, — the variety of occupation, and its serious pursuit, — the wealth, the comfort, — whatever I see in these walks, gives the lie to reports and fears with which there is no outward harmony, and of which the real, — the existing, is no prophecy. The thought has occurred to me, that there is something deeper in all these guards, — these attempts to prevent danger, than appears. They sometimes strike me, when compared to the actual state of things, to be the expressions of useful power, rather than of fear. They are the evidences of just so much active power as may be thought needful for the permanency of things; and in directions, and by means, which secure personal comfort, pleasure, safety, and which, at the same time, by regulating use, may prevent the abuse of important privileges. I said expression of power, and not of fear. My argument for this is found as already stated, in the actual state of things, — the regular, uninterrupted pursuit of the ordinary avocations of every-day life, — labour and its products, — content everywhere, — the ends of government answered.

Among other calls was one on Baron Louis, who has done so much for his profession, which has been for his, and its perpetual honour, and by which the world has been daily blessed. I was showed into his parlour, or reception room. Here were some pictures, and on his table a few volumes. I was curious to know what. Among them were Fontaine's Fables, — a work on the habits of animals, — Montesquieu on the Causes of the Greatness and Fall of the Romans, and a new book, of which the title has escaped me. After a time, in which I read among others, the fable of the visit of the Country Rat to the City Rat, in Fontaine, and which, for a moment, seemed to have a parallel in some late personal experiences, I was called in to see Louis. He met me at the door in a most friendly manner, and with

an expression that satisfied me at once, that if the world had been benefitted by his discoveries in medical science, those who came within the sphere of his personal influence, must have gained even more. It is not possible to describe a smile; nor to write down what it is which wins you to a man at first sight. I knew that my old and most kind friend, Dr. James Jackson, of Boston, had, in a letter, recommended me to Baron Louis, and his reception of me, I have no doubt, had derived its character from the letter. But there was, aside from, and beyond all this, the native courtesy and kindness, which have their sources deep down in the nature, and which declare themselves, as does the voice, the walk, the whole manner of the man. Dr. Johnson said, that should any one meet Mr. Burke under an arch to protect himself from a passing shower, he would say he had seen the greatest man in England. Is it not a pleasant, is it not more, a grand, a noble thing, to carry yourself always about with you,—yes, to live so much in the truth, as to afford to show what you are? I felt that I was in the presence of such a man,—whose smile was a benediction, and whose welcome, welcomed me. I found that Baron Louis did not speak, or understand, a word of English, and my poor French was not so good as his whole ignorance. But we began to talk. He in a very quiet, slow manner, and with such precision of enunciation, that I understood him quite well, and the inspiration of his whole manner seemed to enlarge my vocabulary, and not only so, but to arrange the words also, and thus to enable me with some facility to talk. I am sure that a very little more time and talk here, would make me a much better understood companion than at present I am. Baron Louis spoke of Dr. Jackson, and rose and went to a drawer, and brought from it a daguerreotype likeness of him, which, after wiping with great care, he placed in my hand. It was clear how glad he was to possess this likeness of his valued and distant friend. I was very much struck with Louis' whole manner and face.

I said to him, "Baron, your portrait in America does you no justice." He has a fine manly head. He uses it and his face in talking, and there is so much kindness in his expression, and at the same time so much force, that you are wholly won by it. In his portrait there is, if I mistake not, a stoop in the shoulders, or the head is bent down, or forward. His glasses are, I think, on, and the expression, if not of sadness, is certainly not at all of the opposite. Now in his presence you discover nothing of all this. He is active in his manner, not noisy, or rapid, but still discovering promptness in his movement or action. I should think he is not a slow thinker. He will get the evidence, and use it, but wisely. He will not let his judgments be overlaid by it, but still the evidence of well ascertained facts will always be justly valued by him. I did not wonder at the popular confidence in Baron Louis' professional opinions. I have no doubt, as a physician, he affects the patient most agreeably. He shows how thorough is his knowledge, and secures confidence before he has declared his judgment. I was sorry to leave Baron Louis. But I knew how valuable was his time, and that now was his hour of visits, or consultations. I rose to leave him. He asked if I had seen any physicians, for I told him I would thank him for a line by which to visit the hospitals. He most kindly gave me the addresses of Jobert and Dubois, and offered me his services if they would in any way aid me. I am truly glad to have seen Louis at home. I had seen him with my mind's eye, through his works, and in his picture owned here. Let me not diminish the value of this portrait one particle. I had only the memory of it, when in the presence of the original, and I am fully aware of the error into which such means of comparison may lead. I highly prize a portrait made by a good artist, as an attempt to represent the sitter himself, though it should fail to give his habitual expression. It would, after all, give the whole impression of the painter; and this, as far as it is truly

given, would be a true portrait. Louis must have altered in the years which have elapsed since his was taken; and, as a distinguished friend once said to me, that time always improves moral and intellectual expression, where the mind and the heart are developed by its discipline, I might now be looking at a wiser, and hence a more truly social man, than was he many years before it was my great privilege to see and to know him. Thus this Paris day has had much in it for present satisfaction, and for grateful memory. In this vast city,—the queen city of the world,—where are such crowds of men, and such diverse interests, I have not felt that I was a stranger. I have felt what I have so often experienced in my wide and strange rambles, from Moscow to Madrid, over so much of Europe, that where man is in his truth and simplicity,—beyond the tyranny of cold conventions,—we may always find hearts to love, and intellects to reverence; and where they exist together, and act in a true harmony, we ourselves cannot but be made wiser, happier, and better.

DIEPPE.—Left Paris August 8th, A. M., for Dieppe, by rail, with some Americans, on the way to London. We got into different carriages, and my companions were now all foreigners. I never regret this, as my chiefest interest abroad is in the society of those who are native to the regions I am visiting. The company to-day was excellent. We just filled the carriage, and had neither loss nor addition through the route. There was an English lady, a governess, with three very pleasing girls, who had just finished their Paris education,—an English gentleman attached to the government, with a younger one, his companion,—and another gentleman, who said not a word all day. They, the talkers, were pleasant and intelligent, full of interest in everything they saw, and largely endowed with that *spectacle* vision which sees everything, and fits them to know everything at sight, as well as if grown up in it. One who sat

next me had passed much of his early life in Paris. I asked him of the schools. He said they were good. Children are fitted in them for the more advanced studies of college. The expense is small. The system of primary instruction, he said, is excellent. In the advanced ones preparation for the professions is made. "Any young man," said he, "who faithfully studies there, will leave his college with intellectual habits formed and fitted for the important business of life." He spoke as one who knew that about which he was talking. It was clear he had been in good society,—of literary men, and especially artists, of whom he spoke with great interest. The lady governess said much of the Paris schools, of their increasing numbers, and of the thoroughness of their discipline. A great many English girls, she said, were educated in Paris, and the number was constantly increasing. The care of English parents was seen in this provision for an accomplished companion for their children in their foreign education. The impression left by this conversation, with competent witnesses, was, that the schools in Paris were well administered, offering excellent opportunities for accomplishing their objects. There is another class of teachers. These are of the church,—sisters of charity, nuns, and members of various religious orders. You see these with their scholars in nice uniform, and looking in perfect health, going about in procession, for exercise and amusement. One of these especially attracted my attention in Castiglione Street, the morning I left Paris. It is to me always a matter of interest and of pleasure, to see religion, no matter how formal its expression, or what may be its creed, when it thus enters into external and out-door life; and if not exactly lifting up its voice in the streets, showing itself in one of its chiefest offices,—the teacher,—the companion,—the friend of the young, and often of the poor.

Early in the afternoon we reached Dieppe, and went at once to the pier for the steamer. She had not arrived, and

for our farther comfort, learned that it was of all things the most uncertain when she would come, and the very certain one, that the later her advent, the sooner would be her departure for England.

At length the steamer was reported in sight, and off we all started to welcome her approach. We were soon aboard, and the craft under weigh. The breeze was getting stronger, and very respectable waves were dashing against the piers. Upon getting aboard, my instinct was to go into the saloon, and select and mark a place upon which to pass as much of the time as sickness and fatigue might make desirable. I did this, and my umbrella was left to represent me. Again upon deck, and at sea. The wind was most refreshing, and over the waves went our boat, hardly keel deep in the brine, and making every sort of movement, as if wooing the sea into kindness for her. It was bowing and courtseying,—affectedly sideling,—in short, as full of life and play as a very child. I stood my ground pretty well, resolved not to go below until it was not possible to keep on deck any longer. Upon the deck was the stairway to the saloon, and a covering to it to protect the cabin from seas which might be shipped, and making a convenient centre about which passengers might collect and talk, and smoke, and drink. This last occupation interested me in its present example.

Among the passengers were some Englishmen who joined us at Dieppe. They formed a distinct group, and took their station, which they did not leave while I was on deck. They were representatives of their order, in the fullest use of the word; broad, stout, heavy, with most rubicund faces. The blood seemed so near the surface, that you almost stood aside lest it should burst out upon you. They smoked and drank. The drinking was novel. They had provided among their small stores for the voyage, a very large and tall black bottle with an ample mouth. One would take it in two hands, having removed the easy cork, and raising it to his mouth would take an exceedingly "long pull," then

with the palm of his hand or wrist he wiped the bottle's mouth and his own clean, and handed the lighter bottle to his neighbor, and he having had his drink to the next, till the circle was complete, — a very short cycle, I assure you. What was in the bottle I know not; but it was easy to see that under its influences the laugh, and of course, the wit, grew stronger and stronger, and the complexion lost none of its colour.

The wind grew fresher and fresher, and the sea rougher, and rougher. The spray began to fly, until it was impossible for me to weather it any longer, and I partook myself to the saloon. The prelusive notes of sickness had been pretty intelligibly sounded on deck, and it was with stagger and plunge I reached my "reserved seat," and stretched myself out for rest. Soon after, the ladies of the railway passage came in. They had found their own apartment so close, so uncomfortable, that they were forced to try the freer air of the general cabin. Then came down the tall young man, the companion of the older gentleman before spoken of. He was the sickest looking person I ever saw, for I never look into a glass when I am in like strait. He was soon provided with a sea bucket of unusual height, and sitting down, put it between his knees, resting his elbows on them, with his head between his hands, "meditating the deep profound below." And then such unearthly sounds as came from him, as of rushing mighty waters through a narrow channel, and roaring to find themselves free. I am conversant with the sounds of sickness, death-like in everything but its interposed groans. To me its effect was strange. I was cured at once of my own threatenings, showing how much sea-sickness has to do with the mind, according to the theories of certain medical dreamers, who were never sea-sick in their lives. In the midst of this scene, our Knights of the Order of the Great Bottle came down. It was dinner-time, and the table had been laid in the saloon for them and all other would-be eaters. The

tall young man was not one of these. Our rosy friends looked round at their fellow passengers, standing in a group just at the door of the saloon, as if struck death-still by the scene before them. Here were the ladies and others, lying about as best pleased them; and there was the tall sea-bucket, and the tall young man. Said one, "Johnson, a fever hospital!" "Wilson," said another, "a fever hospital!!" more emphatic. The soup was put on the table, when there came from the bucket more appalling sounds than ever. "For —'s sake," cried one, "what, what is that?" He almost looked pale. And I did not wonder. I thought *that* case was over; though I saw there had not been the least change of place in that strange group,—bucket and company. I do not exaggerate, but the scene went on without interruption. I thought of the camel, and of his many stomachs, and how carefully he fills them to serve him across the desert. But the tall young man beat the camel all hollow. There was no end to him. Said I, he must have some mysterious connection with the Channel, and yet surely he is not a sea nymph!

But our Englishry\* were not to be driven from a dinner in this way. They took their seats. These were sofas with moveable backs,—the backs being only used at meals. Everything was going on well. The soup was duly discussed, and other courses followed. All of a sudden the boat made a most marked change in her position. A sea had struck her, or the wind, and over she came. I really think so far was she from horizontal, that her keel must have been out of water. The back of the sofa, which was towards me, was taken in an instant out of its place, and with it went two of our Englishry with an accompaniment of dishes and their contents, which attracted general regard. The scene was irresistible, and except the hero of the bucket, everybody screamed with laughter. The red faced men

\* See Macaulay, *passim*.

absolutely roared in chorus. The fallen soon picked themselves up, and the servants did the same for the dishes. Order was restored, and on we drove for England.

NEWHAVEN.—It was late before we arrived at Newhaven, and the older and the younger gentlemen, with myself, concluded to rest there, and take an early train for London. At some distance, in the more settled part of the town, we were told was a good house. But there was another near to the steamers' and the railroad station, and we stopped there. The place was unpromising and desolate. It was the *finisterre* of the island in this direction, and close upon the sea. The house was so small that the broad sign-board which announced it to be the London Hotel, almost covered the front. We engaged the only two rooms which were devoted to *travellers*, and went into the saloon. It was for many purposes, — eating, smoking, and drinking. I wondered our stout friends of the voyage had not learned these particulars before we did. It was pleasant to get at rest, — to be relieved of that sickness which nothing but the sea can make, and in my case at least, nothing but the land can cure. We sat down. We took our ease in our inn. We had tea. We talked till after midnight. Said the gentleman, he with whom I had talked in the carriage and in the steamer, "I have passed so much time with you, sir, and have had so much pleasant talk, that I hope you will pardon, and grant the request I am about to make; it is to learn your name. Mine is C. W." I gave him mine, when he very slowly rose and said, "Were you acquainted with the late Rev. Dr. Channing?" I said yes, — that I was his brother. Mr. W. now advanced towards me, offered his hand, and asked the honor of mine. He spoke of the pleasure and instruction he had derived from your uncle's writings, and many more things with which I will not burden you. Said he finally, "I wish it were in my power to manifest my respect and regard for you; but in this house I

know of nothing I can offer you, not even a glass of wine. Will you do me the favour to drink a *glass of whiskey punch*? I promised, you know, in the beginning, that I would be "an honest chronicler," and if after this voyage from Dieppe, and my night at Newhaven, you question my claim to that character, I promise never to keep a journal for you again.

The next morning found me early on the beach near the hotel. The night had been passed very comfortably, the bed was excellent, and its furniture as white and as perfectly clean, as you always find them to be in English inns. The breakfast was excellent; and at seven, we left in the Parliament train for London, at one penny a mile. Reached London, and stopped two or three days to attend to some business before I turned my face northward. This matter being dispatched, I started from Euston Square in the train for Edinburgh, where I duly arrived.

How different everything in Great Britain from everything I had left across the Channel. Here is my native language, my ancestry. I am at home again. Yes,

Chatham's language is my mother tongue.

The faces I knew at once to be of my own race. They were the same, and the manners, and the dress. Well dressed people dress alike everywhere. The French, the German, the English coat fits the American. In many respects is England like home. You go from place to place without asking leave. Your passport rests quietly in your pocket. You came into the country without let or hindrance, and so you may leave it. You hear the old noises in the streets,—the heavy rumbling of the overloaded wain, and the noisy persuasions of the weary horse,—the loud talk,—the frequent oath,—the occasional drunkenness,—home everywhere. In half a century things had changed, but men and women,—an entirely different generation,—were the same, as that of near fifty years ago. London and

Edinburgh I hardly knew, so changed were they. Streets, squares, bridges,—yes, London Bridge is not in its place. It has floated off down stream, and in Edinburgh the Old Town has become as the New.

EDINBURGH. — *September.* — Here am I in Edinburgh. I have always held this ancient city in cherished remembrance. Thought I, it is almost half a century gone since I lived at Steedman's Lodgings in College Street, opposite University Gate. I was then a young man, a student of the University. As I drove on towards Gibbs' in Prince St., I saw the Castle, and at once I felt I was at home again,—the home of our youth outlives the memory of all other homes.

There, watching high the least alarms,  
Thy rough rude fortress gleams afar;  
Like some bold veteran, grey in arms  
And marked with many a seamy scar.

The Castle was as I had seen it so many years ago. But everywhere else change had done its work. There was still the valley between Prince Street and the Old Town, which I remembered as a rough, ill-looking place used for the city refuse in various kinds,—a nuisance which everybody wished abated, but for doing which nobody was prepared with a plan. One use I well remember it was put to. The keeper of a caravan of wild animals had selected it for a temporary stopping place for the exhibition of his strange charge. How altered now. It is a fine walk,—a garden,—a park,—with trees, and shrubs, and greensward, and flowers,—as carefully kept as a gentleman's private grounds. Trees were here which many years had matured, and which, in their vigourous life, promised for many, many years to come, to ornament and bless the city. Then, what adornment of the city on all hands with statues, monuments, public buildings, with all the means by which to address the heart and mind,—to develop power and taste, and thus

to give to the whole people an interest in what is worthy their care and reverence. You see everywhere, in this Old World this rejuvenescence by an uninterrupted progress in art; and in the estimation of what is produced, and which is daily and hourly before the public eye. You mark the progress of the individual and of society, and rejoice that means of great cities and great states are wisely used. I took rooms at Gibbs', — got out my portfolio, arranged my table, and my drawers, and at once felt at home. After an early dinner I went out for a stroll, and to leave a card and letter, and in due time got back to my new quarters. My call was on Prof. S. I had been back an hour or two only, and was at work, when a knock at my door attracted my attention. The door was opened, and Mr. Gibbs himself, not his butler, came in with a gentleman who was introduced to me as Prof. S.

I rose and said I was very, very glad to see him. He begged me at once to put my traps into my portmanteau, and to go immediately to his house, as I was, as he added, to be his guest. I said I should be most happy to visit him, but to bestow my tediousness upon him in the character of a guest was a matter to be thought of. He said it must not be thought of, — that his carriage was at the door, and that I must at once go with him home. But, said I, I have just taken rooms here, have arranged my affairs to stop here some days, or weeks. What am I to do, Mr. Gibbs, addressing my host, who stood at the door with the Professor. You certainly have some voice in this matter. "Oh, Sir," said he, "we, here in Edinburgh, do pretty much as the Professor says, and I do not see but you are to go." So I rose, did as I was bid, and was soon at No. 52 with half my luggage, the balance being to follow me in the morning. The Professor's house is very large, and has a succession of rooms admirably arranged for family, friends, library, and the vast amount of daily consultations, which from half-past one to half-past five occur in it. Everything was on a gen-

erous scale. The library is very large, — the book-cases of oak, in Gothic, are in excellent taste. Everything here as elsewhere being evidently arranged by a man of taste, and for entire convenience. Professor S. finds time to give to other matters beside the strictly professional. Archæological inquiries are favourites, and his hosts of friends furnish him constantly with curious relics of the former days in Scottish and other history. The Roman period, which is still marked by prominent Roman remains in Scotland, as walls, &c., furnish him excellent means for the study of the history of that early time. He is constantly getting contributions to other favourite studies, and his large wealth gives to him the means of making the most of them, in drawings, engravings, monographs, &c., of both curiosity and value. His house is filled with presents of all sorts in nature and art, — in books, pictures, engravings, — plants, animals, &c., &c. The books are of great value, — among them folio copies of important works, — old books, or new ones, — late editions of the curious in various departments of literature. These are all read, — marked, — noted, — written upon and about, as if their owner's life was one of purely literary leisure. And all with ample time for making experiments relating to the most recondite inquiries in physiology, for the gratification of his ardent desire to advance the domain of that noble science. I cannot tell where he has failed to look, — to seek, to find, and you discover it all in ways so pertinent to something in hand, or talk, and yet so natural, so simple, that, as I said before, it all seems purely accidental, — as having diverted him from no other and permanent interest. And it has not. Look at his professional life, — see how full of work, hard work, it is, — which is not abated night or day, — in storm or shine. See him with the daily crowds of patients, filling rooms, and occupying him from noon to six, dinner time, and then see him leave you without a word, and no matter how late you sit up waiting for him, you must not go to bed without get-

ting his hearty good night, and to find him at breakfast at half-past eight next morning, the first at table, unless he has been called from bed, and has not yet got home. With every sort of interruption, — apparently in the midst of all confusions, you see a method running through it all, and that he has a time, as well as a place, for everything, — and that he is never in a hurry. It makes no odds who is the person. If he is wanted, and another engagement is not on hand, off he goes, as if the most important interest demanded his time. And just such an interest is seen in what he has in hand. What is fit to occupy him, is always with him an important affair, and he treats it accordingly. I came to his residence towards evening. I had just returned from a journey of four hundred and fifty miles, most of it by night, the whole night. He asked me to accompany him to a professional consultation in the case of a poor woman, which of course I did, and with great pleasure. It was about twelve, midnight, when we got home. We went to bed, but though I found he had been called out at night, he was at breakfast as usual, and at noon we took rail for Glasgow, fifty miles, — open boat to Ellensburg, six miles, — coach to Luss, nine miles, — steamer to Tarbit, on Loch Lomond, making about one hundred miles by all sorts of conveyances, and over various ways. At Tarbit we remained all night. Got good accommodations, though the house was full, and a sort of double bedded chamber was assigned us if we would take it. It was soon understood that Prof. S. was in the house. At once he was consulted about the hotel keeper's daughter's case, and then about the keeper himself. He asked me to attend the case as consulted physician. This of course I did. Everything now changed. It was found there were two bed-chambers empty, and these were now assigned to us. We were punctually called at six, — got breakfast, and had our carriage at the door before eight, and were on the way to Ardarroch, the seat of —, Esq., most splendidly and beautifully situated

on the eastern side of Loch Long. Before leaving, we called for our bills, and were informed that there were no bills against us. We had been professionally consulted, and of course, as was said, there was no charge against us. "There," said the Prof., "that is the first money you have made since you left home." I said it was so, and that I was much pleased with it, and especially with the manner of making it.

Before going to bed, we wandered down to the shore of Loch Lomond, and saw it in the darkness and silence of night. The hotel boats were on the shore, and we took our seats in one of them, looking for the moon which seemed rising above the mountain, Ben Lomond; but a heavy mass of cloud heaved itself up faster than came the moon, and like prudent men after a hard day's work, we returned about eleven to the inn. I say day's work. The day you remember had its night.

**ARDARROCH.**—Our way to Ardarroch, (*the end of the point,*) lay through scenery which has been celebrated in song and story, and which arrests the attention of all travellers. We were most of the way on the borders of a lake, on a road quite above it, which gave to it and to its surroundings, just that indistinctness which is an element of the picturesque. The heron could be seen skimming its waters, but too far down for perfect vision. The bordering mountains varying in direction, height, distance, and massiveness,—these constituted the objects of paramount interest in this Highland morning drive. There were clouds above the mountains, and on the highest a mist now and then veiled them. But the early sun was declaring his power in the broad bright light he would now and then shed upon some salient point, or over a broader surface, producing effects of exquisite beauty. I was glad again to be among these brother mountain groups,

— "rock-ribbed and ancient as the sun."

This is the last mountain passage in my rapid, but varied travel over Europe. Nobody but he who has for a time lived among mountains, can understand how sad is the last look which rests upon them, and the latest word which says to them farewell.

My Highland Sunday was a marked day. The air, the moderate sunlight, the place, were all fitted to make such a day. Loch Long communicates with the Clyde, and is a tide lake. Its salt waters are perfectly clear, and reflect mountain and sky without loss. The mountains lie along its whole length on both sides, and are constantly changing the prospect. You look up and down the Lake, and may study the scenery under the greatest variety of aspects. At the termination of the scene, you have farther ranges of mountains, rising one above another, till the last and the highest is reached. Mr. —'s place is on a table land, a few feet above the tide water, with a sea wall. This, however, does not always prevent the encroachments of the Lake. He showed me places where the wall had been broken into by the winter sea. The house is strictly Elizabethan in its style, and is the best style for such a place. Its various fronts, roofs, pointed gables, are in harmony with the surrounding variety. The lawns are deep green, and are kept in the true velvet softness and smoothness. His grounds are covered with trees of all the kinds which will bear the climate, and are in excellent health and rich growth. He has a grapery, flower conservatory, and as fine vegetable and flower gardens as I have seen anywhere. The surface of the ground is necessarily varied by the mountain character of the region. . But so slight are the changes in elevation, that the place seems like a resting place in mountain manufacture, so to speak, and these splendid acres to have been the product of the repose. The holly,—the heather,—the fir,—are here in every variety. I have nowhere seen finer hedges. They are absolutely grand in their height, breadth, massiveness. Care has been taken to introduce here foreign trees,

from almost all climates, and they do perfectly well. The Rhododendron is luxuriant beyond its best growths elsewhere, and there is room for all its varieties, and all its developments. I cannot omit to mention the success of the fruit gardens and orchards. The pear, the plum, the apple, the peach, do excellently well. Here my most kind host and hostess pass most of their time. He made his fortune in China, and remembered Mr. J. P. C., Messrs. S., and others, and was very happy to hear of them again. He left with a sound liver, twenty or more years ago, and came here and planted his stake, and seems perfectly contented with his lot. His lady is a most agreeable person, and wears her shining silver hair with as much grace as does our — —. She said that Mr. — did not consider gray hair to be in the bond, but as he has kindly adopted her livery, the change does not disturb him. I was very much struck with the persistency of expression, voice, manner, under circumstances calculated to change them all. Mr. — is a perfect Highlander. He wears the bonnet with its button, and moves and speaks as did the loftiest of his clan. I was wholly delighted with him; not because of his hospitality, which is boundless, but for his manly, courteous manner, and his strong, excellent native sense, and his good culture, which in the most unaffected way constantly manifested themselves. Our party was a rare one. It consisted of medical men, all attached to the Edinburgh University but one, who is of the London University.

With the exception of the gentleman of the London University, who left us at Hamilton on our way back to Edinburgh, I have seen these gentlemen almost every day. I have seen them in their several callings, practically showing their power. With one I am living, and am constantly gaining much useful knowledge in my profession. It may seem strange to you, when I say I have read his books, his honoured gifts, at home, again and again, that I had not got a fuller idea of what he was doing for the relief of human

suffering,— how large, I may say how vast, are his contributions to medical and general science, and with what a spirit he does all that he is called on to do. It was past breakfast hour when we reached Ardarroch, and we had breakfasted at the inn two hours before. But the host ordered another for us, and the mountain air and drive gave us an appetite for this second morning meal. Noon brought lunch, and six brought dinner.

After breakfast, it was arranged that the mountain called the Fairy should be ascended. I declared off, as did Mr. ——. The rest of the party went. It was a cool, fine day, with occasional sun. With a glass we saw our friends on the top of the mountain, from the place which Mr. —— and myself traversed in every direction, and with the greatest pleasure, speaking for myself. We passed most of the day together, until dinner hour approaching we separated to dress. The mountaineers soon returned, and a rapid toilet brought us together a short time before dinner. We were much occupied with each other's day's occupations. Mr. —— and I reported our "whereabout,"\* and showed how pleasant the day had been. Our friends from the mountain gave their experiences. At dinner, a very pleasant conversation was continued, new ones were started, and after this way the evening slipped away.

Bright and early were we up. Breakfast was soon announced,— was dispatched,— the host's carriage was at the door, and in and on it five Professors, who had just said farewell to as hospitable, excellent people as any of them knew, and to a place as beautiful and grand as any reasonable person could wish to see, and took up their return to Edinburgh. Our road was to the Gareloch, and there we found the steamer in which we were to make way to

\* I say "whereabout" because Shakespeare says so. American quoters always say "whereabouts." Whereabout is an *adverb*, and knows no *plural*. We used to say, "Whereabouts are you going?" The word was popular, but was not, and is not, English.

Greenock. This we did all in good time, and a crowded company did we make. We took rail at Greenock for Glasgow, and thence to Edinburgh, where at about twelve, noon, we safely arrived. How pleasant had been these days, Saturday, Sunday, Monday. Prof. S. at once went to work in his carriage, taking me with him to see all he could show me of his practice, while I read in his carriage when I did not visit with him, and this I did every day of my visit to him. At half-past one his consultations at home begin, and last till nearly or quite six. This is his least busy season, but as many as between forty and fifty have been counted; on one day more. His patients are arranged in two classes, — those who pay, and those who do not. This prevents much embarrassment, which would necessarily arise in learning the condition of each patient, and hence much time would be lost, and it is very important to prevent this. When he began this system of home *clinics*, for such they strictly are, his house was filled at all hours, so that it was impossible to keep any order. People would come at seven, A. M., in order to be first. They would get breakfast at six, or earlier, and disturb their own families much. To prevent this, he fixed the hour at half-past one to half-past five. The patients of the two divisions are in different, but equally large rooms. They draw lots for priority, have tickets, and come in as called, and so the most perfect order prevails.

Everybody knows what are Prof. S.'s hours, and everybody observes them. He has an assistant, who writes prescriptions to his dictation, directions, letters, &c., and also attends to cases. He examines cases daily when there is occasion to do so. From long experience, and constant observation, — the habit of recording cases, — and of distinguishing them with all the accuracy in his power, he is able to arrive at conclusions in the cases before him, in a very short time, or to make his diagnosis. I see most, or many of his cases, — examine them after him, and I have

again and again been struck, in new ones, how true is his diagnosis. He proceeds at once to the treatment. If an operation is to be, he does it at once. Applications of remedies are made, and prescriptions given, with directions, and the patient is desired to call in a week, fortnight, in two days, &c., as circumstances may indicate. At times the case is written down from the answers of patients to questions. This is always the case if it be a new case, or it is probable that changes may be required in treatment, or the effects of treatment noted. Some notion may be got of this portion of Prof. S.'s in-door, or home professional life. He goes through this great labour quietly, and methodically, and with as gentle, kind, cheerful spirit as man ever manifested. The moral character of the daily service in disease, is quite as striking as is the professional. The moral presides over the whole, and renders it one of the most interesting matters for observation that can occur. I have been utterly surprised at its executive patience, its efficient activity. Here are the poor and the rich together, with no other distinctions than such as will best accommodate both. And I can say, from a long and wide observation, that there is no difference in their treatment. The great fact of each in Prof. S.'s regard, is the fact that disease exists, which it is the physician's business to investigate, and to try to remove. He knows what is the prospect of success or of failure, and makes his prognosis accordingly. But even when the worst is announced, it is not spoken of as utterly hopeless, and something is done, all is done, for present comfort, when nothing may be done for cure. I am surprised again at the variety of disease which congregate at No. 52; and of the number which is presented in each kind. It is this which gives character to the whole, and makes these *clinics* the very best schools. I have been every day a pupil here. I have every day learned much; yes, a great deal, which will aid me in all my future professional, yes, moral life. I had designed to visit Ireland.

But so few days remained to me, that I was sure that the visit could amount to nothing important, and I concluded to remain at Prof. S.—'s house, in the midst of his home practice, and to visit with him abroad such patients as he could show me.

Wherever we went the Professor was received with the same bright welcome, the same cheerful face, and I thought this made the beauty of his professional life. One was glad to see him so soon again. Another had been waiting with such patience as could be commanded for a visit. But with all was the appearance, and the consciousness, that something good was to come from the call. He had time for everything. Took his seat, and with his "come along now," "how are you," — "how have you been," &c., &c., and which was always answered to satisfy perfectly the various objects in view. There was directness in his questions, or directions to the patient, but it was so quiet, so easy, that though time was pressing on new engagements, it seemed that the present one only occupied his mind. There was persuasion with command, or demand in such proportions, that the patient was only anxious to do the very best for himself, or for herself, and for the Doctor. In this way, or by this manner, which seems no manner at all, Prof. S. is able to do a great deal in a short time. His coachman understands by a hint where he is to go, and goes rapidly through his various service. As we pass along some object of interest is at hand, the Botanic Garden, — a ruin, — a hill, — a beautiful prospect. He pulls the string, opens the door which lets down the step, and "come away," tells you there is something for you to see, — something to please you, — and there is time enough to see it. "I visit here, and for ten minutes I will leave you, — go down there, and you will find something." Off he goes to his patient, and off I go to see what he has indicated. The Professor is well made for dispatch. He is short, stout, — with small feet, and his step is short and

very quick. He is of excellent age for vigour, — about thirty-nine, and “goes ahead” of all walkers. I have almost to run somewhat, not to lose him. Let me finish his picture. You have his length, but not his *full* length. His head is large, — covered with a profusion of black hair, which obeys its instincts, and more strikingly so when he thrusts his very small hand into and all over it. His forehead is of good height, but the hair grows low upon it; and to me this is the most becoming manner of its growth, and the antique, the Apollo, the Clyte, &c., support my taste. His face is broad, of fair length, and its expression just such as such mind and heart as his always produce. His eyes are singularly loquacious, and always begin to talk before he utters a word. His knowledge is more various than I have before met with. Nothing escapes him. Science and literature are his pleasures. Archæology is a favourite pursuit; and his friends frequently send him books, and specimens, which help his studies. I never saw so many presents. I went up last night late. “I must make some visits,” said he, “say at eleven.” Off drove his coach. This morning, before anybody else was up, I went below for my spectacles. On the side-board was a basket of fine peaches, “which was not so before.” In the morning bouquets came in. I could fill pages with a list of such offerings as are daily poured in. He has game at every meal. “Our friends,” said one, “keep us supplied with game.” His family pass the summer in a very pleasant place a few miles from the city, but his house affairs go on by themselves very much as of themselves, and knew how, and are all in perfect order. Said he to me when he carried me bodily from my hotel, “I am a bachelor, — no women, — but ‘come away,’ you shall have the best I have.” Night before last he was called into the country. I found him at table in the morning, and with a heavy, but hearty yawn, said he, “I had a hard drive last night, over a stony road, in a carriage without springs. I changed it, but was

no better off, and I feel well pounded." This was not a complaint, but an experience, and as soon as breakfast was over, eaten as it was with all sorts of interruptions, he was ready for his visit to the Duchess of —, and every body else. He eats little, and as if almost unconsciously of the function. In this he constantly reminds me of — —. He receives a great deal of money, I have heard. But he seems wholly regardless of money, and, as I have farther heard, it is only lately that he has begun to accumulate property. He is paid at the visit, or consultation, which saves him from one of the most inconvenient offices, charging and collecting fees. We feel both the inconvenience and loss in America. I have seen fees paid him. It is when the patient is leaving him, and by offering the hand for farewell, the fee is deposited in his. I really think if he were subjected to our system, he would get no money at all. "At night," said a patient of his, whom he sent to me when she came to America, "his pockets are emptied. He knows nothing of their contents before; and so his money is cared for." I said his meals are often interrupted. His butler brings in cards, notes, letters. "There," says he, and lays by note after note. Then two or three ladies come in. If he be not in, down they sit on the sofa, and take up books, or newspapers. Then gentlemen, with or without ladies, appear. They are always asked to table by Miss —, his sister-in-law, or somebody else. When the Professor is at table he places them. But he is reading and eating,—or giving bread to a spotted Danish coach-dog named Billy, of fine size, and a universal pet. I feed him always. Professor S. talks to the comers. Then learns of strangers what they want, gets their residence, if visits are wanted, or goes into a room hard by and sees them alone. His house is very large, and full of rooms,—and always seems inhabited. At length he gets ready to go out. "Come away," says he to me. I run up to put on a different coat, to get hat, &c., and always find him hat on,

at the door, ready to run down the steps for the morning's work. This is the way every day. He wears a narrow-brimmed hat, and puts it on, well back, and so shows his whole face and part of his head. His dress is always black, with a remarkably nicely arranged white neckcloth, with a very carefully made bow in front. So you see he is always *dressed*. I think, M., you would want to give the hat a different *set*. You could not improve the rest of the toilet.

Now, is it not a great privilege to be the inmate of such an establishment as this. Is it not a thing to prize, to be the companion of a man so wholly devoted to others, and yet who is so cheerful, so constantly happy himself? You are admitted by such a man into the society of his thought, and of his act. He always talks to the purpose, and yet he is the least of a formalist of any man with whom I have been acquainted. He has large information, for he is habitually an observer, and a student; and yet he has no pedantry, no obtrusion of learning for its, or rather his own sake, but that his companions may be helped by what he knows. He is almost daily making new observations, discovering something new, or using the known in a new way. And yet he is not in the remotest degree a dogmatist. It is not to support a doctrine that he talks, but to afford you an opportunity to speak more fully of it, to get knowledge from you, or to aid you by the knowledge he communicates. I have been chiefly a questioner in the society of Prof. S., and I always have got good answers. If he has no answer, — if he cannot explain the unexplained in my own mind, he turns himself round in his coach, for it is in driving I have the best of his society, and says, "I don't know, — I cannot explain that." He will add, "I have had the same difficulty you have, — and cannot clear it up." One advantage has arisen out of this intercourse with Prof. S., which declares itself to me every day. I am conscious of a daily review of my own professional life, — of thought, of

reading, and of study. I speak constantly of books, of cases, of results of treatment. Professor S. has read all, and infinitely more than I have, and yet how small is his study. "Here is my study," said he the other night, as I was passing his sleeping room, on my way to bed, "come along." In I went. The room was small. There was his bed, and in place of a night-stand, there was at the head of his bed a book-stand, or case, with two or three shelves, about a foot and a half wide, filled with books. The filling took but few. Taking hold of a moveable gas burner, he brought it forward, so that he could easily read on his pillow. "Here," said he, "is my study. Here I read at night." I only said, "What a privilege it is to be able to read in this way. I never could," — and then, "good night." I heard his night-bell almost every night. When I recollect how much work this man does, how his days are filled and crowded with all sorts of professional duty and service, I am surprised that he should make his study of his bed; and yet this simple incident had in it an explanation of the wide knowledge which is acquired under difficulties. I saw in it how intense was his interest in all which was before him; and did no longer wonder at his success; and more, I no longer wondered at his unconsciousness of his own acquisitions, so that when he gives them to you, you almost think that he is speaking for another, rather than for, or out of, himself. Among his other labours, he edits a medical journal, and is himself a constant contributor. This review of one's professional life, in the intercourse of such a man, I confess, is singularly attractive. You ask if he has read such a book. He says he has. You now speak of something which strongly impressed you at your first, and, may be, only reading of it, describe a case, or dwell on a doctrine, and ask if he remembers this or these, and if his experience supports the doctrine. I suppose that in many cases our distinctness of memory regarding some point, or points in a book, may be because what impressed itself

so strongly, was the only novelty, or important fact in the book. How rare is it, even in books of much size, to find a page, or a sentence, which will "stick," as somebody says, or hold its place in the mind. The reading of mere repetitions of what others have said, and which we already know, makes no addition to knowledge. It is nothing more than putting upon another, so to speak, its exact fellow,—piling up the same things,—a most useless species of overlapping. But the book of which we have so little recollection, may have a great deal for another mind. When that mind is addressed on that book, much will often be brought before us which had scarcely been noticed, or only to trace its resemblance to that already acquired. It is now presented under new aspects, and may be to us as new or original knowledge. In these works of very early study, the gray fathers of medicine are again with us; and in talking of, and with them, the former days return, and age feels again the warmth, and the vigour of early manhood. I do not know when I have had more of that enjoyment which comes of study, and its gifts, than when, with this living Professor, I was looking back for nearly half a century of my own intellectual effort, and in this way consulting again the earliest sources of knowledge.

I was admitted to the hospitalities of Edinburgh. We had a dinner at Prof. C.'s. He has a foremost name among those who have extended the limits of his branch of medicine, by laborious investigations. I had long read his books with deep interest, and owned one of his principal writings. He is of exceeding gentlemanly bearing; and in some reserve, which sometimes attaches to men of that class, may, for the first, be thought distant and cold. But I had seen him at Ardarroch; passed a part of two days with him, and had abundant opportunity to correct the impressions of the first bow. I found him social, agreeable, alive to the ludicrous, and to its expression. His opinions were always valuable, and extended to many sciences.

Geology has occupied his attention, and much very useful information was gained from him, concerning the formation of the Highlands. The dinner at Prof. C——'s house was perfect in its kind, and the company embraced many of the distinguished men of Edinburgh. The medical life is very pleasant here, especially as it has so much of its character from the position of its members. All who are attached to the University, or have a public position, by reputation, or place, are prosperous, and live in very nice style. Much of their time is passed in consultation engagements, which are both lucrative and important. Some have town and country house, and drive coach and pair.

The next day I dined with Prof. S.... This gentleman has great reputation in surgery, both as a science and an art. His power is thus alike in diagnosis and practice. I have seen him when both have been in requisition. He is very simple in his methods,—entirely without show or bustle,—you see that he is doing an every-day work, and that he does it admirably. A wound of some inches length was left after the removal of a tumor, a strictly local degeneration, for which an operation was done. Sutures, eight in number, were used without adhesive straps. The patient has done well. Prof. S.... lives a mile or two from the city. He has a very fine place, and is very fond of it. His garden in all its departments is in high order. He spares no money in its management. He lives here, but has a house in town to which he comes about ten, a. m., attends at the Hospital, and to such other professional engagements as are in hand. The country about Prof. S....'s place is among its attractions. Hills, or moderate mountains, surround it, and are well wooded, giving variety to all its prospects.

At a dinner one day, our company was various. Among them was the Principal of the University. He is always addressed as Principal. He asked me if I knew Rev. Dr. Lowell, of Boston, and spoke of him very kindly,

and with much respect. He knew the late Rev. Dr. Codman. I was very much pleased with the Principal. His manner was quiet, grave, without dulness, and as conversation was, so was he. We had a very lively guest, an English gentleman, well educated, and communicative. He is quite a person, is highly connected, and acquainted with everybody. He spoke of the death of the Count D'Orsay as a great loss, and really seemed troubled by his death. Everybody who knows the Count, what he was, and what was his life, may be somewhat surprised at lamentation at his death. He had died, not daily, as said a great one of old, — he was morally dead, worse than dead, years ago, and continued so till his natural death occurred. But the Hon. Mr. — was full of all sorts of local and contemporary knowledge, and kept the people alive whether or no. When he learned that I was from America, he was very desirous to hear about Miss — —, of — —, with whom and her infirm mother he had become acquainted some years ago in — —, and where he had lived with them, or at the same hotel. He spoke of the young lady in the highest terms, — of her accomplishments, — of her personal attractions, — and especially, of her singularly beautiful hand. I made some question as to Miss — 's being the lady described. He was sure she was the same. She was an heiress, he said, large estate, — no incumbrance, &c., &c., and added that he had advised a particular friend, a capital fellow, to offer forthwith to Miss — . His friend told him, with some embarrassment, that it was impossible, for he was *already engaged*. So it went on, new courses, and new topics, until it was time for us to go. Carriages were announced. We took our leave.

My next visit was to — —, about ten miles from Edinburgh, for dinner, and to — —, a mile or two further, for bed. This was a most pleasant excursion. Mr. and Mrs. — of — —, live on Carberry Hill. Hence the name of the place. Here it was that Queen Mary, of Scotland,

fought her last battle, and at Mary's Mount, so called, and to which I walked, she delivered herself to her insurgent subjects, and was by them taken thence, and confined in a castle on an island, in Loch Leven, and of whose escape thence Scott has given account. We reached —— not long before dinner, but had time to go to the battle field, and trace the progress there, and thence, of the wretched Queen. But our great interest was in the host and his most pleasing lady, who, both of them, by dinner, and by speech, did all in their power to make their guests entirely at home, and so, as happy, and as merry as might be. Mr. —— is a tall, noble looking Scotch gentleman farmer, who has work in him, and knows how to use it. His cottage is embosomed in trees, and shrubs, and flowers, — nothing can be more luxuriant, nothing more beautiful. Said Mr. ——, "twenty-five years ago, this place was as barren as yon field. There was not a tree or shrub upon it. It was awful dreary. I went to work upon it, and here it is." He has a good face. His complexion is the product of health and exercise. The colour is your true nectarine red, — his hair gray, and, in places, white, is in perfect harmony with his manly carriage, and face. He has the Scotch brogue in rich perfection, and is not afraid to use it. A niece played Scotch strathspeys, reels, and all sorts of gay and solemn airs. He could hardly keep his chair. His hands, feet, head, were full of music, and the more she played the deeper was his interest. At twelve our carriages were ordered, the lamps lighted, and off we went to Prof. ——'s place, where we passed the night.

Yesterday, Saturday, was another day for marking. Drqve about with the Professor, — visited patients, — the Insane Asylum, &c., &c. The Asylum is a large establishment, and in excellent management. Its grounds are very extensive, and arranged for the best comfort and pleasure of the patients. A portion is cultivated, and here the insane are at work, cheerfully and usefully all round. The place

has been built by additions, some quite recent, but the building is symmetrical, and very handsome. I went over the house. It will contain about five hundred patients, and has now over four hundred. They are divided into two classes, — the poor, and those not poor. *All pay.* Those who can pay one or more thousand dollars a year, have elegant rooms, — carriage, horses, &c., to suit. Others pay less. Some are paid for by a parish, — a town, — or by friends, — but, all pay. This is the plan of our McLean Asylum, near Boston. The arrangements pleased me much. There are dormitories, instead of single rooms. In the McLean are separate rooms, one for each patient. The assistant physician told me the success of the Edinburgh plan was good. It extends to all classes, except the furious, and the rich, and for these separate rooms are provided. The dormitories contain about twenty beds each. Bedsteads are of iron, and bedding very neat. Floors are not painted, but are kept very clean and white by daily scrubbing. For rainy weather a large room is prepared with wire netting over the windows, to prevent accidents, and here all may walk, play, and amuse themselves. This room is of great height, and ample dimensions, and is excellently well lighted and ventilated. It much pleased me. The chapel is large, with a piano, and moveable seats. Three quarters to a half attend the services regularly. The chapel is also for dancing, parties, &c. The seats can be easily put aside, and then ample space exists for other things. The kitchens, for cooking meat, and for preparing and cooking soups, vegetables, &c., were well constructed, and places, in various rooms or stories, are provided for raising the food by ropes and pulleys to the several eating halls or saloons. This saves much trouble and expense of attendants, &c. Heating is by hot water pipes, which answer better than any other means for accomplishing the object. Bathing, hot and cold, is amply provided for. Employment is sought for in many ways. There is a tailor's room, and men were at work in such

numbers, that all the clothing and mending for the house is done in it. Women have their working rooms for sewing, knitting, &c., and were as industriously employed, and as cheerful, and healthy, as any women doing such work ever are. I think the insane are better off, in this regard, than are those who are well; for they do not depend on the wretched wages of such service to support themselves, and their dependant children. The air of the house is pure,—health good,—very little mortality, and the recoveries, I think, about forty per cent. There is a hospital for men, and women. I visited the last. But few were here, and mostly cases of consumption. This, the physician told me, was most frequently the cause of death in the house. There was one case of universal paralysis. The patient was very fleshy; and appeared to suffer nothing from disease.

A dinner engagement was in hand, and at about six we dressed, and set off for Pinkie House in Musselburgh, six or more miles from Edinburgh. Now this is a Castle, but in no sense a ruin. It is of great size, has in it about sixty apartments, one of which is one hundred and twenty feet long. I went to the top of the highest tower, and land and sea and sky were before me in measureless profusion. What much attracted me were the trees and lawns. The trees are old, large, but in perfect health. I have not met with richer foliage, or of deeper hue. The hedges are in proportion to other things, of variegated holly, thorns of all kinds, and of great size. You could get some notion of the extent of the castle from this point, and could not fail to be surprised at its dimensions. I speak of this more particularly, because generally these defences are small, sometimes a tower only, and perched upon a mountain, or steep, and almost inaccessible rock. On the Rhine and Danube are many of them of this description. But here is “ample room and verge enough.” The stone stair cases form special objects of interest. This comes of their number, which is great. They occur at all the angles, at all the

divisions of the castle, and are so arranged as not to disturb the interior architecture at all, every room, and every suit of rooms being approached without intervening landings, or being disturbed by stairways. This leaves the *central* portions of the castle of easy, continuous access, throwing the various sections into groups, which allow of very agreeable accommodation for its inhabitants, and ready means for defence.

Pinkie House is distinguished for its historical associations. It was concerned in the civil wars, and its large hall was a hospital for the wounded in the great battle of Pinkie, which was fought between the armies of Charles I. and Cromwell. At a later time, in '45, Charles Stuart established himself here, after the battle of Preston Pans, and held his court in the Great Hall. Somerset, after his victory of Musselburgh, held court in the Great Hall of Pinkie House. But how great is the change. It is now the peaceful abode of a family which offers its hospitality to its friends, and most kindly extends it to the stranger. I have everywhere met with a cordial welcome from those whose acquaintance I have made in these distant lands. I shall place among the chiefest of those the family in Pinkie House, and I trust I shall not forget the visit I made there. I have said little of that or those things which are related to the domestic life of such a place. The furniture is excellent. The library is very large, filling a room admirably fitted for its accommodation. Its architecture is Gothic, carved oak; and tables, &c., are in exact keeping with their objects. Pictures abound. They are many of them portraits of the family who own the castle, and go back at least two hundred years, being the work of Jameson, a distinguished artist of his time. The present owner of the castle has resided in Italy, and has placed here works of art for its adornment. The present occupant, who is not the owner, has his own property here. Thus he has a library distinct from that which belongs to the castle.

It was a privilege to sit in the place of kings and of nobles, — where James V. had his abode, and where he died of a broken heart. Was it not a privilege to be the guest of those who adorn, and make so perfect that, which, without such aids, would command our reverence. I am very glad that I have had opportunities to see life in new aspects, — developed under various, and, to me, novel institutions, and manifesting itself after new forms. Domestic life, in this view of it, gets an interest quite as important as does that which is the product of civil and political agencies. I can freely say, that as far as I have been able to read the history spread out before me in the last few months of foreign travel, I have seen an amount of social, domestic, individual comfort, and contentedness with situation, which I had not looked to see. The differences are constituted very much by the external, and with this, and its peculiarities, accommodations are seen more or less everywhere, making the average of life, — of its blessings, and its woes, a condition so well balanced in its various presentments, that it must take much time, and very wise effort, greatly, or usefully, to change it. I have remarked this, also, in my large intercourse with strangers, in whom there would seem to be, and is, so much that is characteristic, — make up a whole, — that however different habits and manners may be from your own, the distinctions never disturb you.

*Sunday.* — I went to church with my Edinburgh friends. I went to hear one of the most eloquent, if not the most eloquent, of the Scottish clergy, Dr. —, of the Free Church. Eight or ten years ago a division was made in the Church. Its cause was the assertion of the right of the Court of Session to present clergymen to livings; and that their presentment should be final, and hold, whatever might be the objections of a parish to the person presented. No matter what the moral character of the individual might be, if the Court of Session should give him the living, the parish should have him, and he the church,

with all its revenues, manse, &c. A clergyman was actually presented to a living, whose character was notoriously bad. Nobody attended service except a factor, or an agent of the person through whose influence he obtained the living. An appeal was made to Parliament, but that body confirmed the doings of the Court of Session, and declared that all their acts in like cases would be legal. "Livings" are property, legal possessions of those who hold them, whether the king, the lord, or any one else. They may be sold or given, just as may be any other property. Parliament could decide such a question as the Scottish parish appealed to them in no other way than as it was decided. Livings are established by acts of Parliament, and it would have been an abandonment, a violation of its own laws, had it decided otherwise; nay, more, it would fatally have disturbed the tenure and rights pertaining to most, if not all the property of the Establishment.

The Separation now declared itself. At first the condition of the seceding clergy was most wretched. All the property of the establishment went to that party which contended for the union of church and state. The other had nothing to begin with but what came in by way of subscriptions. It was found very difficult to get sites for churches. But worst of all, they were obliged to pay church taxes, for the support of that party which had all the church property in its hands. It was, then, not for change in doctrine, or discipline, that this very remarkable revolution in Scotland was brought about. It was simply and wholly produced by an exercise of power, which the seceding party believed unjust, and to which they would not submit. This party has been successful, so far as to form a strong body, with seven hundred churches, a highly cultivated and earnest clergy, and has means constantly increasing, to meet the heavy demands made upon it. There is a bravery, a confidence in the right of their cause,— and a perseverance in sustaining it, which every man who hates oppression

must reverence. Few facts were more interesting to me than those which related to this separation from the national kirk. The clergy were at once turned out from their manses, — upon mountain, valley, or moor, with families, furniture, all they possessed, uncertain where to get food, or shelter. To provide at once for such wide destitution, a Sustentation Fund was raised by subscription, and in time reached to a great sum. The amount was told me, but I fear to give it from memory, lest a charge of exaggeration should attach to the statement. So liberal has it been, that not only so many Churches have been built, but a University in Edinburgh has been founded, and is in successful operation, for those who may prefer to get their education through their own church. To show how entire is the change, and to secure its advantages to all, wherever it is possible, a Free Kirk is built in close neighbourhood to an old one.

I went, then, to hear to-day, a preacher of the Free Church, which its opponents believed would only attract the poor and the ignorant to its altars. I went with my friends early, but found the church full. Their pew was empty, and there we bestowed ourselves. I looked at the audience. I never saw better looking, or better dressed people. Crowds continued to come, till the utmost capacity of the church seemed more than satisfied. The time for the service approached, and a man came in from the rear of the church to the pulpit, or platform, bringing in the Bible and psalm book. Soon after came the clergyman. Doctor G. is tall, broad-shouldered, massive, but not gross. His hair is black, complexion dark, eyebrows projecting, sinking the eyes, — nose thin, long, — mouth wide, firm, — of refined expression. His dress was gown and bands, as the clergy wore with us in the olden time. His manner was, at first, abrupt, as if impulsive. It became calm, and in prayer, deep, solemn, earnest, confident. He seemed to me to have faith deep down in his nature, and believed he could do what he attempted. This consciousness of ability

in an orator constitutes his power. He need not show it, especially he need not make an effort to show it. He will fail of his office if he do. Dr. —'s subject was, "The power of the favour of God." If possessed, the enemy could not prevail. It was here he declared himself. All that the voice could do by variety, strength, power, — all that gesture could do in such an office, was done. The manner was eminently dramatic, and I heard tones, and saw action, that reminded me of Edmund Kean so strongly, that I thought I was in his presence. The same effect was produced upon a friend who was in the same pew with me. He told me that he was constantly reminded of Kean by the preacher, not that his voice, manner, action, or what not, was theatrical. No such thing. You would not for a moment have supposed yourself in a theatre, that you were before a show, — that you were witnesses of trick of any sort. You were in the presence of a man, — of an earnest man, — of a man who felt he had a work to do, and which he meant should be done as well as he could do it. You were with men and women who could understand, and obey the truth, coming fresh and full out of another heart. The preacher would, by illustration, in which he was happy, or by argument, in which he was profound, carry forward in varied language, manner, and tone, a passage, or a thought, which he was desirous to impress upon his auditory. The stillness now was profound, intense. He would finish, and pause, and at once a *hum*, a freer breath, was audible. It seemed that the breath had been held for a time, — not a sound, not a motion. But when that was finished which had, so to speak, wrapped them into itself, they came again into the open air, and you heard the short, deep-toned breathing. I would not be fanciful, but except at Brussels, where, in the Lace-makers room, I heard something of the same kind, I have met with no such effects before. I do not mean to analyze the sermon, but there were things in it which I should much like to give you. Dr. G. "uses

similitudes," and he is happy in illustration. He proposed his subject in a picture, and it was very well painted. He gave a description of what he had once witnessed, and which to him was an illustration of the power of prayer, and which seemed to be allied to the favour of God. He said he was once travelling, and was in the city of John Calvin, and was present at a scene which, though superstitious, impressed him very deeply. He was walking in the street about midnight. It was as still as if Death had his throne there. The darkness was lessened by a little light which the sinking moon shed upon the scene. He saw before him a woman dressed in white, approach a cross, and prostrating herself at its foot, embraced it, as if she would not, and could not, let it go, — and there he heard her pour out her prayer to God, and to His Son, nailed to that tree, as if life and immortality, — the present, and the "to come," were in visible presence before her, and as if by prayer, by love, by the "favour of God," she would resist the enemy, so that he could not triumph over her. I have, in a few words, told a story which was full of beauty and power, and which had its argument, and its embalmment, in many tears. The preacher had no notes. His method was perfectly simple, and his object always before him. The result was connection, and order, and though a long discourse, there was no sign that the people wearied of it. The church was badly ventilated, and the crowd great. Men and women stood through the whole long service, which began at eleven, and ended at one, and they stood just where they happened to stop after they had entered the church. I do not speak of doctrine. This, to me, was at times curious enough. Men might fall, — men did fall. The best did, — but they rose again. It was being cast down, not destroyed. But, in another place, no matter how large was the good a man might do, — were it mountain high in elevation and grandeur, if put into one balance, and he should commit one sin only, and that so small that God

himself could hardly see it, that would weigh down, and obliterate, all the good of a whole life,—make him poor, and blind, and naked. It seemed to me that if this, without a figure, were true, that as the best must, and do fall,—the good seemed hardly worth doing, for the smallest wrong might, and would, destroy an infinite right. Why should not good be as immortal as evil? If evil, if sin be, as it is, according to Bishop Butler, not harmony with man's nature, but its violation, goodness is inseparable from that nature, and evil or sin is its accident. The latter would seem to be the least likely to survive, and, as it seems to me, the whole idea of repentance, and its effects, or natural consequences confirms this idea. But the preacher showed that he believed in original sin, and total depravity, so, that to me, he seemed to deny the doctrine of the "perseverance of the saints." Some children were baptized. And in the preacher's view of them, before the heart had conceived sin,—before the mind had been used in the production of depraved, impure thought,—or the voice had uttered a sinful word,—if all this had not already happened, which might be the case,—they were but newly born babes, remember,—he conjured,—he most solemnly directed these parents to see to it, that by example and by precept, they should prevent the growth of sin,—the development of the evil in them. With what earnestness, with what living eloquence, did this extraordinary man impress his vast auditory with the power of all he said. He, clearly, was filled with the love of truth,—had, as Locke somewhere has it, "begun his search after truth, with the love of it,"—and his people believed him.

In the afternoon, after lunch, which is daily with us, I went with some friends, to the Queen's Drive. This is a road which her Majesty caused to be made round Arthur's Seat, a mountainous elevation of considerable extent, in the near suburbs of Edinburgh. The Drive is cut out of the rock itself, having on one side the rock, rising very high

directly from it, and on the other a deep valley, with wall and embankment for safety. This road was made by the Queen, a short time since, and to employ poor labourers who were suffering most severely from want of employment. A double good was thus done,—a temporary destitution was relieved, and a permanent and splendid accommodation and luxury afforded to the whole public. It was Sunday. I was not surprised to find so many equipages, and so many walkers, enjoying themselves, parents and children, on this noble road, and in the midst of such exquisite scenery. The whole city is before you ; and the wide Frith of Forth, like a sea, stretching beyond vision, was in its strong contrast with mountain, and valley, and plain, completing a picture which you might go far to find equalled. What better use of royal power,—what better appropriation of a nation's property, than was this act of Queen Victoria. I thought of it in the Drive,—the Queen's Drive, and what better name can it bear? and I recur to it now to make renewed acknowledgments for so great a public blessing. This is but one act which distinguishes this reign. Others are elsewhere. In London, the new squares, and the wide avenues in the East of London, which have replaced noisy alley-ways, and pent-up passages, in which neither light nor air could find free way, we see new instances of the same consideration for public good, which distinguishes the reign of Queen Victoria. Among the most interesting observations of my long wanderings, I look back upon none with more pleasure, than the appropriations, by royalty, of public funds, for public health, and public recreation. Russia and France,—Paris and St. Petersburg, furnish like illustrations of the same, and are among the best arguments for the extension of the like everywhere. In America this work must be slow. Comparatively small expenditures, for anything beyond the exigencies of the moment, will always produce much hesitation concerning appropriations for other than immediate public want. And when

popular favour is to be affected by the same thing, and votes are to be the purchase of national or municipal economy, there will be little chance for expenditure beyond necessity. The contingencies of health and comfort may thus have small place in the decision of questions of great public concern, but which may involve increased taxation. In popular governments are special causes of this. Among them is the demand, that individual rights and comfort should be as little as possible touched. In such, the strictly ornamental and healthful have little place ; and individual taste, means, and liberality, must settle the amount, and kind.

*Monday.* — This was another of the pleasant days to me in Edinburgh. A dinner had been arranged at Prof. S.'s, and to this were invited all who had honoured me by invitations, and otherwise. It was grateful to meet again so many from whom I had received so much hospitality. The whole was arranged after the most hospitable manner possible, and was eminently successful.

*Tuesday.* — This was my latest day in Edinburgh. How close was its resemblance to all which preceded it. It was a day of work. I was out with Prof. S. early in the morning, and home with him at his *clinic*, when were assembled more cases than on any other day, — said to be about ninety. I saw with him patients out of the city. Other cases of great interest came under my notice and examination in his private practice, and of very distinguished individuals, — may I not mention the Duchess of Montrose? — making this one of the most important days I had passed in Edinburgh. It closed at midnight. When we got home from the evening's engagements, we had tea, and went to bed.

*Wednesday.* — At six, A. M., at breakfast with Prof. S., and at seven, on my way with him to the station of the train for Liverpool. My sole companion was Mrs. D., a lady who has written good books, and who, when she heard my name and relations, said she had seen some of the latter, an introduction which brought with it with much pleasure.

The Professor had introduced me to Mrs. D. He would not leave till the last bell, and then with the kindest wishes, bade me farewell.

Such was my visit to Edinburgh. Nearly half a century ago I was a medical student there; and I have just been receiving its hospitalities, and professional teachings, as when I was first one of its inhabitants. Extremes were meeting in my long experiences of life, and when they met here in Edinburgh, I felt as in doubt to which I most nearly belonged. I trust I shall ever bear in equally grateful memory, the earliest and the last.

I have just given you sketches of character, and hints at life, which, when passing before me, were of the deepest interest. I had been in the society of living men,—of men in whom the whole man was fully developed,—the moral, the intellectual and physical, and after a manner to produce a whole, which I have never met with before, and which I shall never forget. In my acknowledgments, at the beginning of this volume, I left some names unnoticed. It was to give them place, when speaking of what I received from them, and what I owe to them. To Professor Simpson I am under special obligations. He made me his guest. He introduced me to Professors Christison, Syme, Sharpey, and to many others, from whom I received the most grateful and important attentions. To each and to all of these I offer my sincerest thanks. I saw in them the friends and promoters of science and literature, in their highest interests; and an intellectual vitality, which daily showed what true lives are. You felt assured that their labours would end only with life. With great pleasure I acknowledge the hospitalities of — McVicar, Esq., of Ardarroch, of — Brown, Esq., of Pinkie House, and of my friend and host, of Carberry Hill.

On our way to Liverpool, we came to Carlisle, that ancient city, which has not an unimportant relation to history. The train stopped here for some hours, and it was proposed to defer dinner till we reached Liverpool, and in the mean-

time to walk about the place. Our first object was the Cathedral, a fine old building, and promising to reward our enterprise by the architectural accomplishments of its exterior. But it was closed for repairs, — the workmen were absent, and we could only regret our failure to see what promised so fairly.

In our wanderings, we came to a hill of some pretensions, and learned that on the top of it was a castle, or fortress. The day was of a character to satisfy the demands of the most fastidious pedestrian. The temperature was cool, — the sky was covered with high, thin, gray clouds, the very atmosphere for distinct and distant vision. We slowly walked up the hill, and at top found ourselves upon a broad plain, or table-land, upon which the fortress is built. It was a time of universal peace. Everything here showed the gentle but sure power of the general repose. Cannon were lying at their huge lengths in every direction. Their carriages were under cover and care, for future use. Spears and pruning hooks had not replaced the engines of war. I was tired by the railway motion, and a long, and up-hill, weary walk. The empty embrasures were covered with a most inviting velvet-like greensward. The air was exquisite, — and then the surrounding country seen from such a height, and through such an atmosphere, — everything invited to rest. So, on a commanding spot, and of such excellent accommodation, I quietly sat down, drew a long breath, and was as happy as a king. But the felicity was short. A tall young soldier in military undress, and of very pleasing countenance, had closely followed us in our examination of the fortress. He seemed to have nothing else to do, and to be pleased with his foreign company. My companions stopped with me near the embrasure selected for rest, and to look abroad upon the beautiful country around us. Our military attendant, or accompaniment, as we supposed, stepped towards me as soon as I took my seat, and said courteously, but distinctly, "Sir, you cannot sit down here." Said I to him, what?

with a little surprise in the question. "You cannot sit down here," came again, with rather more emphasis, but pleasantly, as if he saw something ludicrous in my position, or was amused at the irrelevancy of my question. "It is in the orders of the day, given by the officer sitting there,"—pointing to a small side-office not far off,—"that nobody should sit in the fortress." Said I, I am sitting here already,—I am weary with long travel, and a long, up-hill walk, and am lame, and none of the youngest; but, rising, I shall, I said, obey the order which it would be folly to resist, though the guns are all out of use. But if you ever come to my country, which is three thousand miles off, and I should chance to see you as tired as I am now, I will provide you with chairs, couch, sofa, or what-not,—in the street, if occasion be, and you shall rest to your heart's content. These people, thought I, must know my opinions concerning war and its preparations, and are doing all this simply to annoy me. He smiled again. I got up, and we walked on. He, however, followed very closely. We came to an unusually long, outlandish cannon. It reminded me of some I had seen in the Kremlin, which had been captured in some Eastern war. We stopped to examine it. The orderly watched us with more attention than before, and at length I turned to my companions and said, I wonder if our friend here supposes that I have a purpose to put this gun into my vest pocket. It is clear he thinks we have some design upon it, and the caution may be in the orders of the day. He was much amused at what was so very gravely uttered. The thought came that there was some special interest in this ancient place of defence. Upon every

Jutty, frieze, buttress, coigne of vantage,

was printed, or painted rather, in large capitals, Victoria, or capital V.'s,—saying that it was the Queen's; and I now recollect that in my tiresome threading of palace halls, whenever I sat in a royal chair, which I often did, the

palace showman came running to me, and with much less courtesy than the handsome young soldier, guide, or guard, had displayed,

“pushed me from my stool.”

It was probably to the “courtesy of England,” that I must ascribe my enforced but cheerful obedience to the “orders of the day,” in the regal fortress of Carlisle.

A DAY IN MANCHESTER.—I reached Liverpool late Wednesday evening,—the engine having given out,—the second accident of the kind on the road in one day. Found myself at Lynn’s, the Waterloo, and in which was my first English home, May last. Early next morning I was up, and by the first train was on my way to Manchester. I wonder when it will be breathing time with me. My visit to M. was to see Mr. Roberton, a distinguished surgeon, or general practitioner, and with whom I had for some time had literary intercourse, in exchanges of each other’s publications, as I had had with Prof. Simpson, of Edinburgh. I went to Manchester to see Dr. Clay, also. He is everywhere known for the extraordinary success with which he has done some of the most important operations in surgery. My reception was just as pleasant, and as pleasing, as it could be. “How long,” said Mr. R., “do you stay?” Till the evening train. “Oh, no, that will not do, you must stay here all day and all night. Where is your luggage?” I have not a particle of luggage. I am here for a call, and almost solely to see you. Do not trouble yourself about me at all. Go to work. Your carriage is at the door, and I will stay all day and all night. This was the dialogue precisely. I now delivered letters from Prof. Simpson to Dr. C. and Mr. R., and went off to drive about Manchester. Returned. Dr. C. had called and appointed four to see me. So, having driven about with Mr. R., and dined early with him, off I drove to Dr. C.’s. He is a marked man in the profession. Has done the operation of —— fifty-four times,

with only eighteen failures. This is great success. I was exceedingly pleased with him, and with Mrs. C., who is truly a fine, well educated lady. I drove about Manchester with him till tea time. He took me to the libraries for the Mechanics,—and for the poor,—to the school or college for fitting boys for the highest. Nothing is paid here,—all are received. The only condition is a certain amount of preparatory study, as in our high schools. It is not a city institution, but founded by an individual, with a fund for its support, and a very fine building for the classes. There is another institution, a charity, for poor boys. In this a certain number are boarded, clothed, and taught. The building is an ancient baronial place, and its interior is curious from the relics it possesses of an earlier age. The library is very large, and every arrangement made for easy reference to its books.

You are not surprised at what has been done for the labouring classes here, when you learn the history of Manchester. Lancashire, in which it and Liverpool are, contains two millions of people, M. and L. containing about four hundred thousand each. Liverpool is the great seaport of the kingdom. Its docks are the wonders of the commercial world. I drove by and through them nearly six miles, and did not see all, and immense new ones are now in construction. Manchester is the great manufacturing metropolis of England; and for England, is at work every day, occupying by far the greater part of the population of Lancashire. The city is full of warehouses, and factories. These warehouses are of enormous dimensions, and stand everywhere. They are loaded, crammed full of goods, and the mills are as much occupied as are the warehouses. I went to the Exchange. Tuesday is high 'change day here. Said Mr. R., "This immense building is too small for our business men. Three thousand are sometimes squeezed into it at once." I was made sensible of the consumption of coal by the amount of smoke. It was a foggy morning, and such

was the amount of smoke that mixed with the fog, it was almost literally impossible to see your way at all. You could see houses on each *side*, but not a step beyond. Such is this vast place of hand work, and machine work. You go into the mill where bobbins and cords are made, and all round you are little machines, like so many hands, at work, twirling round the spools, and making the cord without any sort of instruction. You take up the skirt of your coat lest it be taken in, and be carried off of your back and made into a cord before you dream of the transmutation. Truly, there is life in Manchester, and if much of it be *still* life, it is not without useful and important products.

In just such a population is the demand greatest for intellectual, moral, and physical culture. And for these has Manchester wisely provided. I have spoken of libraries, reading rooms, schools. I have visited them all. In one library, the books were estimated at sixty thousand. They are in two rooms, one below for reading ; one above for reference. I went into the lower room first. The tables were surrounded with readers, and copiers,— all working men,— young men most,— it was at close of day. Perfect silence prevailed. Everything showed you that if hands worked outside, minds were working within. Nothing would more interest you than such a spectacle. Everybody may come without money, and without price,— and drink of the waters of life freely. Who does not honour a place which does so much for the highest interests ; and who does not feel that in such a work all interests are equally promoted. So much for intellectual culture. Physical and moral culture are provided for on a most magnificent and munificent scale. It is by public baths,— vast parks, filled with trees, shrubs, flowers, walks,— and these in different places, that health and pleasure are provided for. Place a man within the reach of beauty, and order, and growth, and you minister without effort to his own growth,— his true good. You develope in him tastes, the gratification of which can only

ennoble him in whom it is declared, and human sympathy secured in its widest expression. My visit to Manchester was a short one. I regret truly that it has not been longer. But the passage was engaged. The sailing day at hand, and I was obliged to leave many, many things unseen. My visit to Mr. R. and to his family was in the same spirit of hospitality, on the part of my host, as has met me wherever I have been. I saw more of his family than of him, for it was a busy day and night with him. But his family left me nothing to want. It was like one's own,— and my visit more like that of a returning friend, than that of a stranger.

SATURDAY. Sept. 18.—Twelve, noon, the good steamer Canada, with one hundred and forty-two passengers, of which I was one; and one hundred and seven crew, put to sea for America.

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TO THOSE FOR WHOM THIS

JOURNAL

WAS KEPT,

IT IS AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED.

## APPENDIX.

LET me give here a few facts in the public life of Sir Robert Peel.

Nothing escaped him which came at all within the scope of a statesman's regard, and which especially concerned wide interests. His Bill for an alteration in the law of "legal residence," which allowed no other "residence" to a person who depended on public charity for his maintenance, than the place of his birth, had for its object an important change. By the old law, if a man left home, lived many years elsewhere, and became poor, he was carted about the country in his sickness and infirmity, till his residence could be discovered. This same old English law still exists in this State of Massachusetts, and is in operation too. Mr. Peel's Bill provided that, if a person lives *five years* in a place, that shall settle his "residence;" and there, if it be needed, shall he find his support. Mr. Peel left the alterations in the Poor Laws of a preceding administration as he found them, especially that relating to out-door relief; and by which the existing law concerning this was repealed, and the poor were required to enter the Unions or Workhouses. He did this to learn what change the poor-rate would undergo,—its amount before the change being about £8,000,000 a year; and what would be the effect upon industry,—it having before derived a part of its support from the poor-rate, as "wages."

Roads, highways, &c., received his care. These had before been managed by commission, it might be distant, and having no direct interest in what so nearly affected the convenience and comfort of those living near such roads. Mr. Peel's Bill provides that their management shall devolve upon those who are near to, and can best attend to them.

"Free trade" was the special object of Mr. Peel's interest. He looked to wide, and easy, human intercourse as the object

dearest and nearest to the highest civilization. He saw in industry a unit, and in its products the present and everlasting blessings of the race. He regarded commerce as a chartered libertine, and would give it to the free winds of heaven, to take man and his works everywhere, and for the widest individual and general good. He began this great work of true reform. He showed what must be its benign influence, and so recommended it to the world. It does extend itself. It must extend itself. Ridicule, contempt, and the worst power in any State,—party,—cannot stop free trade in its onward career. There are men who perhaps may have to die before this work shall be consummated. But reform can wait. It has waited for generations to die,—for centuries to roll away; but with what loving care has it borne in precious memory the great names of those who have loved whole states and ages better than themselves, and cheerfully sacrificed the partial interests of the day, to the general happiness,—the best good of the world!

Mr. Peel has passed into history, and his everlasting record and honour are sure. — *New and Old*, p. 45, by W. C.

## NOTE.

### GENTLE READER, —

An old Greek was reading a long dull book to a select auditory, and in the midst of their exhaustion found himself at the last page. *LAND!* cried he. We have travelled many thousand miles, but have at length got home. If you have had a tithe of the pleasure I have had, I have been "twice blessed." Slips of pen and type have produced some conflicts between singulars and plurals, together with bad spelling. I discovered them all, as doubtless you have, but not till it was too late to correct them. *Disurb* does not spell *disturb*, — *uunbroken*, more than spells *unbroken*, and *patronage* does not spell *parentage*, though both often express the same thing. By the time my book reaches its "seventieth thousand," all these and kindred errors shall be corrected.\* In the meantime, for *words*, p. 498, l. 8, please read *works*.

The children of Marie Antoinette, I have said, were killed before their mother was murdered. This is a mistake. Her daughter, Marie Theresa Charlotte, lived, and married the Duke d'Angoulême. As to the Dauphin, the Delphin, or the Dolphin, much obscurity hung about his fate; but we were lately told that the mystery is solved, — that he exists in the person of Mister Williams, somewhere in the far, very far West. We have, then, "a Bourbon amongst us," — a live Prince. The only Prince of America, of my acquaintance, was Prince Saunders,

\* I cannot refrain offering to you the following extracts from a quaint old Boston writer, which shows how utterly impossible it is to print a book without errors, — especially if printed out of the place in which the author lives, as Mather says.

"Reader, *Carthagena* was of the mind, that unto those *Three Things* which the Ancients held Impossible, there should be added this *Fourth*, to find a Book Printed without *Errata's*. It seems, The Hands of *Briareus*, and the Eyes of *Argus*, will not prevent them."

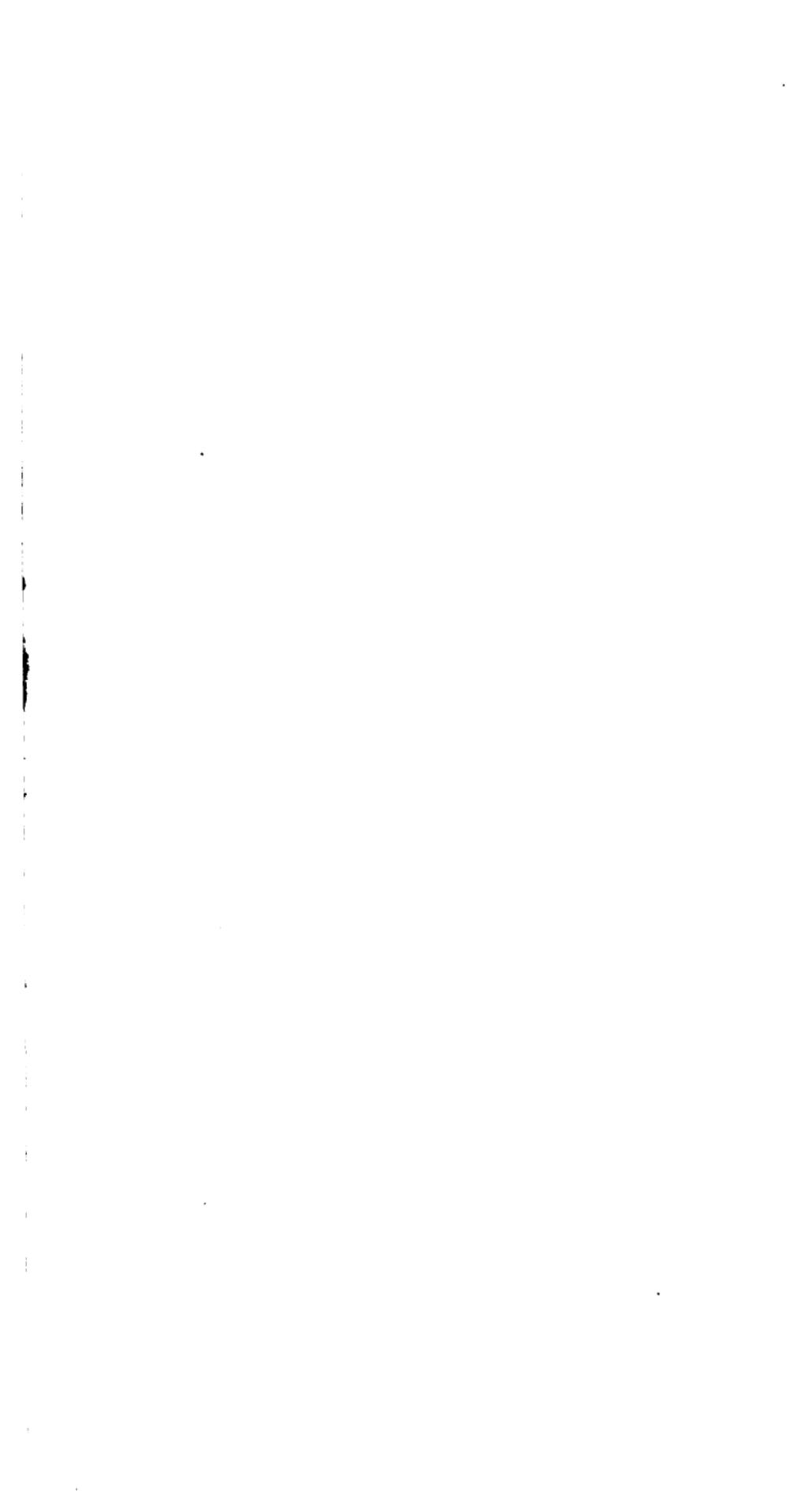
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"The Holy Bible it self, in some of its Editions hath been affronted, with scandalous ERRORS of the PRESS-WORK; and in one of them, they so PRINTED those WORDS, Psal. 119. 161, "PRINTERS have persecuted me."

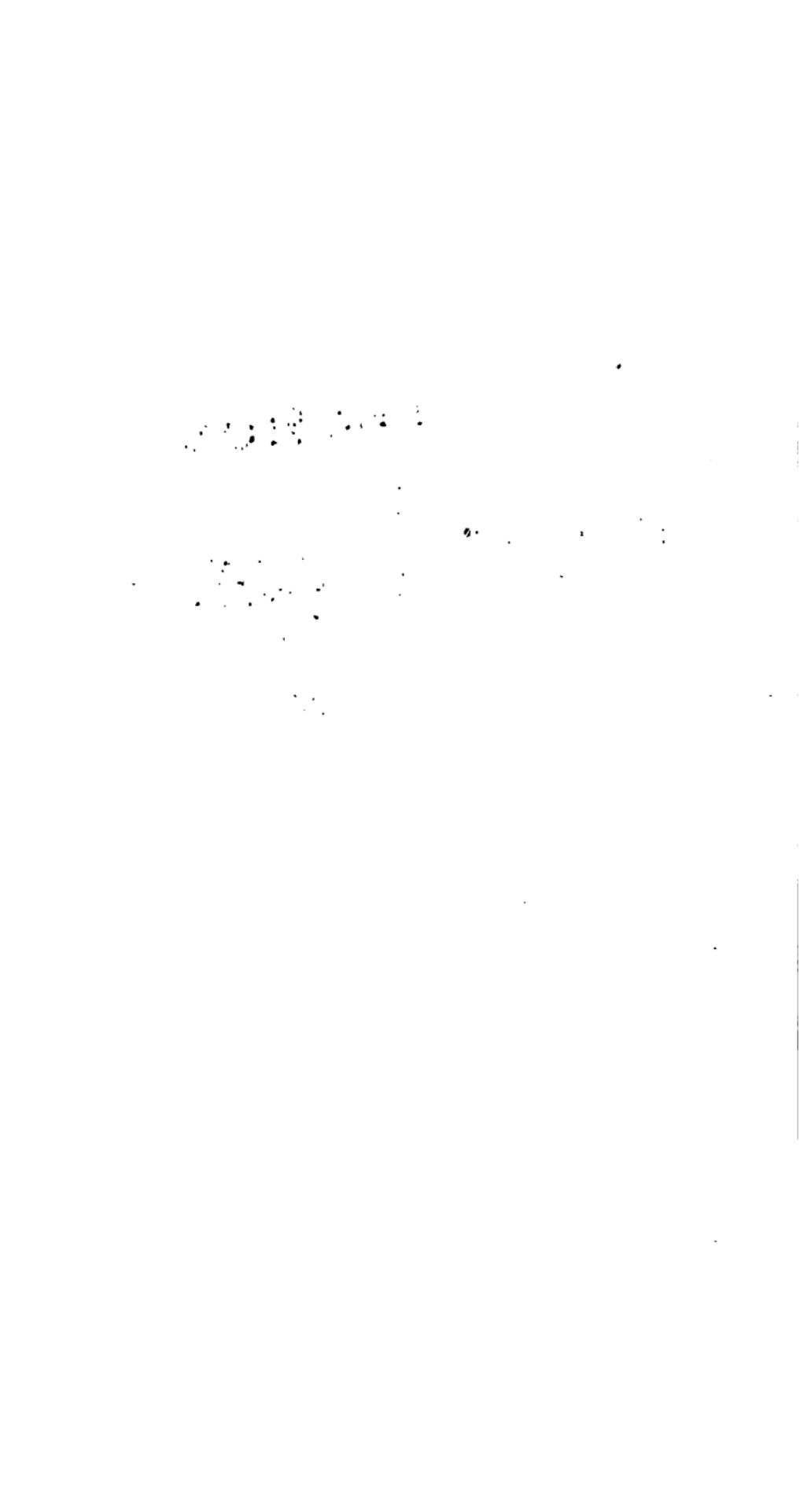
distinguished by various learning, and by the society in which he moved. He was a frequent visitor at Carlton House, London, and was hand and glove with G. P. R., (not the novelist,) its distinguished head. He was accredited minister to at least one foreign court. If anybody should assume the name and title of Prince Saunders,—my friend,—I only hope he will be as honest, and as fair-minded a man.

This volume contains descriptions of what the author saw, and narratives of what he heard, with the thought suggested by both. He has alluded to the errors into which the sources of his knowledge referred to, may have led him. An English lady, a late traveller in America, says, that the streets of Boston are fumigated with hot vinegar to prevent the cholera. This sanitary arrangement could hardly have come to that writer through sense of smell or sight. It was doubtless *heard*, and with a loving Pickwickian fidelity at once noted down. I have said that the Paris churches are crowded on Sundays. It should have been added, *when music is the attraction*. The Alien Office was in Crown Court, *Westminster*, not *Soho*. The mistake is my own. I have made to you my apologies, Gentle Reader, and now most respectfully, and kindly, make my bow.

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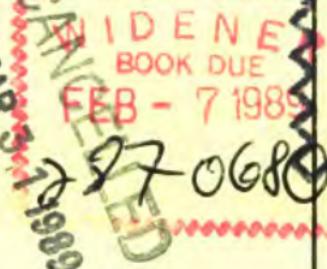
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